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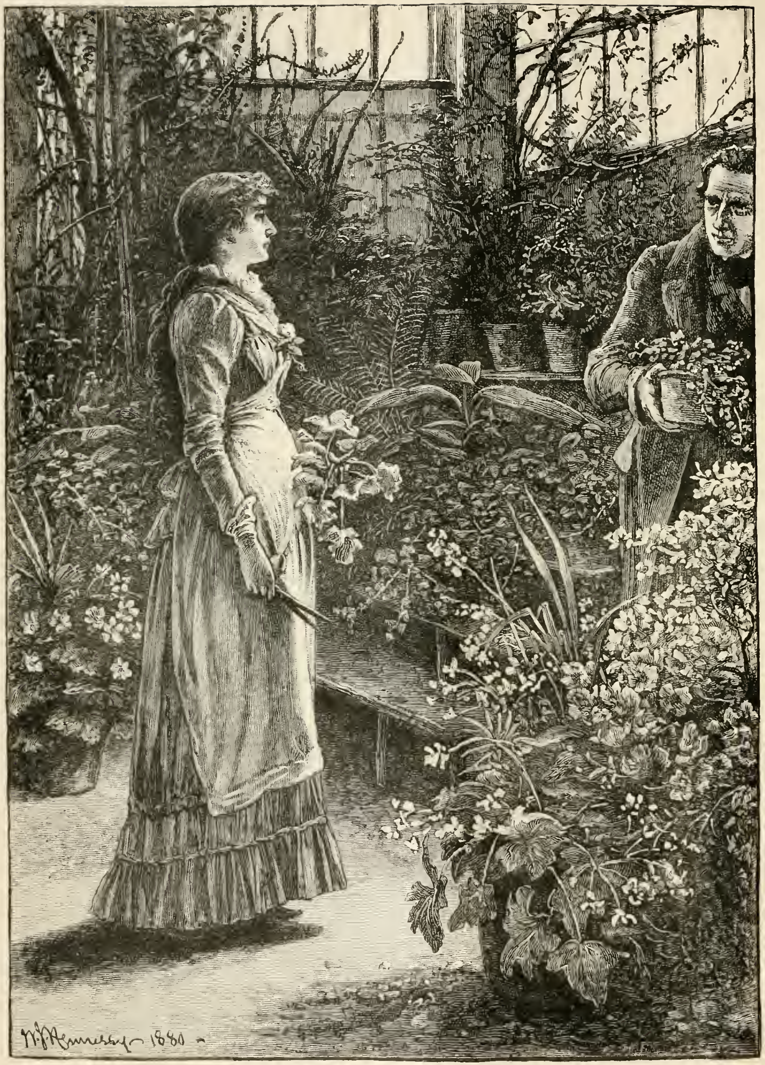
W. J. Hennessy 1880

"The little door opened, and his Rose came in."

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CHRISTOWELL.

A Dartmoor Tale.

By R. D. BLACKMORE, Author of "Lorna Doone," etc.

CHAPTER I.—FAIR FLOWERS.

IN the fresh young vigour of an April sun, the world has a cheerful aspect, and is doubly bright, and vastly warmer, when beheld through good flint-glass. Especially while the east winds hold, which never now forget to hold the spring of England, heart and throat. But forty years ago, there were some springs of gentle quality.

Upon a pleasant April morning, of the sweet inconstant kind, such as we vainly sigh for now, a gardening man, with a quick step, came into his happy greenhouse. A door from his favourite sitting-room led into this still more favoured place; and the smile with which he entered showed that he expected to find pleasure here. It was a long, low, span-roof house, with no side-lights, and very simple, not even framed with rafters. Yet snug from violence of wind, and bright with every sun-beam; this humble house was rich with joy, for all who love good health and peace.

Here, were the sweet obedience, and the gay luxuriance of the vine; than which no lovelier creature grows. Broad leaves spreading into pointrels, waved and cut with crisp indenture, coving into, or overlapping, the ripple of each other; clear round shoots cresting up like swans, and sparkling with beads of their own breath; infant bunches, on the bend as yet, but promising to straighten, as the berries got their weight; some bravely announcing grapes already, some hoping to do so before nightfall, through the misty web of bloom; others only just awaking into eyes of golden dust; yet all alike rejoicing, shining, meeting the beauty of the early sun, and arousing their own to answer it.

And here was a multitude of pretty things as well, that will not be chambered with the vine too long, yet gladly accept a kind lift upon the road from winter to summer, which her auspice yields. Boxes, and little tubs, and pots, and pans, and frames of willow, and biscuit-cases, were cropped with growth in different stages, and of divers orders, through all the innumerable tones of green, and all the infinite variety of form. But all, to the keenest human eye, brisk and clean, and in their duty.

The man who had shaped these things and led them (under the Maker's loftier will) was coming to them now, with a cheerful heart, and faith in his own handiwork. The finest gardener, that ever grew, knows well that he cannot command success, and has long survived young arrogance. Still he continues to hope for the best; for the essence of the gentle craft is hope, rooted in labour, and trained by love. So this man took a short taste of the air, glanced at the glass, and the glitter of the vines, and felt the climate of the house, as keenly as if he were a plant therein. For the moment, there was no fault to find. Genial warmth was in the air, and gentle dew on every leaf; in the slope of early sun through glass, no harsh heat quivered, and no fierce light glared; but morning-tide spread all soft herbage with a silvery tissue.

"Now I like to see things look like this," said the man, as he very well might say; "but here are at least a score of bunches crying aloud for the thinning scissors. And where is Rose, who ought to be at them, before the sun gets up too high? Rose of roses, where are you?"

To his cheerful shout no answer came; and being of a well-contented mind, he went on to his own business. His happy nature found its province in promoting happiness, whether of beast, or bird, or life whose growth is its only movement. To all of these he felt that loving-kindness, which is nature's gift; not the brightest of her graces, but the largest and the best. Without that one redeeming gift, of which grand intellects often fail, this man being sorely tried in life, would have passed into the bitter vein, so miserable to itself, and all. His face had the lines of resolute will, and of strenuous energy; and his bodily force was but little abated by three score years of exercise. For his back was as straight as a soldier's on drill; his legs were stout and steadfast; and although he fed well, and without anxiety, none but envious whipper-snappers would have dared to call him fat.

For the other part, his mind was not disagreeably large or noble; but just in front, by the proper peg, of the general mind it met with. The general mind, that is to say, of educated people, at any rate in that part of the world, which is as wise as any other. "Captain Larks," (as this good stranger had been called by the native voice, when first he came to Christowell,) was a simple unpretentious man, who gave himself no title. His only desire seemed to be for plain life, and retirement.

These he surely might here obtain, to the utmost of all heart's desire; so far away was Christowell from busy mart, or town, or street, or even road of carriage power. No better place could have been discovered by a man sincerely desirous of dealing as little as possible with mankind. For here were people enough to make a single head no rarity; yet not enough to force any sort of head into grievous eminence. All the inhabitants, without exertion, were important enough to feel satisfied; or at any rate to feel the duty of it; while universal opinion stopped any man from indulging in his own. It may be denied by young spread-eagles, of competitive and unruly mind, that this is the highest form of human life. But such an one should soar aloft, and perch upon some higher one.

To Christowell ambition was no more than a longer name for itch. Every village-man grew wiser by due seniority; and no mind, while its father lived, succeeded to authority. Youth was kept in its place, and taught that the ear must take the seed of thought, until the white hair shows it ripe; and women were allowed their proper weight.

"Christowell is all very well," the gardener went on thinking; "but if ever there was a slow place under the sun, it is one of the slowest. Pugsley will never bring my pots."

Making up his mind to the manner of mankind, with a cultivator's patience, he passed beneath clusters encroaching on the headway, and went into a tiny transept parted from the rest of the house by a narrow door of glass. Here was a separate shrine for flowers, intolerant of heat, and demanding air, beyond the young vine's capacity. Choice geraniums lived here, and roses, heaths and epacrids, and double violets, lilies of the valley, sweetest of all bloom, Daphne, and the graceful deutzia, pansies also freaked with velvet braid, the double black polyanthus, and the white chalice of azalea. But best and dearest of all to him, and set in a separate nook, as in a glazed bureau with lifting glass, that exquisite flower of exclusive worship, that gorgeous instance of nature and art combined to do their utmost, the magically beautiful auricula.

No gardener is worth his manure, who has not a fine conceit of his own skill. "I should like to have some of those Lancashire fellows, or a few of those Kentish braggarts here," this man said aloud, being apt to encourage his thoughts, when alone, with the company of words; "if I know anything of the matter, this green-edged seedling, beautifully named 'Dartmoor Oasis,' by my Rose; and this grand self, one could gaze at all the day; and above all this white-edge, this glorious white-edge, worthily entitled 'Cream of Devon,'—have they anything fit to hold a candle to them? Consider the paste, take the measure of the thrum, dwell upon the band, can you spy a single slur? Above all, if you have a particle of judgment, observe the equality of the pips, the perfection of fulness, and true circle of the truss, and the grand, columnar, mealy, magnificent, staunchly upright, and splendidly proportioned—really you might say, pillar of the stalk!"

Overpowered, alike by his eloquence and the beauty that produced it, he stopped for a moment with some gravel in his hand, with which he was going to top-dress his pots, when the little door was opened, and his Rose came in; after which the most rapturous gardener might scarcely look even at his own auriculas.

CHAPTER II.—POTTER'S VESSELS.

To a mind with limited powers of inquiry, such as most of us are blest with, a great truth stands forth in robust relief, without being bound to show what it stands on, or where it came from, or anything else. In this frank spirit must be accepted the incontestable fact that "Latham," (an ancient and very good surname) takes upon the ordinary tongue of Devon the brief but still excellent form of "Larks." It made no difference from their lofty point of view, that the Captain's name was not "Latham" at all, any more than he called himself a Captain; but when he first appeared among the natives of this part—some fifteen years ago perhaps—his rather scanty luggage was ticketed "L. Arthur," in flowing and free manuscript. The leading genius of Christowell—a premature intellect now removed from the stabs of contumely, to higher claims—pronounced at a glance that the word spelled "Latham;" while some almost equally capable of reading confessed, and some denied it.

The Landlord of the "Three Horse-shoes," who could not sign his name (though he drew three horse-shoes at the bottom of a bill, more correctly than many an artist could), at once backed up the decision of the wit, and settled the question by declaring that his guest had the very same walk all over the world as Corporal Larks to Teigncombe had. So before Mr. Arthur was one dinner-time older, he came forth upon the public as "Captain Larks;" and finding that people only shook their heads, and looked very knowing, if he said another word, he let them have their way, and let his ears and mind grow used to it.

Through an agent at Exeter, whose name was Tucker, a neat little cottage, and some twenty acres of land near the moor, had been bought for him cheaply. Then the cottage was furnished very simply; and here he hoped to spend in peace and solitude his remaining days.

As yet, there was not a grey hair on his head, though his face bore marks of evil climate, and uncourteous usage, in deep-grained sunburn, and scar of steel permanent in three places. This, and a pair of shaggy eyebrows gave him a formidable aspect, much against the meaning of his mind. But eyes of a soft bright blue, as clear as a child's, and a nose of genial turn, and a really pleasant and hearty smile, showed plenty of good-will towards mankind, whatever man might have done to him. Moreover his large and well-knit frame, active step, and resolute bearing, commanded the good word of womankind, the better half of the entirety.

Then Parson Short, becoming now prime minister of Christowell, said his say about Captain Larks, which was to the purpose as usual. "Under a cloud—fine fellow by his face—gentleman, according to his speech and manner. He wants to be quiet; it is none of our business. Let him alone, till he comes to us."

The settler asked for nothing better than this course of treatment. The stir of his arrival soon settled, like himself, into gentle quietude; the men of the village were kind and respectful—as men still are in Devonshire—and the women, though longing to know more about him, felt for him deeply as "the lonely gentleman," and hoped he would get over it, and have another wife.

Whatever his trouble, he sought no pity, nor even appeared despondent; but lived upon his bit of land, and worked, and whistled among his trees, as sweetly as the blackbirds that came to answer. In spite of his maturity, or perhaps by reason of it, many a village-girl, too young to dream of any courting—except in dim wonder at the number of the babies—resolved to be his wife, as soon as time should qualify her, and came up the steep hill, every fine evening, to peep through the hedge at him, and perhaps to get an apple. He, having love of children, as of all things that are natural, would rest from his work, and come out at the stile, and pat their curly heads, and ask the history of the babies, and cut for them chips with his pruning-knife from a big stick of liquorice in his waistcoat pocket.

Whether he had kith or kin, or any soft belongings, was a moot point at the Churchyard gate, and by many smouldering peat-fires; until, about four years after his coming, a lively and lovely little girl was delivered at his gate by Tim Pugsley, the carrier. Tim went round about it, as a fox goes to his hole, and avoided the village on his way from Moreton; but in spite of all that, they were spied by a woman with a bundle of furze at the top of the cleve; and when human nature with five shillings in its pocket compelled Master Pugsley to pull up and bait at the "Three Horse-shoes," upon his homeward course, he had no call so much as to change his crown; so liberal was the desire to treat him, for the sake of the light that he could shed. The grateful carrier first drank his beer, then shook his head as vehemently as if it had been labelled "glass with care;" and then enlightened the company with a piece of news beyond all price—"Every man should first tend his own business."

For nine or ten years, every summer, and weighing more upon each delivery, this consignment came to pass; and Pugsley (like his cart-tilt, which was of some high new patent stuff) grew dryer and dryer, every time he was wetted; till Christowell understood at last, that if anybody was to blame for keeping the parish so unsettled, it was no less a person than the famous Bishop of Exeter. For Pugsley told them to go to the Bishop, if they wanted to know all the rights; and the next confirmation in that neighbourhood was largely attended by fathers and mothers. It did them good to be confirmed again, because of their principles wearing out; and the Landlord of the Inn was pleased with the evening they spent after it.

Thus when Rose came down at last, "to have holiday for ever," (as she told Mr. Pugsley, every time he stopped to put a stone behind the wheel,) there was scarcely any one in Christowell old enough to rejoice, who failed of that most Christian duty. The Captain for once came out of his garden, and made a great bonfire of his weeds upon the beacon, and with his own hands rolled up a great barrel of cider unknown to the natives, whose ignorance culminated towards their heads. For he now grew apples of a lordly kind, which they (having faith in their grandsires only) disdained, till it turned the tables on them.

Almost everybody said, that night, or else on the following morning, that for certain sure, such a lively maid could never abide in a place like that. Or if she did, she must soon go doiled—so tarble weist, and crule unkid as it was. For according to the way Captain Larks held his head up, in spite of demeaning himself now lately, his daughter must count upon having to behave like a lady, and not going to and fro, and in and out with the other young folk, as the butcher's and grocer's girls might do. And who was there likely to ask her in marriage, or to take her to a dance, or a fairing, or a club, comely as she was, and so nice-spoken? Why, Parson Tom Short was the only gentry-man, unless you went so far as Touchwood Park; and if ever there was a set bachelor in the world, Parson Short was one of them; let alone that his hair was all going from his poll, and his cook, Mrs. Aggett, would have no young doings.

Up to the present time however, though nearly two years were gone by, Rose Arthur had complained to no one of discontent or loneliness. Her father, and her work, and books sufficed to her for company; and her lively nature filled itself with interest in all things. She knew everybody in the village now, and every flower in the garden; and her father's lonely life was blessed by her young enjoyment of the world.

Pugsley (who lived at Moreton, and traded twice a week from Exeter, when the weather and the roads encouraged him) now began to find his horse wink one eye at the turn towards Christowell. So many trifles went to and fro, and some boxes that made the axle creak, and some quite large enough to sit upon. Even before this, he had taken mauns of plants, and baskets of choice pears and grapes to Exeter; when the Captain began to demean himself in the village esteem by traffic. But now the commerce increased and throve, as Rose threw her young life into it.

If Pugsley had been a small-minded man, he must have gone promptly to Tavistock fair, and bought a new horse, to attend to this traffic; for his ancient nag, whose name was "Teddy," began to find the hills grow steeper, as the weight of years increased. But the carrier was of gentle tone, and largely generous sentiments; and hours of reflection made him wipe his head with loftier feeling. Therefore he would not deny his good neighbours the pleasure of benevolence, but allowed them to lend him a horse as often as they wished, and sometimes oftener.

Now Teddy was crawling up the hill, that beautiful April morning, with the long-desired load of pots. Three-quarters of a mile of jagged lane, or sometimes of roaring watercourse, led from the village to "Larks' Cot," as irreverent people called it. At best, and even for a fresh young horse, it was a tough piece of collar-work; but Teddy, ancient though he was, would never have grumbled, if the lane had been wide enough for corkscrew. But in this part of Devon the rule of the road is, to make it just wide enough for one cart, and a cow to go past it without losing milk. If two carts meet, one must back to a gateway; and whether of the twain shall back, depends upon the issue which of the drivers is "the better man."

Therefore this Teddy had a hard time of it—a long pull, a strong pull, and worst of all, a straight pull. And while he was pausing, to pant and to think, and his master whistled softly, Jem Trickey the cobbler came merrily down a steep place, and stopped to look at them.

"Marnin' to 'e, Tim," shouted Trickey, for his breath was as "plim" as a football newly filled; "what have 'e got then, this time, Carryer?"

"No consarn of thine, Cobbler Trickey;" Pugsley made stout answer, being cross, and short-fetched in the wind; "cobblers is not excisemen yet."

"Potses, and panses again, as sure as I be a zinner! Cappen Larks ought to be shamed of hiszelf. Lor' A'mighty never made his works to grow in crockery. And you'm a gwain' outside your trade. Backard and forrard is your proper coorse. Let me conzeider of they potses."

"Ye be welcome to conzeider of them, cobbler. A niver zeed sich coorous cloam. Look'e yeer, they little holes hurneth all round 'em! Cappen's own diskivry, I do hear tell."

The carrier loosened the cord of one crate, and allowed the intelligent Trickey to gaze, while he drew it towards the cart-tail. Trickey, though large enough of mind, was small of body, and he lifted himself by the lade, to see things justly.

"You be bound by my advice," he cried, retreating hastily; "you take the next turn down to brook, and heft they into the watter. They was made for the witches, and no mistakk about 'em."

"Zo I wull," Tim Pugsley answered, pretending to share his neighbour's fright, for he was a dry man, and full of book-learning. "Thank'e kindly for thy counsel, Jem. Into the watter they gooth, zure enough. Only thou must pay for the vally of 'em, and the carryage too, Cobbler Trickey."

"Go thy way, with thy witchcraft," the other replied. "Do 'e know what I call thee, Carryer Pugsley? I call thee a poor timesarver, and a carryer of no conzistency."

"I carry better stuff than thou dost," Pugsley shouted after him; as the shoemaker, with a springy step, set off down the hill, for fear of worse. "Do I zwindle the public with brown papper? Do I putt 'ooden pegs in, and zwear they be stitched? Do I clam on the heel-ball to hide my scamping? Do I——"

Master Pugsley cut short his list of libels, as he saw Master Trickey, at a decent distance, deliver a gesture of supreme contempt, by turning up his coat-tail, and administering a slap to the quarter of his body which was latest in retreat.

"Do 'e do the like of that to I?" the carrier inquired superfluously; "If it twadn't for business, and the blessed law—howsomever, a bain't worth thinking on, Teddy, gee wugg! It be your vault mainly."

The old horse, wont as he was to bear the blame of troubles far outside of his own shafts, rallied with a shiver and a rattle of his chains, and threw himself forward upon the strain. For a very stiff tug arose just here, for a horse who had been to Exeter and back, with a tidy load, only yesterday; and whose knowledge of corn was too superficial, getting more of the husk than the kernel for its study. And the manner of a Devonshire lane is such, that dogmatic humps stand up in places where nothing seems to warrant them. The meadows, to the right and left, may be as pleasant as you please to walk upon, with a sleek benevolence, a velvet pile, and a spring of supple freshness. And yet, within a landyard, the lane is jumping scraggily, with ribs of solid rock, and pits and jerks of bold abruptness. The nag, being born to such conditions, plodded on without repining; but in spite of all spirit, and skill, and care, he suddenly fell into sad disgrace.

For just as the near wheel was creaking on the verge of a steep slide of granite, where his turn-about was due—for the lane there allowed him chance of a little bit of slanting—Teddy did a thing that any other horse might do, or even a man in his position. He mistook a large stone-fly, just arisen from the Christow, for a genuine æstrus, a bot-fly, whame, or tabanus. If he had thought of the present time of year, he must have known better; but instead of thinking, he acted on his nerves, which struck into him like a spur. Up went his head, as if he were four years old, instead of going on for forty; and his old bones shook with indignation at the pestilent state the world was come to. "Steady, you old fool! Who'm a-gwain for to kill'e?" the carrier exclaimed with a little friendly thump; but the mischief was done, while he was speaking. For the jump of the horse gave a jerk to the shaft, and this ran amiss into the axle-tree, gave a lollop to the near wheel, already on the wamble; and down went the felly with a blue grind of iron, into the very hole they meant to shun. The hole was more than deep enough to hold a good nine gallons; and the wheel ground down into its deepest depth, while the other took advantage of the position for a holiday, and proved itself the off-wheel by going off towards heaven.

"Wull now!" said the carrier, without much haste, for his mind travelled slowly up the obstacles of thought; "this be a tarble dickyment; and here coom'th arl the cloam! Drat that old cobbler chap, 'twor arl his doings."

An avalanche of pots from the unroped crate fell around him and upon him, while he reasoned thus. Like a quick shower of acorns from the shaken oak, but alas, much heavier and more valuable, they rattled on the carrier, and thumped his poor elbows, and a far more tender and impassioned part of man, till he fairly turned back, and let them roll upon his spine.

"Jem, neighbour Jem, do'e come back, that's a dear;" he shouted as loud as his drummed condition furnished to the cobbler in the distance at the bottom of the hill. That good neighbour not only heard him, but replied right pleasantly, with a gladsome laugh, and a smart repetition of his gay defiance; then hastened on his course with a step more nimble than his customers generally could compass from his shoes.

"All men is clay," said the carrier, recovering his native equanimity, and wiping the red dust from his fustian suit; "all men is clay; and the Lord hath not intended us to putt His material into these here shapes, with a C. R. upon 'em, maning carrier's risk. Wull, a carn't brak' no more of 'un nor there be, now can 'e, Teddy? Smarl blame to thee, old chap. We'll both of us toorn to our brexass. This hosebird job hath coom, I rackon, 'long of doing of despite to the gifts of the Lord."

Beholding a very nice place to sit down, and content with the cart in its present firm fixture, he pulled out the nosebag, and buckled it for Teddy, so that he might cast one eye down at his lip-service. Then he drew forth his own provender, and seasoned it, by dwelling on its beauties with his broad brown thumb. "Nation good, nation good!" he could not help exclaiming; "a good waife is the making of a man's front-piece. A vartuous woman laveth no occasion for a man to think twaice of his vitteling, or zeek to read the papper. Best use of papper is to putt up bakkon in 'un."

Sorrow, and breakage, and the other plagues of life began to use less and less of pressure on his heart, as he sat upon a lady-fern (not yet plumed for dancing, but rich with soft beauty for a heavy man to sit upon) and biting out the cork from a flat stone bottle, moistened down the roadway for the bread and meat to follow. Then he fell to very heartily, and in less than half an hour began to feel nicely refreshed, and fit to encounter the issue before him.

CHAPTER III.—PARSON SHORT.

"I AM almost sure that he must have broken down," said the fairest of his flowers to the gardener; "he is the most punctual man in the county, and scarcely ever more than three days late. I saw him not more than three miles off, on the top of the hill above Lustleigh, before the sun was three yards high; and he must have been here, wiping his head, as a delicate hint for cider, two hours ago, if he had gone on well."

"Perhaps he has gone on too well, my dear, by taking the turn to 'The Three Horse-shoes.' Not that I would cast any slur upon your pet; but still such things will happen."

"To other people perhaps they might. But never to him—I am quite sure of that. The last time I saw him, he lamented cordially 'the mischief of them publics.'"

"That was very good of him, and showed high principle, as well as a tender conscience;" Mr. Arthur replied, while he took good care that his daughter should not observe his smile; for life enough was before her yet for correction of faith in human nature. "Pugsley has the elements of a lofty character, industry, honesty, philosophy—in the sense of that word at present."

"Father," cried Rose, having finished her bunch, and running up to him, with the long grape-scissors in her hand, and a trail of bast around her neck; "have I got the elements of a lofty character—industry, certainly, just look at those ten bunches; honesty perhaps to a reasonable extent; but scarcely a bit of philosophy, I'm afraid?"

"Certainly not too much of that," her father answered quietly; "but run in, and see about the breakfast, darling; or perhaps you may discover some defects in mine."

"How I wish that I could! But I shall never do that, if philosophy means good temper. Now come and see my work, sir, and say if it is good."

"It is good sound work; far better than Lord Bicton's head-gardener at any money, could produce, in vineries like a cathedral. However it is not faultless yet; though I don't mean to say that I could do it better, even if my eyes were as young as yours. You understand thoroughly the bunch, as it is; and you shape it beautifully for the time; nothing could be neater, or more justly placed. But you have yet to learn the fine perception of the future, the bending of the footstalk, as the berries grow in weight, and the probable drop of the shoulders. And practice alone can teach you the different ins and outs of each kind of grape in swelling."

"The subject appears to me to be endless. How shall I ever attain to such knowledge?"

"By watching the results of your own work, and by never giving over."

"Till old experience do attain to something like prophetic strain. But father, how did you thus attain it? Have you ever been apprenticed to a gardener?"

"Little pitchers may have long ears; but they must not have curious tongues!" he replied, with a kiss on her forehead, to heal the rebuke. "Now let us go to breakfast; and then seek Pugsley."

Hence it came to pass that while the good carrier was still regarding the position of his cart and the attitude of his ancient horse, with calm eyes and well-kindled pipe, a spirited young lady stood before him, and did not share his patience.

"Good morning, Master Pugsley; and you seem to think it good. But I always have understood that a cart ought to stand upon both wheels."

"So her did. You'm right there, Miss;" the carrier answered with a quiet grin. "But there be times when her doth'nt do her dooty, but go'oth contrairy, like the wominvolk."

"And you mean to let her stay like that, for ever! And my father's pots lying in a heap upon the road!"

"Cappen is a just man, and a' wull look auver it. Partikler now you've zeed it, Miss, and can sartify 'twor no hooman doin's."

"All I can certify is that you seem content to stay here for the rest of the day. Do please to get out of that hole at once, and bring all the pots you have managed not to break."

"Lor', how natteral you do spake! It doth a man good to hear'e, Miss. Here us must baide, nolum wolum, till sich taime as Farmer Willum coom'th."

"Farmer William may not come at all, or at any rate not till twelve o'clock. Now do put your shoulder to the wheel yourself. I am very strong, and I will help you."

The carrier was too polite to laugh, though he cherished that disdain of female prowess, against which the chivalrous author of "Dorothy" couches his elegiac lance. But this man only puffed the pipe of silence.

"You fancy that I can do nothing, I suppose," cried Rose, who was as prickly as a moss-rose, when provoked; "but I can do a whole quantity of things, such as would quite surprise you. I can milk a cow, and pot a vine, and bed down a pony, and salt a silverside, and store apples, and fry potatoes, and fill a pipe. And if all that is nothing, as you might be apt to think, because of being a man, Mr. Pugsley, I can answer for taking a hive of bees, without hurting one of them. Can you do that?"

"The Lord forbid! He hath made 'em to be smoked, zoon as ever they a' done their work. But, Missy, it amooseth me to hear you tell up. You tell up a sight of things as a well-inventioned man can do, or if not one, mebbe then anither of 'em. But you never tak' no count on the hardest thing of arl, the like of which no man can do in this here county. You knows what I mane, Miss Rose; and winderful it is to me, for sich a babe and suckling!"

"Oh! I know what you mean quite well. You have made me do it in the cart so often. But I do assure you that it is quite easy."

"Aisy a' can never be," said the carrier decisively; "although a' zimth as some can do 'un, droo years of arly larnin'. To play the piander is winderful; but a varmer's datter may coom to that, bein' outside of her dooty; but niver can her coom to spakin' of the bad Vrench langoowich."

"I tell you, Master Pugsley, that every one can do it, in my proper rank of life. You are not stupid enough to suppose that because I pot vines——"

"Noo, noo, Miss; axing of your pardon for breaking in upon you. I knows as well as the Royal mail doth, that you be one of the karlity. None but a vule could look twice at you and veel any doubt whatsomdever about that, my dear. And Cappen Larks, though he dooth quare things, is the very same; at any rate to my mind."

"And to everybody's mind, I should hope, Mr. Pugsley. But he must not, and he shall not be called 'Captain Larks,' as you know, if nobody else does. Now please to get out of your rut, and come on."

The nature truly noble, and the mind of lofty power, reluctant as they always are to make disclosure of themselves, and shunning as they always do the frippery of random praise, unwittingly are revealed sometimes by the conduct of tobacco-smoke. Shallow men, or hasty fellows, or small sons of discontent, labour hard with restless puffs, and vex the air with turbid fumes promiscuously tossed from lip or bowl. How different is the process of the large, well-balanced, contemplative pipe! No swirling tempest battles round the brow, no waste of issue clouds the air; but blue wreaths hover far asunder, circling placidly as they soar, like haloes round the head of peace; the cool bowl shines without exuding, like the halcyon of the charm and calm, and sweet rest satisfies the spirit of the man, gratefully ministering the gift divine.

In a state of mind thus serene and lofty, Master Pugsley smoked his pipe. Maiden impatience stirred him not, nor the casual shords of a slight mishap, nor the general fragility of human kind. If his cart was not upon a level axle, should that disturb his own equipoise? So he sat down again, in a courteous manner, and delivered very sound advice; while the young lady ran away, and left him to enjoy it, for she saw that help was near at hand.

Now a man of good sense and strong will led the simple people of Christowell. In any trouble or turning of the mind, as well as in bodily ailments, there was not a grown up man, or woman, who sought to go further than Parson Short. The Rev. Tom Short, Vicar of the parish, coming to an utterly neglected place, had quietly made his way, by not insisting upon it unduly. Resolute good-will, plain speech, and fair allowance for adverse minds, together with a comfortable income of his own, enabled him to go on well, and to make his flock do likewise. He addressed them "on papper" only once a week, which was quite as much as they required; and that they did with diffidence. He, however, was well convinced of the mutual duty thereby discharged. No other preacher in the diocese could say so much in the time allowed, which was never more than five minutes; and no other congregation listened with attention so close, and yawns so few.

In other matters, his style was dry, and terse, and quick to the purpose; yet seldom rough, and never arrogant or overbearing. Steadfast Tory as he was, he respected everybody's rights, and felt due sympathy for their wrongs, whenever he could see them. His education had been good at Winchester, and New College; whence he had taken high classical honours, though his college was then exempt from test. For his manner of sticking to the point at issue, and knowing nothing—unless he knew it well—was just what Oxford then encouraged. His bodily appearance was not grand, nor large, nor at all imposing, and the principal weakness of his mind was a morbid perception of that defect. Not that he could be called a dwarf, or plain, or at all unsightly, only that his spirit being very great had a hankering for larger tenement. This feeling perhaps had saved his freedom, by making him shy of long-bodied ladies, while it kept him from admiring short ones. So now he was nearing his forty-fifth year, with a prospect of nothing but bachelorhood, which his cook was determined to maintain on his behalf. Yet many a young lady of exalted stature would gladly enough have become Mrs. Short.

For this was a ruddy, brisk, and very cheerful man, bald it is true, on the top of his head, but plenteously whiskered, largely capable of beard—if clerical principles should ever close the razor, which they were beginning even now to do in London—gifted moreover with a very pleasant smile, a short waggish nose, and keen blue eyes. No better man could fill his shoes, or at any rate could get into them, so well compressed was his material, and so good the staple.

It was not only this, nor yet the graceful increment of his income, nor even the possession of a spiritual turn, that led the young ladies to be thinking of him, whenever any settlement in life was mentioned. He inspired large interest by his own merit, but a feeling yet larger and deeper, by his present sad position. To rescue him from the despotism of Mrs. Aggett, his widowed cook, was the lofty aim of almost every other female. But he bore his yoke with patience, and preferred the known to the unknown ill.

"How now, Pugsley? Stuck fast like this, and the Captain's pots smashed up like that!" this bachelor shouted, as he marched up briskly, saw the position, and understood the large resignation of the native mind.

"Stuck slow, I karls it, Passon Shart. And thicky cloam be smashed more down than oop. If her baided oop, her wud a' been all zound."

"Come, Master Tim, get out your levers, instead of argifying."

"Passon, I wull, if so be I've got 'un. The Lord know'th whether they be here, or to home."

"Here they are, more peart than you be;" Mr. Short replied, turning up some old rubbish from the bottom of the cart, and drawing forth two spars of ash; "now wugg on, Teddy, when I give the word."

"No man as ever I see yet," said the carrier, through a blue ring of smoke, "hath received the power to make Teddy wugg, when a' hath his nosebarg on; avore such time, as his tongue have been into the uttermost corners of the zame."

Parson Short, without any answer, unbuckled the strap of the hairy wallet, gently withdrew it from the old fellow's nose, though he put up one foot to protect it, and marching sternly up the hill, hung this fine temptation upon a hazel bush at the first corner. Teddy, with a whinny of soft remonstrance, pricked up his ears, and looked anxious to proceed.

"Passons has no conscience whativer," said the carrier, pocketing his pipe; "they distresses all the hanimals, like the better sort, on Zindays. Niver lets nobody baide at peace."

"Cease from weak reflections, and take to action," the inexorable Short replied. "If your time is worthless, mine is not. Stir him up, Pugsley, while I start the wheel."

"I vear your reverence be a'most too small," said Pugsley with much good will, but touching the Vicar in his most tender part. Mr. Short took off his coat, folded it carefully, and laid it on a rock-moot, because it was a very good one; then turning up shirt-sleeves of fair white linen, he showed a pair of arms as well-complexioned as a lady's, but thick-set, bossy, and substantial. "Lor' a' mussy," cried the carrier, "thou should'st niver have a goon on!"

Deigning no answer, the sturdy parson seized the bigger of the two ash staves, and laying the butt of the other for a fulcrum, gave the stuck wheel such a powerful heft, that the whole cart rattled, and the crates began to dance. "Zober, passon, zober! Or ee'll heft 'un over tother zide," said Pugsley running up to the horse's head; "now Teddy, taste thy legs, and strive at 'un."

At a taste of the whip on his legs, the old nag threw his chest out and grappled the ground with his hoofs. Then he cast his weight forward and strained to the tug, with his back on the stretch, and his ribs like hoops, and even his tail stiffened up like a hawser. "Heave-oh!" shouted Parson Short, suiting the action to the word; "well done then old horse, we are out of the hole!"

CHAPTER IV.—LARK'S COT.

CHRISTOWELL village, (in full view of which the horse, cart, and driver, had rested so long) affords to the places above it, or below, fair plea for contemplation. Many sweet beauties of tempered clime flower the skirts of the desolate moor, and the sweetest of these is Christowell. Even the oldest inhabitant cannot, to the best of his recollection, say whether he ever did hear tell that the place was accounted beautiful. He knoweth that picture-men do come, and set up three-legged things, and stand as grave as judges to make great maps, like them that be hanging in the school-room; but he never yet hath known any odds to come of it; the rocks abide the same as if they never had been drawed, and the trees—you may look for yourself, and say whether they have fetched another apple. For when the Lord rested on Saturday night, His meaning was not that the last of His works should fall to and make strokes of the rest of them.

Sound sense of such lofty kind is the great gift of this village. Every man here would be contented, if he only had his due; failing of that, he keeps his merit to the mark of his wages, by doing his day's work gently. If a neighbour gets more than himself, he tries hard to believe that the man should have earned it; and even his wife is too good to declare what she thinks of the woman next door to her. Among themselves sometimes they manage to fall out very cordially; but let anybody sleeping out of the parish, have an unbecoming word to say of his betters who are inside it, and if he walks there, without a magistrate behind him, scarcely shall he escape from the sheep-wash corner in the lower ham.

For a beautiful brook of crystal water, after tumbling by the Captain's cot, makes its own manner of travelling here, rarely allowing the same things to vex it, or itself to complain of the same thing twice. From crags, and big deserts, and gorges full of drizzle, it has scrambled some miles without leisure for learning self-control, or patience. And then it comes suddenly, round a sharp corner, into the quiet of Chistowell, whose church is the first work of man it has seen, except that audacious cottage. Then a few little moderate slips, which are nothing compared with its higher experience, lead it with a murmur to a downright road, and a ford where men have spread it gently, and their boys catch minnows. Here it begins to be clad with bushes, and to be curbed by jutting trees, and lintelled by planks for dear gossip and love; for cottages on either bank come down, and neighbours full of nature inhabit them.

Happy is the village that has no street, and seldom is worried by the sound of wheels. Christowell keeps no ceremonial line of street, or road, or even lane, but goes in and out, as the manner of the land may be, or the pleasure of the landlords. Still there is a place where deep ruts grow, because of having soft rock under them; and this makes it seem to be the centre of the village, and a spot where two carts meet sometimes, for the public-house is handy. Once upon a time two carts met here, and here they spent a summer's day, both being driven by obstinate men, who were not at all their owners. Neither would budge from his own rut, and the horses for several hours rubbed noses, or cropped a little grass, while the men lay down. Being only first cousins these men would not fight, as they must have done if they had been brothers. Yet neither of them would disgrace his county—fair mother of noble stubbornness—by any mean compromise, or weak concession; so they waited until it grew dark, and then with a whistle of good will began to back away together, and as soon as they found room to turn, went home to supper from a well-spent day.

But such a fine treat and stir of interest was rare, and the weather was the only thing that could be trusted for supplying serious diversion. Herein nobody was wronged of subject; for the weather was so active that the hardest-working man could spend his time in watching it. No sooner had he said that it must be fine, than ere he could catch up his spade again, it was flying in his face, and he was eating his own words. Herein alone was variety enough to satisfy people of contented heart. For scarcely ever did the same things look the same for two hours together.

Upon a day of well-conducted weather, beginning brightly in the morning, a stranger newly arrived from town may feed and gaze alternately. At sunrise he is in bed of course; largely saving the disappointment which the lavish promise of the east might bring. But even at eight of an average morning, when he wants his breakfast, the world is spread before him well, with soft light flowing up the plains, and tracing lines of trees, and bends of meadow. He stands, or sits down to his bacon and eggs, twelve hundred feet above sea-level, with fair land and bright water spreading three-fourths of the circle around him. To the east, some five leagues off, are the dark square towers of Exeter cathedral, backed by the hazy stretches of Black-down; on the right are glimpses of the estuary of Exe, from Powderham Castle towards Starcross. Outside them, and beyond, and overlapping every landmark, the broad sweep of the English Channel glistens or darkens with the moods above it, from the Dorset headlands to the Start itself. Before he has time to make sure of all this, the grand view wavers, and the colours blend; some parts retire, and some come nearer; and lights and shadows flow and flit, like the wave and dip of barley feathering to a gentle July breeze. The lowland people descry herein the shadow of the forest, as they call it; and the "Dartymorevolk," looking down upon them, are proud to have such a long "tail to the moor."

For the line of the land is definite here, as the boundary of a parish is. In many other parts it is not so, and the moor slopes off into farmland; but here, like the fosse of an old encampment, the scarp of the moor is manifest. Over this, that well-fed stream, the Christow, takes a rampant leap, abandoning craggy and boggy cradle, desolate nurture, and rudiments of granite, for a country of comparative ease, where it learns the meaning of a meadow. And its passage from rude into civilised life occurs in the garden of the "Captain." Brief is its course, and quickly run; for in the morass where it first draws breath, three other rivers of wider fame arise, and go their several ways; and one of them, after twenty miles of crooked increase round the North, quietly absorbs poor Christow brook, and makes no gulp of acknowledgment. Without wasting one pebble in calculation, or a single furrow upon forethought, the merry brook hurries to whatever may befall it, and never fails to babble of whatever comes across it.

Now it happened that the Vicar of the parish, Mr. Short, was a "highly temperate" man, as all who love cold water are supposed to be; although they may love many other things therewith. No sooner had he seen Master Pugsley up the hill, with a strong shove to second old Teddy's motion, than he left those two to go in and deliver the relics of their cargo, and their own excuses. "Do'e come in now, and break it to the Cappen;" the carrier vainly pleaded to him; "do'e like a dear good minister." "Tell your own lies, your own way;" the parson answered pleasantly; "if I were there, I should have to contradict you." "How partikkler you be—outzide of the pulpit!" said Pugsley with a sigh, yet a grin at his own wit.

Well seasoned to such little jokes, the Vicar looked at him seriously, so that the carrier felt sorry for his wit; and then, with a smile, Mr. Short went back to the place where he had left his coat. This was just over against the pile of pots, which had found the ground too hard, and had lost all tenure of it for ever. Looking at these, as he donned his coat, the Parson said, "Ha! The newest, I believe, of that wonderful man's inventions! Let me take the liberty of looking at the fragments." This he soon accomplished to his heart's content, but failed to make head or tail of them, because he was not a born gardener. Then he took up a shord of one rounded side and went down to the river, with that for his cup. Not that he felt any thirst, although he had worked very hard—for a parson; but that a certain school of doctors had arisen, and said that every man who wished to live, must take his cold pint every morning of his life. Some ten years later, every man, desirous to prolong himself and his family, was bound to take four gallons, shed outside him. And now he takes shivering claret inside.

For the nostrums of the moment Mr. Short cared little; but people had praised him, for liking now and then a draught of cold water; and this made him try to do it. With his slip of pantile, as he called it (in large ignorance of garden ware) he passed through a gap in the hedge of the lane, and walked down to the brook, and scooped up a little drink.

Assuring himself how delicious it was, he was going to pitch the shord into the stream, when he spied on its inner rim certain letters, invisible until the cloam was wetted.

"What a queer thing! And how could it have been done?" He thought, as he began to peer more closely; and then he made out the words—"Pole's patent." He tried it several times, and he turned it several ways; but nothing else was to be made of it. And presently his own surprise surprised him, for what was there marvellous in the matter? Nothing whatever, but it was rather queer that the brand should be inside the pot (which must have required a convex mould) and the name not that of Mr. Arthur, although the design was entirely his, as Mr. Short knew, from having seen the drawings.

"What a blessing for me that I am not gifted with much curiosity!" said the Vicar to himself, as he turned the last corner of the lane, and sat down by the Captain's gate, to wait till the carrier's job was done. "Nine out of ten of my brother clerks would have it on their conscience to rout up this question. A mystery in one's own parish is a pest, when the man at the bottom of it comes to church. Otherwise one might wash one's hands. But this man is honest, and God-fearing and a gentleman; and the only one fit to smoke a pipe with in the parish!"

Mr. Short sighed; for he liked his fellow-men, and was partly cut off from them by his condition, or at least by his own view of it. Though many of the moorland pastors still looked after their flock in a gregarious manner, not disdaining their assemblage at the public-house sometimes. "Our mysterious friend," he continued, as he gazed, "not only has a very large amount of taste, but also much strategic power. How well he has made his garden fit the stream, so that the stream seems to follow the garden! Grass in the proper place, beds in the proper place, and trees planted cleverly to drink the water, and flourish like the righteous man! But greatest device of all, and noblest because of its pure simplicity, the safeguard against morning calls, and the check to inquisitive ladies, for instance Lady Touchwood. How I should like to know that man's history! Hi, there, Pugsley! Give me a lift over. I can't jump as I used to do."

A man's resemblance to a tree has been discovered, and beautifully descanted upon—from nethermost tail of tap-root to uttermost twig and split sky-leaf—by hundreds of admirable poets. But thoroughly as these have worked out the subject, they seem to have missed one most striking analogy. A man (like a tree) can have no avail of comfort, unless there belongs to him the margin of a brook, to part him from the brambles, and the ruffle, and the jostle of the multitudinous thicket of the world.

"Lark's cot"—as Mr. Arthur's home was called by the natives, and even by himself at last—was gifted with a truly desirable brook—the Christow, as aforesaid. The cot stood about a mile above the village, under a jagged tor, known as "the beacon," and in a south-eastern embrasure of the moor. This lonely, quiet, and delightful spot looked as if it ought to have no road to it, or at any rate none to go any further. Upon its own merits indeed it never would have earned or even claimed a road: but it fell into the way of one, by a "causal haxident," as Devonshire people term it. For it happened that one of the feeders of the main Roman road across the desert helped itself up the steep labour of the heights, by the crooked balustrade of the Christow brook. This lane every now and then cold-shouldered the merriment of the brook with a stiff dry hedge, and feigned to have nothing to do with it; yet times there were, and as much as a fortnight of Sundays in a downright season, when lane and brook made exchange of duty, as lightly as two parsons do. And the public, so faithful to variety it proves, was pleased in this case as it is in the other; and after a while found a new charm in recurring to its veteran and inveterate ruts.

But in moderate weather, and decent seasons, the Christow keeps to its natural bed, strewn with bright pebbles, and pillowed with rock. Through the garden of the captain, its glittering run is broken by some little zig-zags of delay, and many laughing tumbles; at one of which it does some work, by turning a wheel, when driven to it. And when the gardener's day is done, and the sun is gone to the western world, while the apple with uplifted, and the pear with pensive eye, stand forth of their dim leafage in the rounding of the light,—then down here by the fluid steps, and twinkling passage of the stream, a bench is hung with clematis, and tented round with roses, for leisure, and the joy of rest, and bliss of admiration.

Now dwelling here, and seeing how the land was in his favour, the Captain helped the hand of nature to secure his quietude. The cliff on the west of his garden had offered possibility of descent to ladies of clear head and strong ankle. This bad temptation he soon removed by a few charges of rock-powder; and then towards the north, where the ground was softer, he planted a brake of the large-flowered gorse, having thorns of stiff texture and admirable teeth. The bloom of this was brighter than the fairest maiden's tresses, even of the now most fashionable ochre, and the rustle of the wind among the tufts was softer than the sweetest silvery nonsense.

Thus he well established ramparts, solid and spinous, all about his rear; and then he had leisure to improve his front, and eastern flank, towards the village. Nature had defended these fairly and honestly enough, by sending a nice watercourse around them. Still there were lapses in the vigilance of the brook, where a lady, with her skirts up, might flip through, or even with a downward run spring over; and having much experience of the world, he knew how slow they are to hesitate, with curiosity behind them. So with a powerful spade, and a stout dredging-rake, he made good those weak places; and then looking round with glad defiance, suddenly espied at his very threshold a traitorous inroad, a passage for the evil one. For here was a series of wicked stepping-stones, coming across a shallow width of water, as old as the hills, and looking quite as steadfast. Strictly heeding these, and probing vigorously with a crowbar, he found one towards the further side, which was loose in its socket, like a well-worn tooth; and after a little operation he contrived to leave a fine gap in the series. Curiosity on tiptoe might come thus far; but without winged toes, or wading boots, was sure of catching cold, if it came any further. Thus a gentleman's wife, from a parish down below, who kept the spy-glass of the neighbourhood, was obliged to stop there, and at once pronounced him a vastly superior, and most interesting man, but undoubtedly a noted criminal.

CHAPTER V.—AMONG THE BUDS.

"How beautiful everything looks, and how large and early all your bloom is! People may talk about Torquay. But I was down there yesterday, and I find you a week in front of them. Well done Christowell! Torquay has not a pear-bloom open yet, even in Morgan's garden. But perhaps you grow the earlier sorts."

Parson Short and Captain Larks were hearty friends by this time; for each of them loved the truthful staple and kindly heart of the other. The clergyman had too much self-respect to pry into the layman's history. He took him as he found him, a gentle, intelligent, peaceful, and orthodox rate-payer.

"The earliest fruit is not the first to bloom;" the gardener answered, with his pruning-knife at work; "or at any rate, not of necessity. The later kind often is the first in bloom."

"Well, I never knew that. But I see the reason. Slow fellows want a good start, as in a race. I like to hear of little things that I have never noticed; for an apple or a pear are pretty much the same to me. And that reminds me of the thing I came to ask you. Yesterday I rode down to Torquay, because the dog *Nous* wanted exercise; and there upon the pier, I met an ancient friend, whom I value and admire greatly. By the death of an Uncle, he has come into a large estate on the west side of the moor, and there he is going to improve the garden. He has never had a chance of gardening much; but he loves it almost as much as you do, especially the fruit and the vegetable stuff. He knows next to nothing about it; but that adds enormously to the enchantment. He has heard of you, as a mighty man of fruit, from nursery-men near Exeter. And instead of burning, as he should have done, to come and see me, the parson, all he seemed to care about was to see you; you, the gardener, and your garden!"

"I ought to be obliged to him, even more than I am;" Mr. Arthur answered plainly. "One of the many plagues of gardening is that the public regard it as a mere amusement, which is carried on for them to stare at, like cricket on the Village-green. The general idea of a garden is—a place to sit down in, and smoke pipes."

"And the right view of the subject too;"

replied Mr. Short, who understood his man, and how soon his petulance broke up into a smile. "My friend, I will take your hint. My pipe is ready. I will sit, and watch your labours, and learn much."

"That you will never do;" the other answered, smiling at the turn of the mood upon him; "simply because it is not in you. From morning till night, you might think you were watching, and go away, not a twig the wiser, because you were not born for it; any more than I for Greek verbs, and pithy sermons. Why do I cut to this bud now? I have told you fifty times, but you cannot tell me now."

"Slash away all the buds," said Mr. Short, for fear of making a wrong hit at it; "so long as you know, and the bud understands it—but here comes the fairest bud of all, my little Rose-bud—how are you, my dear? And why does your father cut back to you? Is it because you grow in the right direction?"

"I have stopped growing long ago in every direction;" she answered, looking far away above the hat of Mr. Short; for her views of life were becoming large; and it liked her not to be called "my dear," even from the force of habit. And then she feared that she had gone too far, especially in looking such a height above him. So she blushed in pure penitence,—and was almost ready to offer her father's friend a kiss, as used to be done of old, when she met him on the first morning of the holidays. But the Vicar took no offence, and heeded not her communings, for he did not want to enter into young girl's minds.

"Now what would this child do, to express her gratitude"—he put it to her father with a nod of understanding; "supposing that I were to bring her a hero? A genuine hero of valour and of chivalry, such a man as she has only dreamed of—or perhaps read about him, and got tired."

"I never get tired of reading of heroes; and how could I get tired of looking at them?"

"That is quite another pair of shoes, Miss Rose. My friend is not wonderful to look at, as the men seldom are, who have wrought great wonders. But you could not help liking and admiring him, because he does it to himself so little. And he will admire you, I can tell you. Coax your dear father to let me bring him."

"My poor little place, and my puny experiments," Mr. Arthur said, with that large humility, which marks the true gardener (as long as he is praised), "are always at the service of the lover of the craft, who is good enough to think that I can teach him something. At the same time it must be kindly borne in mind that I am but a learner, and make no pretence to knowledge."

"To be sure, my dear sir. All allowance will be made. We cannot for instance, expect you to be like the great Scotch gardener at Lord Bicton's place."

"It would grieve me, and disgrace me, to be like that fellow. I would not let him come here, with his crooked-bladed knife, if he paid me £5 a day for it. Miserable numskull!"

"Even I should know better than to do what he does," cried Rose, running up to a fine pear-tree. "He nails the young wood of a wall-tree down the trunk, like this positively; and drives the great nails into the poor thing's breast!"

"Excellent idea!" cried Mr. Short, laughing at the horror on the maiden's face. "So he makes the tree really self-supporting; and it feeds its young, like a pelican, out of its own breast."

"No; it feeds the nails, like that," she answered; "the great rusty nails, and the dirty weeds, and snails; and no nourishment for the poor fruit at all. Oh, Mr. Short, how very little you do know!"

"How may I attain to such rare knowledge? If I only had the stuff in me, you might improve it. But alas, I have not the most raw material. But my old friend across the moor has got the making in him; and he seems to see the principles, if he could only get the practice."

"So far as concerns my scraps of knowledge, and my humble premises," the owner answered, as he looked about him, with no other flourish than a clapping of his clips; "they are wholly at the service of a friend of yours. It will give me great pleasure to see him, when he pleases. And if you will let me know the day, I will have my little drawbridge down."

"Now, I call that really kind of you; because I know that you are pressed for time just now. And that made me enlist little Rosie on my side. I will write at once to Colonel Westcombe; he will ride over to my early dinner, at which I shall be proud if you and your dear child will join us. Then we will have the old four-wheel out, and come up the hill all together."

"Oh what a pleasure it will be! Papa, you had better not say 'No'; or you never shall hear the last of it. But what have you discovered so important in the brook? Is it a salmon? No, they can't get up here.

It must be the otter once more. Mr. Short, oh do come with *Nous*, and your double-barrel'd gun."

"It is not at all an easy thing to shoot an otter," said the Parson, a dear lover of the rod and gun; "but if you have an otter here, he will harry your trout dreadfully. The only way to get a shot is to lie hid for hours. *Nous* would do more harm than good, freely as he takes the water. But, Arthur, you understand all that. I am sure that you are an old sportsman."

"I used to be fond of the gun," said his host; "but I never shoot now; and shall never shoot again."

Mr. Short was surprised at the tone of his voice, and the change in his face and manner. What was become of his frank complacence, and light smile at his own conceit, and glances of fatherly pride at his Rose? Instead of all that he looked troubled and perplexed, and preparing to contend with some new grief. Even his lively child saw this; though as yet she had not learned to study a face, whose only expression for her was love.

"I fear that I have vexed you," the clergyman said kindly; "by striving to draw you from your good and quiet habits. I can well understand your dislike to be disturbed, such as I very often have myself. Leave it to me to settle with Colonel Westcombe. I can easily do it without offending him. The fault has been wholly my own, for not considering. I hope that you will pardon me; and I am sure Jack Westcombe will; for he is one of the noblest-hearted fellows living."

"That he is. Right well I know it," Mr. Arthur answered, with more warmth than prudence. "But alas, what a number of my pots are broken! Let us go in. The sun is droughty. We have hit upon a most prime blend of cider; but I dare not bottle any, till I have your *imprimatur*."

"You shall have the full benefit of my judgment," the parson answered briskly; "after the tug of the morning, I deserve even better than Christow water. My acquaintance with fruit is chiefly liquid, in spite of all your lectures. Miss Rose, answer me one question, if you can; and young ladies nowadays are taught all paradoxes. Why should milk become solid, and apples liquid, by the self-same process of thumping?"

"Because, because—because I don't know. And can you explain to me, Mr. Short, how a man can be beaten black and blue? If he is black, he can never be blue."

"Nothing can be simpler. At first he is black; and as he begins to get better he turns blue."

Such nonsense they were talking, not of their own folly, but simply to carry off the awkward time, as they followed Captain Larks to the cottage. He turned round, now and then, to seem to heed them; but they knew, better than himself perhaps, that his mind was far away, and that his cheerfulness was gone. Then he roused up his spirits to discharge fair duties as a host, at which he was always good with the very few whom he received as guests. His graceful young daughter, with her hat thrown off, and clusters of nut-brown hair tied back, flitted across the bars of sunshine chequered by some Banksian sprays, while she spread upon the table shadow, and still better, substance of the things that nourish life. Bread, that is to say, and butter (beaded as with meadow dew); honeycomb, gladdened with the moorland scent, and the thick-set mettle of a home-fed ham, where fat and lean played into one another sweetly—like moonlight among roses. In the thick of temptation reposed Cos-lettuce—cold and crisp, and beautiful, and justly divided by a thin, sharp knife, showing follicle, frill, and crimp broidery of gold, in and out of cells and fronds and filigree of carved ivory. Neither were the fluid creatures absent; cider was there, like an amber fountain springing into beads of pearl, and bright ale, comrade of the labours of mankind; and, for the weaker vessels, water. Not yet was vapid claret shed like vinegar on the English rock.

Distributing good supply, and partaking fairly to commend it, the host began to regard the world with larger benevolence and hope. He looked at his child, who was doing her best to smile away sudden disturbance, and to set their visitor at his ease; and then he looked at this pleasant friend, who had shown such good breeding, and submission to his mood. And with that Mr. Arthur was fain to confess that he had allowed himself to be surprised out of his usual respect for others.

The Vicar, (although a testy man with strangers or with upstarts,) not only did not show, but did not even feel resentment now. He had faith in his friend, that there must be sound reason for the refusal of his request; and he fully expected some explanation, perhaps when Rose should be out of the way. So he thoroughly enjoyed the simple fare, and resolved to enrage his cook, Mrs. Aggett, by a fulsome description of the Captain's ham. For this he deserved to have his banquet interrupted, and so it was very speedily.

"Well, I do declare," cried the quick-eyed Rose, as she helped him to some honey for the crown of his repast, "the very queerest figure that you can imagine is trying to get across our steps!"

"Ungrateful damsel!" Mr. Short replied, as he went to the bud-covered lattice. "Have you no sense of a most distinguished honour? It is the mighty Solomon, and he bears a letter."

"Surely you don't mean Betty Cork's boy, who went about for Doctor Perperaps? The one that rose into the 'loftier spear'?"

"To be sure; Lady Touchwood's page he is. And she so arrays him, that our wag, the cobbler's boy, who used to call him 'Solomon Senna,' now has dubbed him 'Solomon's Glory.'"

"Glorious he may be," said Rose; "but he seems in a very sad fright at present; and he cannot take my jump. Father, dear, shall I go and ask him what he wants?"

"After all, the honour is not for you, but my humble self," interposed Mr. Short. "He is screaming at the top of his voice 'Passon Shart.' Don't think of letting down the draw-bridge. I will make him walk through, just to spoil his grand livery."

"Oh, if you are not afraid of 'my lady,' do make him walk through the water, while I see him."

"Rose, you are too mischievous," said Mr. Arthur, getting up. "I will go and take the boy's message myself. We must not carry things too far."

In a minute or two he returned with a letter, sealed with a formidable coat of arms, and addressed to 'The Revd. Tom Short, Christowell Vicarage, *important*."

"Plague upon the woman!" cried that reverend gentleman; "she wants me on the instant, about something most momentous! and Mrs. Aggett has been stupe enough to send the boy on here. It is nothing but one of her little tempers. However, I must go home, and ride away at once, though my horse is entitled to a good day in stable."

"I wanted to show you a whole quantity of things," replied his host with unfeigned disappointment; for the bloom of the pleasure of good work fades, when nobody comes to admire it. "It is more than a fortnight since you were here; and a fortnight of April is as much as a month, at almost any other time. And if you care little for fruit, you love flowers."

"The rose, the rose, the rose for me!" Mr. Short exclaimed, with a smile at the blushing specimen before him. "I shall write you the song of the rose some day. I know a little Rose who considers me a nightingale. Even so, I must fly immediately. May I let down the planch for myself, good host?"

They would not hear of this, but bore him company down the winding walk, where the pear-tree was clustering its petal'd cups of snow, and the apple beginning in the slant sunshine to unravel the down of its bossy green truss. Then the gardener himself let down his "planch," over the wavering glitter of the brook; and crossing the meadow, where Mopsy the cow lived, they came to the private door into the lane. Here Christowell shone in the haze of spring below them, and the hoary old church, beyond the flash of hasty waters, looked holy and peaceful as the tombs around it.

"Be sure that you come again soon," cried Rose, running lightly back to the lane, while her father was going home across the mead. "Please to come to-morrow, if you possibly can, and tell us every syllable about that Lady Touchwood; she puzzles me so dreadfully, Mr. Short!"

"Lady Touchwood will say, when she hears where I have been, 'Tell me every syllable about that Miss Arthur; she is such a puzzle to me, Mr. Short!'"

No sooner had he spoken than he deeply regretted his stupid little slip of tongue, because he saw that he had given pain. Rose made no answer, but coloured deeply, and turned away with a curtsey; then, rejoining her father, she clung closely to his arm.

"Poor dear!" thought the Vicar, who loved his light-hearted and sweet parishioner, pastorally; "I heartily trust that I am altogether wrong. But, if I know anything of the world, that pretty girl, and good girl, has no happy life before her."

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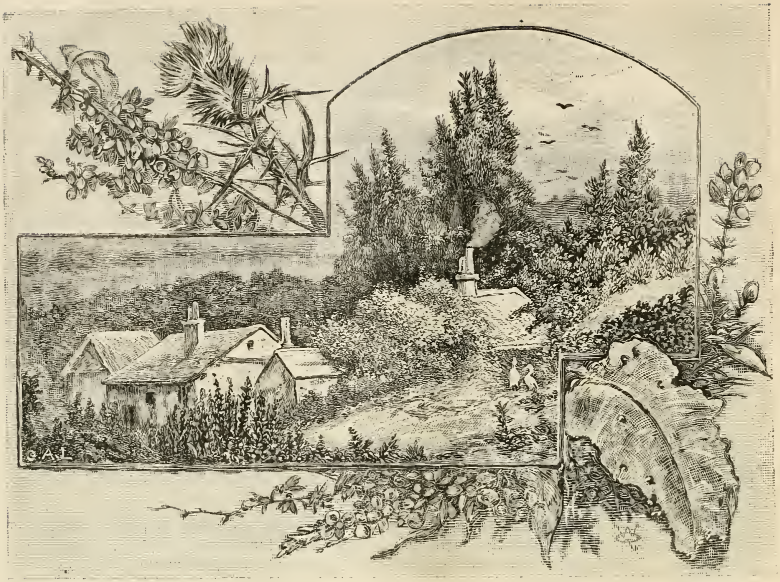


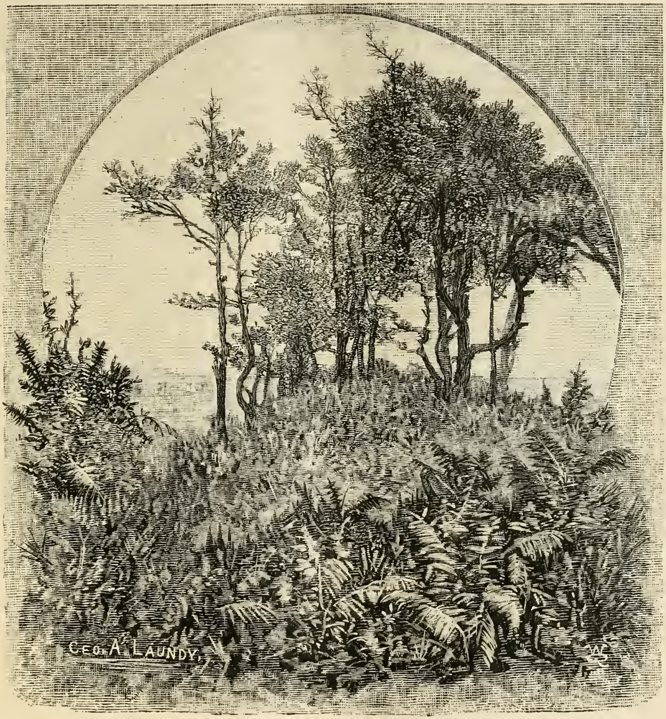
"OF THE EARTH, EARTHY."

HAVE they told you I am going
To the land of rest?
I am very patient, knowing
All is for the best;
Yet the summer light is clearest
Ere the soul departs,
Nature seems to draw the nearest
Unto dying hearts.

Have they told you I am leaving
Earthly things behind?
Love, perhaps, was but deceiving,
Friendship proved unkind;
Yet the sunshine, slowly stealing
Down the soft green slope,
Brings back all the trustful feeling,
All the dreams of hope.

Have they told you I am hasting
  To a fairer home?
Yes; but here are roses wasting,
  Blossoms white as foam;

Here are sun-gilt vine-leaves wreathing
  Round our cottage door;
Here are solemn fir-trees breathing
  Fragrance evermore.



Have they told you I am setting
  All my thoughts on high?
Yes; but can I learn forgetting
  While old haunts are nigh?
When the bracken plumes are swaying
  On our pine-crown'd hill,
I can almost hear you saying
  That you love me still.

Hush! I hear a footstep falling
  On the garden plot,
And a voice speaks, softly calling,
  Yet I answer not
Till I feel your arms around me,
  On my face your breath.
Love and faith have sought and found me;
  This is life—not death.

SARAH DOUDNEY.

REMINISCENCES OF THE HIGH CHURCH REVIVAL.

BY JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE, M.A.

LETTER I.—THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND FIFTY YEARS AGO.

MY DEAR ——

You remind me of a promise which I have left too long unfulfilled. We had been looking over some of your old family papers, and we had found among them a copy of the once-famous Tract 90, scored over with pencil marks and interjections. The rocket which had once flamed across the sky was now a burnt-out case. It was hard to believe that the whole mind of England could have been so agitated by expressions and ideas which had since become so familiar. We were made to feel how times had changed in the last forty years; we had been travelling on a spiritual railroad, and the indifference with which we turned the leaves of the once-terrible pamphlet was an evidence how far we had left behind our old traditionary landmarks. Mysteries which had been dismissed as superstitions at the Reformation, and had never since been heard of, were now preached again by half the clergy, and had revolutionised the ritual in our churches. Every county had its Anglican monasteries and convents. Romanism had lifted up its head again. It had its hierarchy and its cardinals; it was a power in Parliament, and in the London salons. The fathers confessors were busy in our families, dictating conditions of marriages, dividing wives from husbands, and children from parents.

By the side of the revival of Catholicism there was a corresponding phenomenon of an opposite and no less startling kind. Half a century ago any one who openly questioned the truth of Christianity was treated as a public offender and was excommunicated by society. Now, while one set of men were bringing back mediævalism, science and criticism were assailing with impunity the authority of the Bible; miracles were declared impossible; even Theism itself was treated as an open question, and subjects which in our fathers' time were approached only with the deepest reverence and solemnity were discussed among the present generation with as much freedom as the common problems of natural philosophy or politics.

Both these movements began within a short distance of one another, and were evidently connected. You asked me to write down what I could recollect about their origin, having had, as you supposed, some special opportunities of knowing their history. I hesitated, partly because it is not agreeable to go back over our own past mistakes, partly because I have ceased to feel particular interest in either of them. For myself, I am convinced that they are roads both of them which lead to the wrong place, and that it is better for us to occupy ourselves with realities than fret our minds about illusions. If the Church of Rome recovers power enough to be dangerous it will be shattered upon the same rocks on which it was dashed three centuries ago. The Church of England may play at sacerdotalism and masquerade in mediæval garniture; the clergy may flatter one another with notions that they can bind and loose the souls of their fellow-Christians, and transform the substance of the sacramental elements by spells and gestures; but they will not at this time of day persuade intelligent men that the bishops in their ordination gave them really supernatural powers. Their celebrations and processions may amuse for a time by their novelty, but their pretensions deserve essentially no more respect that those of spirit-rappers, and the serious forces of the world go on upon their way no more affected by them than if they were shadows.

As little is it possible to hope much from the school of negative and scientific criticism. For what science can tell us of positive truth in special subjects we are infinitely thankful. In matters of religion it can say nothing, for it knows nothing. A surgeon may dissect a living body to discover what life consists in. The body is dead before he can reach the secret, and he can report only that the materials when he has taken them to pieces and examined them are merely dead matter. Critical philosophy is equally at a loss with Christianity. It may perhaps discover the doctrines of the creed in previously existing Eastern theologies. It may pretend to prove that the sacred records were composed as human narratives are composed; that the origin of many of them cannot be traced; that they are defective in authority; that the evidence is insufficient to justify a belief in the events which they relate. So far as philosophy can see, there may be nothing in the materials of Christianity which is necessarily and certainly supernatural. And yet Christianity exists, and has existed, and has been the most powerful spiritual force which has ever been felt among mankind.

If I tell the story which you ask of me, therefore, I must tell it without sympathy, either way, in these great movements. I cannot, like "the sow that was washed," return to wallow in repudiated superstition. If I am to be edified, on the other hand, I must know what is true in religion; and I do not care about negations. In this respect I am unfit for the task which you impose on me. It is perhaps, however, occasionally well to take stock of our mental experience. The last forty or fifty years will be memorable hereafter in the history of English opinion. The number of those who recollect the beginnings of the Oxford revival is shrinking fast; and such of us as survive may usefully note down their personal reminiscences as a contribution, so far as it goes, to the general narrative. It is pleasant too to recall the figures of those who played the chief parts in the drama. If they had not been men of ability they could not have produced the revolution which was brought about by them. Their personal characters were singularly interesting. Two of them were distinctly men of real genius. My own brother was at starting the foremost of the party; the flame, therefore, naturally burnt hot in my own immediate environment. The phrases and formulas of Anglo-Catholicism had become household words in our family before I understood coherently what the stir and tumult was about.

We fancy that we are free agents. We are conscious of what we do; we are not conscious of the causes which make us do it; and therefore we imagine that the cause is in ourselves. The Oxford leaders believed that they were fighting against the spirit of the age. They were themselves most completely the creatures of their age. It was one of those periods when Conservative England had been seized with a passion for Reform. Parliament was to be reformed; the municipal institutions were to be reformed; there was to be an end of monopolies and privileges. The constitution was to be cut in pieces and boiled in the Benthamite caldron, from which it was to emerge in immortal youth. In a reformed State there needed a reformed Church. My brother and his friends abhorred Bentham and all his works. The Establishment in its existing state was too weak to do battle with the new enemy. Protestantism was the chrysalis of Liberalism. The Church, therefore, was to be unprotestantized. The Reformation, my brother said, was a bad setting of a broken limb. The limb needed breaking a second time, and then it would be equal to its business.

My brother exaggerated the danger, and underestimated the strength which existing institutions and customs possess so long as they are left undisturbed. Before he and his friends undertook the process of reconstruction, the Church was perhaps in the healthiest condition which it had ever known. Of all the constituents of human society, an established religion is that which religious men themselves should most desire to be let alone, and which people in general when they are healthy-minded are most sensitive about allowing to be touched. It is the sanction of moral obligation. It gives authority to the commandments, creates a fear of doing wrong, and a sense of responsibility for doing it. To raise a doubt about a creed established by general acceptance is a direct injury to the general welfare. Discussion about it is out of place, for only bad men wish to question the rule of life which religion commands; and a creed or ritual is not a series of propositions or a set of outward observances of which the truth or fitness may be properly argued; it grows with the life of a race or nation; it takes shape as a living germ develops into an organic body; and as you do not ask of a tree, is it *true*, but is it *alive*, so with an established Church or system of belief you look to the work which it is doing; if it is teaching men to be brave and upright, and honest and just, if it is making them noble-minded, careless of their selfish interests, and loving only what is good, the truth of it is proved by evidence better than argument, and idle persons may properly be prohibited from raising unprofitable questions about it. Where there is life, truth is present not as in propositions, but as an active force, and that is all which practical men need desire.

Thus in stern and serious ages, the religion of every country has been under the charge of the law; and to deny it has been treated as a crime. When the law has become relaxed, public opinion takes its place, and, though offenders are no longer punished, society excommunicates them. If religion were matter of speculation, they would be let alone; and when religion becomes matter of speculation, they are let alone; but so long as it is a principle of conduct, the common sense of mankind refuses to allow it to be trifled with.

Public opinion was in this sense the guardian of Christianity in England sixty years ago. Orthodox dissent was permitted. Doubts about the essentials of the faith were not permitted. In the last century, in certain circles of society, scepticism had for a time been fashionable; but the number of professed unbelievers was never great, and infidelity was always a reproach. The Church administration had been slovenly; but in the masses of the people the convictions which they had inherited were still present, and were blown into flame easily by the Methodist revival. The Establishment followed the example and grew energetic again. The French Revolution had frightened all classes out of advanced ways of thinking, and society in town and country was Tory in politics, and determined to allow no innovations upon the inherited faith. It was orthodox without being theological. Doctrinal problems were little thought of. Religion, as taught in the Church of England, meant moral obedience to the will of God. The speculative part of it was accepted because it was assumed to be true. The creeds were reverentially repeated; but the essential thing was practice. People went to church on Sunday to learn to be good, to hear the commandments repeated to them for the thousandth time, and to see them written in gilt letters over the communion-table. About the powers of the keys, the real presence or the metaphysics of doctrine, no one was anxious, for no one thought about them. It was not worth while to waste time over questions which had no bearing on conduct, and could be satisfactorily disposed of only by sensible indifference.

As the laity were, so were the clergy. They were generally of superior culture, manners, and character. The pastor in the "Excursion" is a favourable but not an exceptional specimen of a large class among them. Others were country gentlemen of the best kind, continually in contact with the people, but associating on equal terms with the squires and the aristocracy. The curate of the last century, who dined in the servants' hall and married the ladies'-maid, had long ceased to exist. Not a specimen of him could have been found in the island. The average English incumbent of fifty years ago was a man of private fortune, the younger brother of the landlord perhaps, and holding the family living; or it might be the landlord himself, his advowson being part of the estate. His professional duties were his services on Sunday, funerals and weddings on week-days, and visits when needed among the sick. In other respects he lived like his neighbours, distinguished from them only by a black coat and white neckcloth, and greater watchfulness over his words and actions. He farmed his own glebe; he kept horses; he shot and hunted moderately, and mixed in general society. He was generally a magistrate; he attended public meetings, and his education enabled him to take a leading part in county business. His wife and daughters looked after the poor, taught in the Sunday-school, and managed the penny clubs and clothing clubs. He himself was spoken of in the parish as "the master"—the person who was responsible for keeping order there, and who knew how to keep it. The labourers and the farmers looked up to him. The "family" in the great house could not look down upon him. If he was poor it was still his pride to bring up his sons as gentlemen; and economies were cheerfully submitted to at home to give them a start in life—at the University, or in the Army or Navy.

Our own household was a fair representative of the order. My father was rector of the parish. He was archdeacon, he was justice of the peace. He had a moderate fortune of his own, consisting chiefly in land, and he belonged, therefore, to the "landed interest." Most of the magistrates' work of the neighbourhood passed through his hands. If anything was amiss, it was his advice which was most sought after, and I remember his being called upon to lay a troublesome ghost. In his younger days he had been a hard rider across country. His children knew him as a continually busy, useful man of the world, a learned and cultivated antiquary, and an accomplished artist. My brothers and I were excellently educated, and were sent to school and college. Our spiritual lessons did not go beyond the Catechism. We were told that our business in life was to work and to make an honourable position for ourselves. About doctrine, Evangelical or Catholic, I do not think that in my early boyhood I ever heard a single word, in church or out of it. The institution had drifted into the condition of what I should call moral health. It did not instruct us in mysteries, it did not teach us to make religion a special object of our thoughts; it taught us to use religion as a light by which to see our way along the road of duty. Without the sun our eyes would be of no use to us; but if we look *at* the sun we are simply dazzled, and can see neither it nor anything else. It is precisely the same with theological speculations. If the beacon lamp is shining, a man of healthy mind will not discuss the composition of the flame. Enough if it shows him how to steer and keep clear of shoals and breakers. To this conception of the thing we had practically arrived. Doctrinal controversies were sleeping. People went to church because they liked it, because they knew that they ought to go, and because it was the custom. They had received the Creeds from their fathers, and doubts about them had never crossed their minds. Christianity had wrought itself into the constitution of their natures. It was a necessary part of the existing order of the universe, as little to be debated about as the movements of the planets or the changes of the seasons.

Such the Church of England was in the country districts before the Tractarian movement. It was not perfect, but it was doing its work satisfactorily. It is easier to alter than to improve, and the beginning of change like the beginning of strife is like the letting out of water. Jupiter, in Lessing's fable, was invited to mend a fault in human nature. The fault was not denied, but Jupiter said that man was a piece of complicated machinery, and if he touched a part he might probably spoil the whole.

But a new era was upon us. The miraculous nineteenth century was coming of age, and all the world was to be remade. Widely as the improvers of their species differed as to the methods to be followed, they agreed in this, that improvement there was to be. The Radicals wanted to make an end of Toryism and antiquated ideas. Young Oxford discovered that if the Radicals were to be fought with successfully the old weapons would not answer, and something was wanted "deeper and truer than satisfied the last century." Our English-speaking forefathers in the last century it seems were poor creatures, yet they had contrived to achieve considerable success in most departments of human affairs. They founded empires; they invented steam engines; they produced a Chatham, a Clive, a Warren Hastings, a Washington, a Franklin, a Nelson—a longer list of illustrious names than there is need to mention. Their literature might not equal the Elizabethan, but it was noteworthy in its way. A period which had produced Pope and Swift, Sterne and Fielding, Johnson and Goldsmith, Hume and Gibbon, Butler and Berkeley, was not so entirely shallow. Men had fixed beliefs in those days. Over the pool of uncertainties in which our own generation is floundering there was then a crust of undisturbed conviction on which they could plant their feet and step out like men. Their thoughts, if not deep, were clear and precise; their actions were bold and strong. A good many years, perhaps a good many hundreds of years, will have to pass before as sound books will be written again, or deeds done with as much pith and mettle in them. "The something deeper and truer" would be more easily desired than found, but the words well convey the inflation with which the Catholic revivalists were going to their work. Our age perhaps has a mistaken idea of its consequence. All its geese are swans, and every new enemy is a monster never before heard of. *The Edinburgh Review* and Brougham, and Mackintosh and the Reform Ministry, and Low Church philosophy and the London University were not so very terrible. But as the windmills were giants to the knight of La Mancha, so the Whigs of those days were to young Oxford apostles the forerunners of Antichrist. Infidelity was rushing in upon us. Achilles must rise from his tent, and put on his celestial armour. The Church must reassert herself in majesty to smite and drive back the proud aggressive intellect.

The excitement was unnecessary. The sun was not extinguished because a cloud was over its face. Custom, tradition, conservative instinct, and natural reverence for the truth handed down to it, would have sufficed more than amply to meet such danger as then existed. In a little while *The Edinburgh* became the most orthodox of journals, and Brougham an innocent apostle of natural theology. Liberalism let well alone would have subsided into its place. But it was not so to be. Achilles was roused in his wrath; and the foe whom he was to destroy was roused in turn and has not been destroyed. The two parties were the counterparts one of the other; each was possessed with the same conceit of superiority to their fathers and grandfathers; each in its way supposed that it had a mission to reconstruct society. The Radicals believed in the rights of man, the progress of the species and intellectual emancipation. To them our ancestors were children and the last-born generation were the ancient sages, for they had inherited the accumulated experience of all past time. Established institutions represented only ignorance. The older they were, the less fitted they were, from the nature of the case, for modern exigencies. In talk of this kind there was one part sense and nine parts nonsense. The Oxford school confronted it with a position equally extravagant. In their opinion truth was to be found only in the earliest fathers of the Church; the nearer that we could reach back to them, the purer we should find the stream. The bottom of the mischief was the modern notion of liberty, the supposed right of men to think for themselves and act for themselves. Their business was to submit to authority, and the seat of authority was the Church. The false idea had made its appearance in England first under the Plantagenet kings, in the Constitutions of Clarendon, the mortmain and premunire statutes. It had produced the Reformation, it had produced Puritanism and Regicide. It now threatened the destruction of all that good men ought to value. The last century had been blind; our own fathers had been blind; but the terrible reality could no longer be concealed. The arch enemy was at the door. The Test Act was repealed. Civil disabilities were taken off Dissenters. Brougham had announced that henceforth no man was to suffer for his religious opinions. Irish bishoprics were being suppressed. Lord Grey had warned the bishops in England to set their houses in order, and was said to have declared in private that the Church was a mare's nest. Catholic emancipation was equally monstrous. Romanists according to the theory as it then stood might be churchmen abroad, but they were Dissenters in England and Ireland. War was to be declared at once, war to the knife against the promoters of these enormities. History was reconstructed for us. I had learnt, like other Protestant children, that the Pope was Antichrist, and that Gregory VII. had been a special revelation of that being. I was now taught that Gregory VII. was a saint. I had been told to honour the Reformers. The Reformation became the great schism, Cranmer a traitor, and Latimer a vulgar ranter. Milton was a name of horror, and Charles I. was canonized and spoken of as the holy and blessed martyr St. Charles. I asked once whether the Church of England was able properly to create a saint. St. Charles was immediately pointed out to me. Similarly we were to admire the non-jurors, to speak of James VII. instead of the Pretender, to look for Antichrist not in the Pope but in Whigs and revolutionists and all their works. Henry of Exeter, so famous in those days, announced once in my hearing that the Court of Rome had regretted the Emancipation Act as a victory of Latitudinarianism. I suppose he believed what he was saying.

Under the sad conditions of the modern world the Church of England was the rock of salvation. The Church, needing only to be purged of the elements of Protestantism, which had stolen into her, could then with her apostolic succession, her bishops, her priests, and her sacraments, rise up, and claim and exercise her lawful authority over all persons in all departments. She would have but to show herself in her proper majesty, as in the great days when she fought with kings and emperors, and now as then the powers of darkness would spread their wings and fly away to their own place.

These were the views which we used to hear in our home-circle when the Tracts were first beginning. We had been bred, all of us, Tories of the old school. This was Toryism in ecclesiastical costume. My brother was young, gifted, brilliant, and enthusiastic. No man is ever good for much who has not been carried off his feet by enthusiasm between twenty and thirty; but it needs to be bridled and bitted, and my brother did not live to be taught the difference between fact and speculation. Taught it he would have been, if time had been allowed him. No one ever recognised facts more loyally than he when once he saw them. This I am sure of, that when the intricacies of the situation pressed upon him, when it became clear to him that if his conception of the Church and of its rights and position was true at all, it was not true of the Church of England in which he was born, and that he must renounce his theory as visionary or join another communion, he would not have "minimised" the Roman doctrines that they might be more easy for him to swallow, or have explained away plain propositions till they meant anything or nothing. Whether he would have swallowed them or not I cannot say; I was not eighteen when he died, and I do not so much as form an opinion about it; but his course, whatever it was, would have been direct and straightforward; he was a man far more than a theologian; and if he had gone, he would have gone with his whole heart and conscience, unassisted by subtleties and nice distinctions. It is, however, at least equally possible that he would not have gone at all. He might have continued to believe that all authority was derived from God; that God would have His will obeyed in this world, and that the business of princes and ministers was to learn what that will was. But prophets have passed for something as well as priests in making God's will known; and Established Church priesthoods have not been generally on particularly good terms with prophets. The only occasion on which the two orders are said to have been in harmony was when the prophets prophesied lies, and the priests bore rule in their name.

The goal, however, towards which he and his friends were moving had not come in sight in my brother's life-time. He went forward, hesitating at nothing, taking the fences as they came, passing lightly over them all, and sweeping his friends along with him. He had the contempt of an intellectual aristocrat for private judgment and the rights of a man. In common things a person was a fool who preferred his own judgment to that of an expert. Why, he asked, should it be wise to follow private judgment in religion? As to rights, the right of wisdom was to rule, and the right of ignorance was to be ruled; but he belonged himself to the class whose business was to order rather than obey. If his own bishop had interfered with him, his theory of episcopal authority would have been found inapplicable in that particular instance.

So the work went on. The Church was not to be a witness only to religious truth; it was first to repent of its sins, disown its Protestantism, and expel the Calvinistic poison; then it was to control politics and govern all opinion. Murmurs arose from time to time among the disciples. If the Reformation was to be called an act of schism, were we not on the road back to Rome? Shrewd observers were heard to say that the laity would never allow the Church of England to get on stilts. The Church was grafted on upon the State, and the State would remain master, let Oxford say what it pleased. But the party of the movement were to grow and fulfil their destiny. They were to produce results of incalculable consequence, yet results exactly opposite to what they designed and anticipated. They were to tear up the fibres of custom by which the Establishment as they found it was maintaining its quiet influence. They were to raise discussions round its doctrines, which degraded accepted truths into debatable opinions. They were to alienate the Conservative instincts of the country, fill the clergy once more with the conceits of a priesthood, and convert them into pilot fish for the Roman missionaries. Worst of all, by their attempts to identify Christianity with the Catholic system, they provoked doubts, in those whom they failed to persuade, about Christianity itself. But for the Oxford movement, scepticism might have continued a harmless speculation of a few philosophers. By their perverse alternative, either the Church or nothing, they forced honest men to say, Let it be nothing, then, rather than what we know to be a lie. A vague misgiving now saturates our popular literature; our lecture rooms and pulpits echo with it; and the Established religion, protected no longer from irreverent questions, is driven to battle for its existence among the common subjects of secular investigation.

Truth will prevail in the end, and the trial, perhaps, must have come at one time or other. But it need not have come when it did. There might have been peace in our days, if Achilles had remained in his tent.

You shall have the story of it all in the following letters.

J. A. FROUDE.

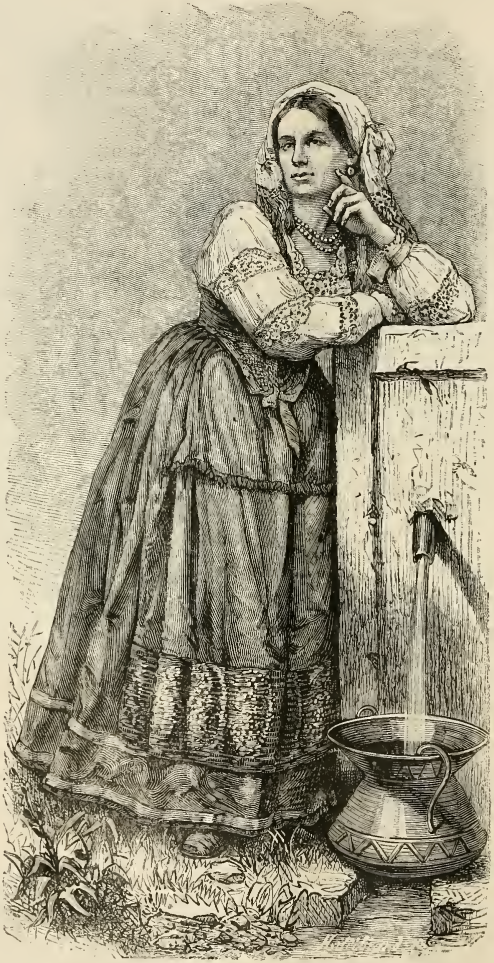
LUCCA.

By AUGUSTUS J. C. HARE, Author of "Walks in Rome."

I.

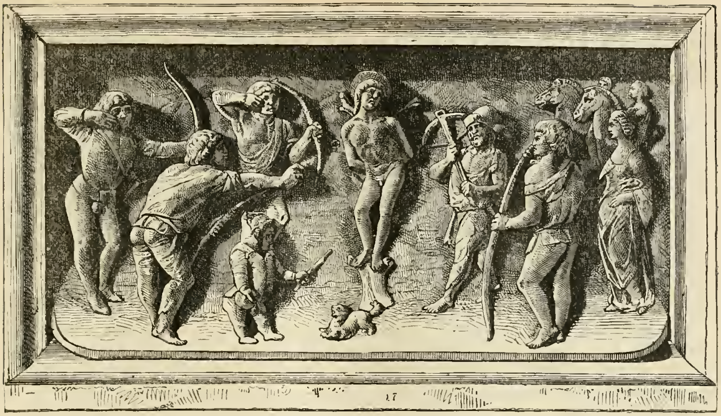
CAN anything be shabbier or more utterly depressing than the usual approach to an English city? Who has not groaned over the unutterable weariness of a walk through the suburbs of one of our great English towns? Generally we have first a succession of muddy roads between market-gardens, with a strong smell of decayed cabbages. Then we reach the region of brick-kilns, and the way is skirted by broken-down palings, and squalid cottages in front of which filthy children are paddling in the gutter. Now long rows of new houses stretch out into the country like white fingers of a skeleton hand. They are succeeded by more genteel "villas" all exactly alike, having a square window on each side of a plastered porch, and a paved path leading to a gate in the spiked iron railing between two blackened laurustinus bushes and beds of mignonette. Nothing is engaging or homelike: nowhere is there anything pretty for the eye to rest upon; and it is a comfort when the spaces intervening between the villas have narrowed into nothing and they have become so gradually absorbed into streets that, without knowing when we reached it, we find ourselves in the town.

Things are very different in Italy.



Contadina of Lucca.

In the valley of the Serchio, the highroad runs between lines of stately poplars, in which the grasshoppers sing astoundingly all the summer day long. On either side are rich pastures radiant with flowers. Now and then a house stands by the roadside. It has an arcade along its lower story, where the peasant women sit and sing while they plait their straw in the cool shade of the massive arches, but the upper story is gaily painted and decorated with figures of saints or by a quaint sun-dial, while the broad balcony on the first story is full of colour from the golden spikes of Indian corn and the striped gourds which are piled upon the sunny platform. Here and there, a campanile soars up behind in a knot of dark cypresses, and a bell swings between its open arches at the Ave Maria against the opal sunset. In the distance, the pastures become grey and misty at the foot of a chain of mountains which are covered with vineyards at their base and then with dense chestnut forests, but deep blue shadows sleep in the great rifts, and the peaks catch each delicate and tender hue of the rainbow in the evening light, and then stand out black and solemn against the infinite radiance of the afterglow. Everywhere earth and people are singing and rejoicing in light and air and sunshine, till the meadows and their water plants gain a fresh luxuriance where a moat bathes the foot of a great red bastion, which supports the walls and avenues of a city. Then, in the dusty road, there is a sudden confusion of horses and sheep and dogs, where asses are struggling round a fountain and wains laden

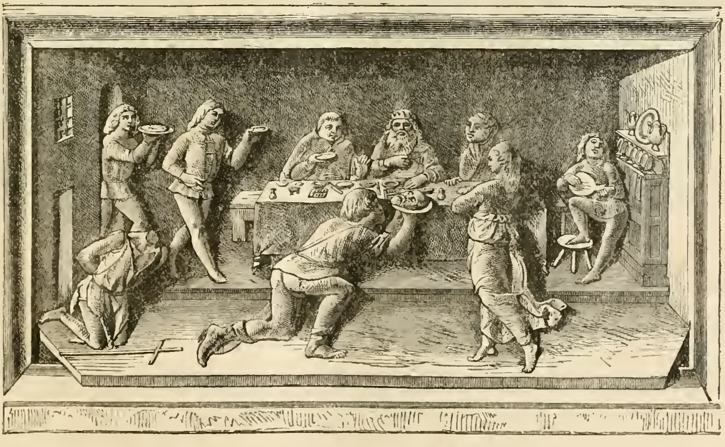


Martyrdom of St. Sebastian (Matteo Civitale).

with corn or grapes are stopped by the officer of the town customs, and block up the archway of the gate so that only a few patches of brilliant light are visible upon the walls of the street inside.

There is no doubt about the moment when you enter an Italian city, and this is especially the case when through "the garden of Tuscany" you enter the old town of "Lucca l'Industriosa."

How beautiful it all is, and how venerable! And Lucca, which is one of the pleasantest towns in Italy and the place where foreigners have ever found life most easy and agreeable, is also one of the oldest cities in Tuscany, having been already chief town of the province under the Roman Empire, and the favourite winter quarters of Julius Cæsar. It is perhaps the least altered of the small Tuscan Republics which arose as self-governed communes in the disputes which succeeded the death of the great Countess Matilda, when the emperor declared that she had no right to bequeath an imperial fief to the Popes. Amid many struggles, and though its prosperity was often overclouded, it was also the



Herod and the Head of John the Baptist (Matteo Civitale).

Republic which had the longest existence, as it only succumbed to the French invasion in the last year of the last century, whereas the other Republics were soon swallowed up by Florence, with the exception of Siena, which was conquered in 1559, when Florence itself had lost its freedom.

It was in the fourteenth century that Guelfic Lucca fell under the power of Uguccione della Faggiola, the Ghibelline friend and protector of Dante, to whom he wished to dedicate his "Inferno," and with whom, in 1314, he took refuge here, becoming unfaithful at this time to his high devotion for Beatrice by falling in love with the pretty peasant Gentucca, and writing from hence his noble answer to the offer which was made to him to return to his beloved native Florence, which he "saw in his dreams," on terms to which no lofty soul could submit.

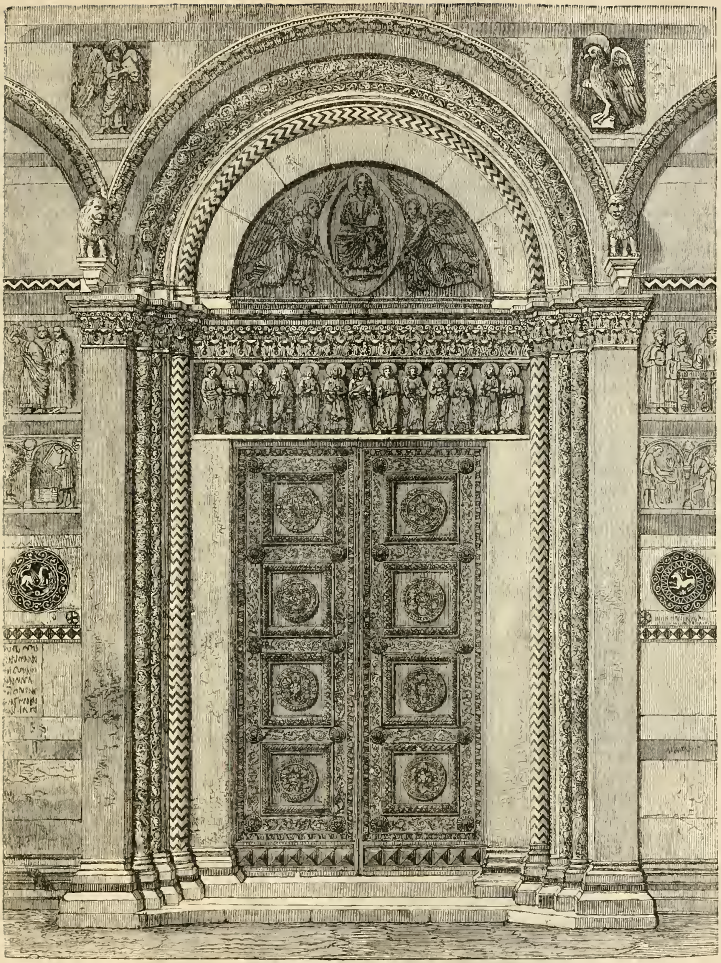
Though a friend to Dante, Uguccione was a cruel tyrant to Lucca, and it was from him that its people turned to Castruccio Castracani as their deliverer, the hero whose deeds have been compared with those of Philip of Macedon and Scipio. Indeed, if you were to ask a modern Lucchese nobleman about his native place, or even if you were to question one of the old women selling figs and melons in the piazza (for all Italian peasants know, after a fashion, the story of the place in which they live) all alike would answer that the town's chief claim to distinction arose from its being the home of Castruccio Castracani degli Antiminelli.

Of the origin of Castruccio, Machiavelli picturesquely tells the story—that of the family of Castracani, one of the noblest in Lucca, was born one Antonio, who, dedicating himself to religion, became a canon of San Michele in Lucca, and was generally known as Messer Antonio. His only sister had married Buonacorso Cenami, but, after the death of Buonacorso, she returned to the house of her brother, determined never to marry again.

Behind Messer Antonio's house was a vineyard, into which it was easy to enter, as it was surrounded by kitchen-gardens. Now, one morning, it came to pass that Madonna Dianora (for so the sister was called), soon after sunrise, walked in the vineyard to gather medicinal herbs, when she heard a rustling among the vine tendrils, and, as she turned towards the place from whence the sound proceeded, was aware of a low crying and wailing. Hurrying to the spot, she saw the hands and face of a little infant, which seemed to implore her help from amid the vine-leaves. Full of pity, half amazed, half shocked, she took up the babe, and, having carried him into the house, and washed him, and wrapped him in white linen, brought him to her brother when he returned home. He, on hearing the story, and seeing the child, was no less filled with wonder and pity than his sister, so that, having discussed with her what they should do with him, they determined that, he being a priest and she without children, they would adopt it as their own. A nurse therefore was procured for the child, who was baptized Castruccio.

Messer Antonio intended his adopted son for the Church, but from boyhood he declared himself devoted to the profession of a soldier, and left the old priest and Madonna Dianora no peace unless he was fencing, running, or wrestling with other boys. One day, when he was playing with his companions in the Piazza San Francesco, he attracted the notice of the Condottiere Messer Francesco Guinigi, who was at the head of the Ghibelline faction in the town. Struck with the boy's beauty and agility, he persuaded Messer Antonio to let him take him home, and taught him to ride and all kind of manly exercises. At eighteen, being already an accomplished soldier, Castruccio was sent to Milan, where he distinguished himself in the Ghibelline cause, and upon his return to Lucca, having been imprisoned by Uguccione, whose power at first he had favoured, he was eventually able to expel him from the town, and soon afterwards, "because he was bold and fierce and fortunate in all his undertakings," his fellow-citizens chose him as their lord, so that in 1320 he exchanged the title of "Defensore della Parte Imperiale e Capitano Lucchese" for that of dictator. Under the rule of Castruccio Lucca prospered as it had never done before; its silk manufactories attained such fame that three thousand persons were employed as silk-weavers, and all kinds of silken stuffs were made in the town. The story is too long to tell of how he extended his conquests to Pistoia, Volterra, Pisa, and how, for fifteen years, he never ceased to make war upon Florence, overrunning all the Florentine territory and gaining signal victories at Serravalle and Altopascio. Louis of Bavaria created his estates into a duchy, a distinction never accorded by the emperor to any one else; and for his fidelity to the Ghibelline cause, he died excommunicated by the Pope, of a cold caught whilst publicly thanking his troops for their valour.

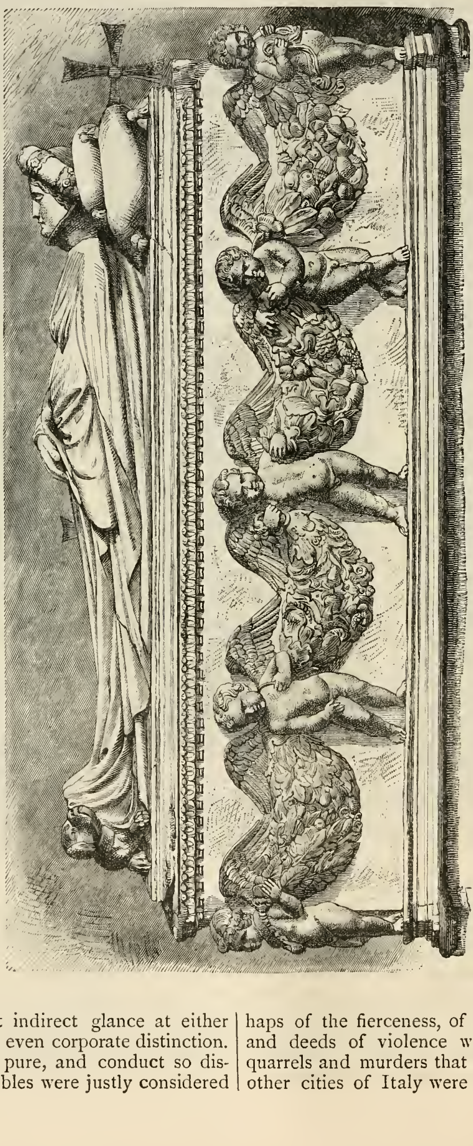
Castruccio left his power in the hands of his adopted son Pagolo, son of his original



Central Doorway, Lucca Cathedral.

benefactor Francesco, of the great family of the Guinigi, who were as proud and warlike as himself and who long ruled Lucca. But they were less fortunate than Castruccio in their enterprises, and, in 1342, the Lucchese fell under the dominion of Pisa and endured what they called their "Babylonian captivity" of twenty-seven years. Afterwards the rule of the Guinigi from their iron-bound castle was almost equally oppressive, and it was welcome to the people when, in 1556, the Gonfaloniere Martino Bernardini established the "Martinian Law," arranging a new form of government for Lucca as a republic, but establishing a close aristocracy like that of Venice. Only a certain number of families were eligible for office, whose names were inscribed in a golden book. In

1600 these families were 160 in number, but they died out year by year and in 1799 only 88 remained, from whom the Signoria or Government was elected, consisting of a Gonfaloniere and nine Anziani; a senate of thirty-six members, which was renewed every six months; and a great council of ninety, which sat for a year.



Tomb of Ilaria Guinigi, Lucca Cathedral.

Lucca continued the most prosperous of republics. It was quietly governed for more than two hundred and forty years, and its troubles only began when the French "cursed it with their protection, and, at their approach, liberty vanished and prosperity withered away."

The traveller Eustace describes the happy state of the closing years of the republic. "Public good seemed to be the prime, the only object of government, without the least indirect glance at either private interest or even corporate distinction. With motives so pure, and conduct so disinterested, the nobles were justly considered as the fathers of the republic, and were looked up to with sentiments of gratitude and of reverence. One of the grand features of true republican liberty, the constant and perpetual predominance of the law, was here peculiarly visible. It protected all without distinction, and deprived all alike of the means of attack or annoyance; hence the noble as well as the plebeian was disarmed, and like the Romans of old, obliged to look not to his sword but to the law for defence and redress; the least deviation from justice meeting with prompt and rigorous punishment.

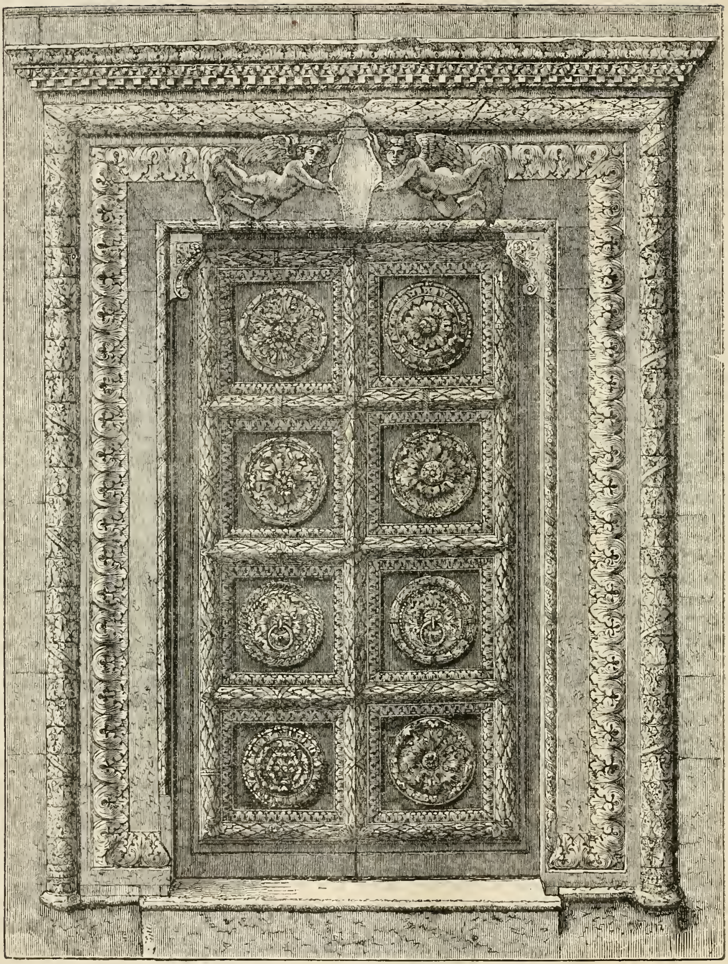
"At Lucca, as in England, rank was no protection; it only rendered the offence and the punishment more notorious. Hence, though the people had much of the courage, perhaps of the fierceness, of liberty, yet crimes and deeds of violence were rare, and the quarrels and murders that so often occur in other cities of Italy were here unknown; a circumstance that proves, if proofs were wanting, that Italians owe their vices to the negligence, the folly, and sometimes to the wickedness of their governments. Another vice, with which the Italians are reproached, idleness, and its concomitant beggary, were banished from Lucca and its territory. None even among the nobles appeared exorbitantly rich, but none seemed poor; the taxes were light, provisions cheap, and competency was within the reach of every individual."

Things are greatly changed for the worse since these happy days for Lucca. General Serrurier, who entered the town in 1799, while professing the greatest regard for the ancient republic, soon overthrew it altogether and abolished the Martinian law. In 1805 Napoleon I. gave Lucca as a principality to his eldest sister Elisa, who married Pasquale Bacciochi. She did what she could for her adopted country in the way of opening new roads and schools, but the prosperity of the place waned by the failure of the silk manufactories which had enriched it for four centuries. Elisa was driven out by the Allies in 1814, when the Congress of Vienna bestowed her states upon Maria Luisa de Bourbon, Queen of Etruria. Her son Carlo Ludovico succeeded to the Duchy of Parma and Piacenza upon the death of Maria Luisa of Austria, widow of Napoleon, and Lucca was united to the Grand Duchy of Tuscany, after which it had a transient return to prosperity, but, in 1860, it was induced to vote for Italian unity, and has since fallen to the rank of a second-class provincial town, ground down and impoverished by the most exorbitant taxes, against which only the elastic spirits of its inhabitants enable them to contend.

But we have been lingering too long at the town gate, and must enter the square where Maria Luisa's statue stands, for close by upon the right is the Cathedral of San Martino, the noblest of the many basilican churches in the town. It was begun in 1063 by Bishop Anselm, who afterwards, as Pope Alexander II., blessed the enterprise of William the Conqueror; but only the apse remains of his time. The glorious façade was built by Guidetto of Como in 1204: it has three grand arches in the lower story, above which rise successive tiers of galleries with open arches resting upon short pillars. Within the portico are three noble doorways, of which that on the left is surmounted by a Deposition from the Cross by Niccolo Pisano, which, *c.* 1237, proclaimed a new era in the history of art. Up to that time the finest Christian sculptures had been those on the early sarcophagi, and it is only by comparison with these that we can give the work of Niccolo its true importance. He had rediscovered the right path in art by his study of the story of Hippolytus as represented on the ancient monument used for the tomb of Beatrix, mother of Matilda of Tuscany, in the Campo Santo of Pisa.

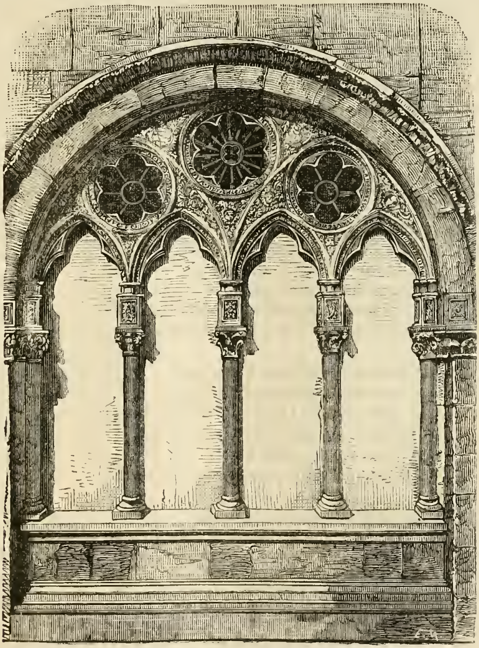
Through the open doorways we look from the sunlit square into the shade of the church, where only a subdued coloured light falls from richly-stained windows upon the simple and solemn nave. From the centre of the roof hangs a cresset, used when an archbishop officiates pontifically, to remind him of the vanity of all earthly things, the choir singing "Sic transit gloria mundi," as the flax with which it is filled blazes up and dies away.

Nothing is more dull for those who are not visiting a church than to read a detailed account of its pictures and statues, but the Cathedral of Lucca has a universal interest as containing a collection of the sculptures of the great Lucchese artist Matteo Civitale, whose works —with the exception of a few statues in the Cathedral of Genoa—cannot be seen out of his native town. First we have a noble tomb with the serenely beautiful statue of Pietro di Noceto, the secretary of Pope Nicholas V., celebrated for the cleverness with which he conducted the negotiations of his master to heal the schism which had long harassed the Church, by bringing about the abdication of the anti-pope Felix. More conspicuously still is the sculptor's power shown in the altar of St. Regulus, an African bishop murdered by Totila, who now sleeps in the crypt beneath, having walked, like St. Denis of France, for a long time after his martyrdom, carrying his head in his hand. The altar bears reliefs of the Beheading of St. Regulus, the Martyrdom of Sebastian, and the Reception of Head of John the Baptist by Herod. But the principal work of Matteo Civitale in the cathedral is his little temple, a gem of the Renaissance, which was ordered in 1484 by Count Domenico Bertini and which preceded by seventeen years the more ambitious but almost similar temple of Bramante in San Pietro in Montorio at Rome. Within its golden *grille*, which has caused some irreverent writer to liken the temple to a glorified birdcage, is preserved the relic of relics, the "Volto Santo." It is said that, after the ascension of Christ, Nicodemus, being skilled in sculpture, was ordered by an angel to carve an image in his likeness. He laboured



Door of the Cancelleria, Lucca.

with all his power, but could produce no resemblance to the divine lineaments which he knew so well. At length he fell asleep, and then the angel took his work in hand and finished it. In proof of the European celebrity of the Volto Santo, it is interesting to remember that our English William Rufus was accustomed to swear by it. The image at Lucca itself is scarcely ever shown, but there is a fac-simile at Pistoia. It is a Byzantine crucifix in black wood, probably of the eighth century, the date at which Lucca is said to have received the image, and when many curious relics of Eastern reverence were carried to the west to be out of the way of the Iconoclasts. As Ampère says, to give a celestial origin to an image was in fact to brave the edict which prescribed it; it was like saying to the Iconoclast emperors who mutilated Christian sculptors, "You cannot cut off the hand which made *this* image." A golden lamp swings in front of the shrine, having been offered in the hope of averting the cholera in 1830, when the Volto Santo was carried in procession. All around are ex-votos of those who have been recovered from illness or saved from accidents by their faith in the image, amongst which a hatchet is especially noticeable, which refused to cut off the head of an innocent man who was condemned to death and prayed to the Volto Santo to save him. A pamphlet is published at Lucca on the Volto Santo, not to establish it as the work of Nicodemus, *that* it is never considered possible that any reasonable being can doubt, but to prove that another image which exists at Beyrout, and puts forth the same claims, must be a later work of the sculptor—"only a replica."



Window of Santa Maria della Rosa, Lucca.

One cannot leave the cathedral without mentioning one more object amongst its contents—the exquisitely beautiful tomb of Ilaria, the young and lovely wife of Paolo Guinigi, Lord of Lucca, who died in 1405. The great artist Jacopo della Quercia has represented the graceful girl as lying on a simple couch with her arms folded, her dog couched at her feet, her head deeply pressed into the hard pillow, and her sweet eyes closed in the calmest sleep of death ever represented in marble. The cherubs in which Jacopo delighted are dancing with garlands along the front of the tomb: the other side was once sculptured in the same way, but this part of the tomb was stolen after the fall of the Guinigi, and was sold in 1829 to Florence, where it is now one of the principal ornaments of the collection in the Bargello.

A group of interesting buildings gathers round the cathedral, and includes the Cancelleria, with its handsome door of the fifteenth century; the ancient church of San Giovanni, which served as a cathedral before the erection of San Martino, and the little Gothic oratory of Santa Maria della Rosa, with lovely windows of the thirteenth century, and a statue of the Virgin holding a rose, attributed to Giovanni Pisano.

LOCH CORUISK.

LOW at the roots of the Cuhullins
  Coruisk has its rock-hewn bed;
Black beneath are its waters,
  Black are the hills overhead,
Peaked and rifted and jagged,
  Haunt of the kite and the gledd.

Never is dipped in its margin
  Hoof of the antlered stag;
Tree or flower never grows there,
  Nor the spotted rush, nor the flag;
Only grey blotches of lichen
  Seam the dark face of the crag.

Grim are the ridges of Blaavin,
  That snort at the wind and the cloud;
Bare is the scalp of the Cailleach
  As she wraps her in mist like a shroud;
But great-toothed Scuir-na-gillean
  Is the savagest hill of the crowd.

What could God mean by this hell-gate?
  How could it come from his hands
Perfect in horror of darkness—
  Stony heart of the lands
Where the MacLeods and MacDonalds,
  Blooded the dirks of their bands?

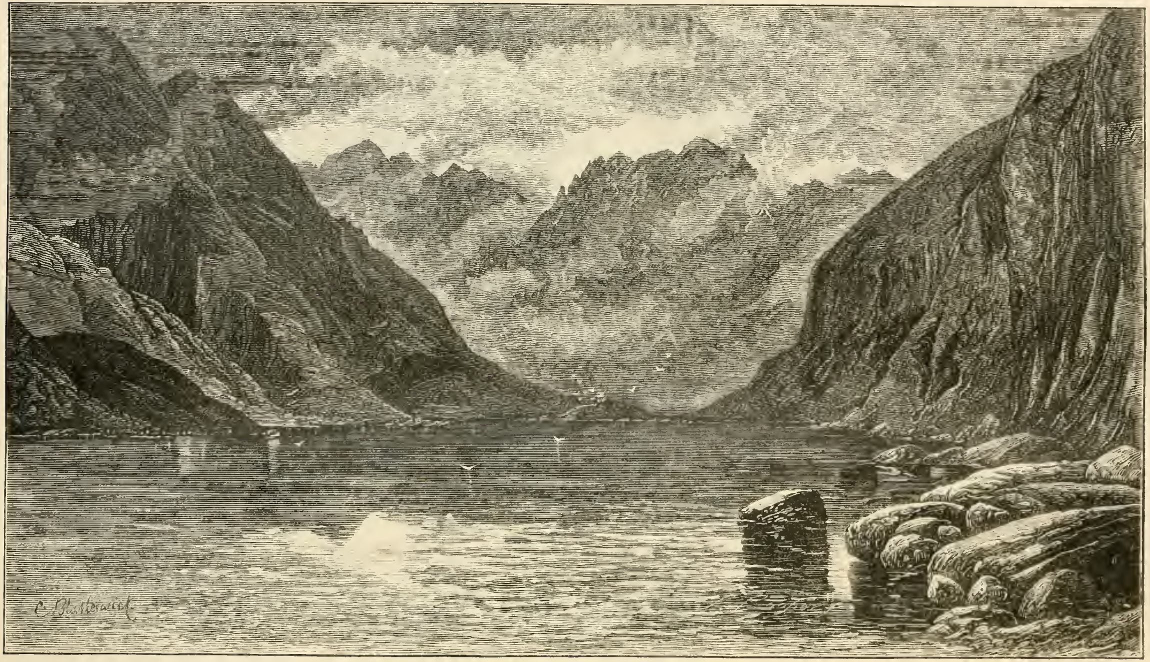
Green are the rigs of Dunvegan,
  Armadale's woods are green,
But here by the Loch of the Cuhullins
  No trace of man may be seen;
Only are silence and terror
  Where only the great God has been.

This is a day in mid-summer,
  Yet the shadows heed not its glow:
What will it be when mid-winter
  Sheets it in shrouding of snow,
And the mad winds from the gullies
  Leap on the water below?

Yet are the stillness and silence
  Fitter its sombre gloom
Than the fierce rush of the tempest
  Struggling and shrieking for room!
For the black weird Loch of the Cuhullins
  Looks like the place of a tomb—

Tomb of the mist-gods of Ossian,
  Wept by the true and the brave?
Or tomb of the grim Thor and Odin,
  Near the long plash of the wave,
Where the beaked ships lay in Scavaig,
  While they drank the dirge-cup at the grave?

WALTER SMITH.



LOCH CORUISK—SKYE.

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THE BLESSING OF GOD'S PRESENCE.

By ARCHIBALD WATSON, D.D.,
Moderator of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland.

THE presence of God lies at the root of all religion and of all religious belief. It has always done so. The meaning which is attached to the phrase may vary; it may be associated in one age with what is narrow or material, and it may in another age convey a more spiritual idea. The notions which men have about a fact do not alter the character of the fact. In the old days, when men associated God's presence with the Ark or the Tabernacle, or with the Cloud of Smoke or Pillar of Fire, there was a very different idea entertained of what God's presence was. Eli trembled and fell down dead when he heard that the Ark of God was taken; Solomon blessed God when the cloud filled the inner chamber of the Temple; Isaiah fell on his face when he saw the vision in the Lord's House; and throughout all history kings and prophets and wise men of old regarded these outward symbols of the Divine presence with awe. Our ideas of the unseen and eternal are transformed. A pillar of cloud by day or a vast stream of light in the sky by night would fail to awaken within us the same sentiments of dread or reverence which arose in the minds of those who were witnesses to the deliverance wrought on behalf of the Jews thousands of years ago. But God's presence has not altered in character, and the idea of God without those external symbols of light and darkness is quite as deep and quite as sacred in our minds as it was in theirs. We have changed the outer for the inner, the symbol for the reality, the sign for the thing signified; but that has not changed the nature or the needs of man.

I. God's presence with the Church.—God's presence in His Church does not depend on visible signs or tokens such as we choose to select and prescribe. People fix in their own minds on certain outward signs of God's presence, and when these signs exist they say, "God's presence is with us;" when these signs are absent they fear that their prayers are unanswered. But the presence of God is not to be limited in this manner. The presence of God is seen and expressed in the very fact that men meet in His name and in His Spirit. "Where two or three are gathered together in my name," said Christ, "there am I." God's presence is not brought thither by prayer, or by vehement feeling, or by any effort of mind or body. Two good men cannot meet together without His presence. Whatever one man has of the spirit and mind of Christ is increased by what another has who unites with him in worship or act. God's presence in the Church has numberless ways of showing itself, and it has numberless ways of proving itself by the results which follow. It is the experience of many good men that, whether it be in silent meditation or in words of prayer and praise, there is often little evidence of the heart being drawn nearer to God at the moment, and yet afterwards the life is made more sacred and more true by such devotion. Just as in the daily intercourse of home there are treasures of affection and sympathy being silently and unconsciously stored. We do not see or feel their growth. Only when the wrench of separation comes does one become aware how constant and unbroken had been the growth of life into life; and only when we can no longer be together do we understand how, like the unceasing motions of plants of which science tells us, the sympathies and affection of the heart had been gaining force by mutual growth. So it is with us and the presence of God in religion, in thought, in worship, in Divine trust. Day by day, and year by year, there has been a calm, uneventful growing up in the ways of religion, with no special appreciation of the blessings which the soul was inwardly gaining, and with only a faint perception that they were blessings at all, and yet, when far away from home and from such opportunities of religious life, the memory of faces and words once familiar acts on the soul, and brings good influences to bear on it. The presence of God has been the source of all that affection and of all that sympathy. It was the presence of God which, like an atmosphere, embraced all human thoughts, sentiments, devotions, desires, and enabled them to breathe and live, and we may well regard that as the only true blessing of life and spiritual health to the Church.

II. Coming to individual experience, one may see how and when this expression may be taken as the ruling principle of the heart. (1) At the outset of life. This may be taken as a motto for every undertaking and for life itself: "If thy presence go not with me, carry me not up hence." All life is a journey, and all its varied tasks and duties are so many new and untravelled roads. And as a young man is starting on the journey of life he may well take up this as a watchword or a prayer. I do not know, indeed, that out of all the millions who are about to leave their early home or their years of boyhood to venture on the vast journey of human enterprise and labour, there is one who would choose to have his course stopped and his prospects of the future for ever cut off. Rather does he say, as he looks out from his mountain of vision and surveys the distant view of life and its possibilities, "Let me go over, I pray thee, and see the good land." We are familiar with the touching lines repeated by the sick patient as the seasons come round, and as she feels the power and beauty of each, "I am content to die; but, oh, not now!" Life has many charms, and it would be wrong to say that they are all illusions; some of them are more pure and real than they were ever imagined, and it is hardly possible for a mind to which those charms are opening up to contemplate the possibility of losing them for ever and missing all that life holds out. And yet it is possible to contemplate that, and to choose that rather than the alternative of a life of dishonour and disgrace. The Spartan mother could say to her boy, as he went forth to war, and as she delivered to him his shield, "With it or on it, my son." And the youth himself, if he had one spark of his mother's spirit, would reply to such a word of counsel, "Even so, my mother." So does a Christian parent say to his son as he takes the shield of faith, "Hold it fast, and let it not be vilely cast away." And so does the son in return vow, "God helping me, I shall retain my faith and purity, my Christian honour and Christain name to the end." Without such Christian honour and Christian purity what is life worth? Yes, I believe the most wayward and careless has some moods in which he sees and feels this; certainly I believe that there is not one in a hundred who would not, even when the tide of youthful life is running high, say, and feel it as he said it, "Let me advance no farther in the journey of life if men's blessing on me is to be turned into cursing through my evil deeds and my dishonour." Such language is by no means unreal or exaggerated, whether put into the mouth of the young themselves or spoken for them by the lips of those who love them. Those whose profession carries them into homes of sickness and death know well the bitterness of parting and the anguish of bereavement, when the mirthful voice is silenced and the bright light of childhood is quenched in darkness. And in one aspect of it the sundering of these human ties seems the sorest affliction that can befall us. But when not death but dishonour had fallen as a cloud on the house, we have heard the broken-hearted look back with thankfulness to God for the lives which had been arrested in playful innocency, and earnestly wish that other lives had not been carried up out of that youthful time. Yes, to young and old there is something dearer than life, with all its affections, sympathies, and hopes, and there is something harder to bear than separation and death; and it is possible to say with one's mind made up to endure what may come, "If thy presence go not with me, carry me not up hence."

(2) And as in the outset of life, so it is in every task and duty of life, there is something better than prosperity, there is something greater than success. Call that by what name you will, it is the presence of the Divine. The chief work of life is a secret and an inward one. It has more to do with God than with man. Day by day, it is true, we have our difficulties and our fears, but in the midst of them we may all declare that if only the great question of life were properly settled, and we could assure our hearts of being in unison with the spirit of God, the other cares and problems of life would be easily met.

It is not the language of the preacher alone, nor the language of the Bible alone, but the utterance of the heart, that a man's life consists not in the abundance of the things which he possesses, nor in the attainment of any object which he pursues in life. Religion comes before the soul not in one shape but in many, and every man feels that the realities of religion are part of himself and cannot be left behind. There are careless and irreligious men; but the most careless has his moments of thought, and the most irreligious has his times of sacred reflection. In private and in his own inner heart the man who gets least credit for it is forced to contemplate the great fact of his own being, and to commune with himself about truths which are Divine and eternal; and when the world supposes that he is engrossed with his business and his books, his questions of law and politics, the world is mistaken, for the secret of his life lies deeper. It lies in the affections of the heart, in the memory of wrong done and of right left undone, in the anticipation of the future, in the great questions of faith and spirit and conscience, and of the relation of the soul within to the great Source of all life and righteousness. These inner thoughts and reflections may become fewer and their times of manifestation rarer; for months or years they may be in great part overlaid and thrust into a corner; but again and again they come forth and ask the man in whose soul they rise up, what is to be done with them, and how they are to be answered or put to rest? These thoughts about God, these memories of sin, these questions about the unseen, are all strongest when the intellect is fresh, when the heart is beating true, when bodily health is soundest, and when there is no false glare and no cross lights to perplex the vision. If anything belongs to the man it is his individuality before God, his place in the spiritual relationship to God, and all attempts to overlook or destroy this fact are vain. Back it returns to claim its due, and to assert that in some form or other we are God's offspring, made for himself and related to the Divine, though we know not how. Yes, this religion is not an invention of books and men, of priests or castes. Every man tells himself that the presence of God, under whatever name the great fact is spoken or understood, is essential to his own well-being and his own spiritual existence.

The presence of God in the soul of man in the shape of high purpose, of pure thought, of noble life, of the growth of the spirit in tenderness, truth, charity, is necessary to complete life, and without it all that life can provide is poor, maimed, and unworthy.

(3) I have spoken of the starting in life, of the future journey, and of the need of God's presence everywhere. In another form that presence will be asked and looked for in the long and solitary road which every human being has to traverse. Millions have taken it, and every hour some of our race are called to pass along the dark pathway from this land of warm life to the unknown country. When or how each living mortal shall hear the voice, "Arise, it is thy time," none but He who made us can know; but come when it will, and how it will, its approach is certain, and the journey must be travelled in solitude. At the threshold every companion is stopped, and the weakest, tenderest, most beloved, that could not be trusted out of sight for a moment, must enter alone. It is enough to make the strongest man tremble as he looks forward to the journey. There is no room in the narrow valley for friend or brother to walk by his side, no sight of home or familiar face, no voice known to him to cheer his heart, no footprint to direct his step. He goes where uncounted millions have gone, but to die is just as much a strange and mysterious thing as if each individual had been the first to die. In that day and hour it is the prayer of every heart, "Lord, leave me not, hold me by thy hand, for if thy presence go not with me I cannot go up hence." No one can teach another, or convey to another, the experiences of that moment, when a boundless space stretches before, and when the world of our memory and our friendships is fast closing in. We are then alone with God. One voice says, "Ye believe in God, believe also in Me." As the little child in the crowded street or in the dark forest thrusts his hand into his father's, and feels it grasped more firmly when fears are growing thicker, so does this word come into the heart and memory with tenfold power, "My presence shall go with thee." May it be no strange voice to each when that time comes; rather may it be the presence which each one has daily sought, and which each one has in some measure found, in the communing of his own spirit, and in the calm and thoughtful moments of life. And it may be even then as now. It may be in a deep, silent faith that the good man departs, as it is often in a deep, quiet, inarticulate faith that he lives. There are blessings all through life which cannot be counted in figures or weighed in the balance as they come to us. On looking back on life, men who have profited by its discipline can see blessings and a guidance unseen before. The presence which attended them is not visible until the journey is well over. So it may be afterwards. So it may be in the hour when life closes. We walk by faith, not by sight. Every breath of the spiritual atmosphere which has been drawn in faith has sustained the life that is within. The Spiritual Presence has been with us through the toilsome road even when we could not discern it, and the past is a pledge and earnest of the future, so that when heart and flesh faint and sight is dim, we may be sure the Presence is there.

Only let the true life of faith in God and likeness to Christ be ours, and the rest may be safely left with Him who has lifted so many out of their fears and darkness to His eternal light and calm.

TO USAMBARA AND BACK.

An Excursion into the African Interior.

By JOSEPH THOMSON.

IN the beginning of February, 1879, the African Expedition sent out by the Royal Geographical Society, under the leadership of the late Mr. Keith Johnston, was busily engaged at Zanzibar in making the necessary preparations for its arduous and dangerous enterprise. As, however, the main journey of the expedition could not safely be undertaken until the rainy season was over—namely, about the end of May—it seemed probable that we should have more time on our hands than we knew how to employ. In the circumstances a happy thought struck Mr. Johnston. "Let us have a run to Usambara!"

As Mr. Johnston's lieutenant, I hailed the proposal with delight. Such an excursion promised to be not only most pleasurable, but in our special circumstances most profitable. It would give us a real glimpse into the interior of the mysterious continent, and afford us some conception of our future field of work. It would give us also a gentle and yet wholesome introduction to the difficulties of managing a caravan—difficulties which we should soon have to encounter on a much more extensive scale.

The trip would occupy nearly three weeks, and forthwith we set about such preparations as were necessary. These of course were not formidable, and in our eagerness to get into action we very speedily had all in readiness. Chumah, one of Livingstone's "immortals," whose services we had fortunately secured, soon provided half a score of stalwart sons of Africa to carry our indispensables. These consisted for the most part of clothes, cooking utensils, articles of barter, and presents for the chiefs on our way.

On the 24th of February we had everything put on board the dhow which was to convey us across to the mainland, and which we purposed to meet at the north end of the island on the following day. We bade a playfully impressive farewell to our friends in Zanzibar, and on the morning of the 25th started on our walk to Kokotoni—a distance of about thirty miles. We did not forget how Speke had been twitted for travelling with a hundred musketeers over territory which a German missionary had safely traversed, "weaponed only with an umbrella," and so we sallied forth in no more warlike array than that peaceful preacher. The road to Kokotoni lay through cultivated ground, amid mango, clove, orange, and cocoanut plantations, which make up the main features of the vegetable scenery of Zanzibar. These trees, though they represent only a few species, do not by any means convey the impression of sameness. On the contrary, there is a most pleasant variety of form, and colour, and grouping. Indeed the massive mangoes in combination with the cocoanut-trees are in themselves quite kaleidoscopic in the almost infinite diversity of charming scenes they produce.

We reached Kokotoni as the sun was setting, and found the dhow waiting for us. But before getting on board we could not resist the temptation of having a plunge in the sea: nor did we find that luxury the less refreshing from the exciting thought of possible sharks, which are abundant here. Having disposed of supper, which we found ready for us, we unrolled our mats and speedily were enjoying a well-earned sleep on the half-deck of the dhow, as it glided out from the island. When we awoke in the morning we found ourselves near the mainland; but as the wind fell to a dead calm, which lasted nearly all day, it was almost night ere we reached Pangani. There we landed in the midst of a drenching rain.

The town of Pangani stands at the mouth of a river of the same name. Its position is most unhealthy—situated as it is on an ancient swampy delta of the river, very little raised above the level of the sea, and surrounded by high banks. It is almost hidden by plantations of cocoanut-trees, from the leaves of which the natives construct their huts. The divisions of the leaves are platted so as to resemble basket-work, and thus a light airy dwelling is formed well suited for such a climate. Besides these native huts, there are a number of prison-like houses built of coral rock and occupied by the Arabs. These are placed regardless of all order, forming irregular filthy lanes where all sorts of garbage are thrown to lie and rot.

Having donned a dry suit of clothes, we proceeded to make the necessary ceremonial call upon the governor of the place. He received us seated in state in a dirty shed, surrounded by his kinsmen and retainers in all the glory of turbans and highly coloured garments. We presented the letter of introduction with which Dr. Kirk, our Consul-General at Zanzibar, had furnished us. We made the usual salaams; but what to do or say next was a problem we were quite at a loss to solve. For nearly an hour we sat in silence—silence which to us was at once amusing and embarrassing. It was with genuine pleasure we found our meditations at last broken by the appearance of the customary sherbet and ridiculous cups of coffee, which formed a welcome variety to our trying visit.

That night was spent in futile attempts to sleep amid myriads of mosquitoes and (I may add) other unmentionable, but no less exasperating, insects which accompanied the pillows sent us by the governor. We hailed with joy the morning light. As the caravan was not to leave till the afternoon I foolishly determined to let off a little of my superfluous energy by a few hours' exploration of our surroundings. I first tried the overhanging forest, but only succeeded in getting my clothes torn, and my person painfully scratched. I then, in a second suit, tried the mangrove swamps, the haunt of the never-silent frog, and the feeding ground of beautiful kingfishers and herons; but I soon emerged from them one of the most soaked and blotched of individuals, and with decidedly fresh views on the subject of African travelling. My education was rapidly progressing.

At 3 P.M. we elevated our conspicuous umbrellas and evacuated Pangani. Following a native path, we soon reached a carefully cultivated tract on the top of an ancient raised beach which skirts the East Coast of Africa. Here the variety and beauty of the birds attracted our attention. There were jays, bee-eaters, weaver birds, and sun-birds in great numbers; while a species of thrush displayed its musical powers in a fashion that surprised us, accustomed as we were to speak of the absence of singing birds in the tropics. Here, too, the ants exhibited working powers which were nothing less than marvellous. We speak of these tiny creatures as a model of industry; but how little do most people appreciate their actual capacities! We passed mound after mound raised by these little builders, and so large that many an ancient Briton might have felt honoured to be buried beneath them. It was no uncommon thing, indeed, to see a good-sized tree growing on the top of an ant mound.

We had not proceeded far on our way when rain began to pour; and when you consider that the native path is simply a narrow track through overhanging grass, generally taller than a man, you may be sure the change of weather neither increased our comfort nor rejoiced our heart. Still on we pressed, and in little more than two and a half hours we reached what appeared at a short distance to be an impenetrable wood. We found, however, that our path led us into a perfect tunnel. Hurrying through this, we were suddenly ushered into one of the most romantic little villages that can well be imagined.

Picture to yourselves a circular space two hundred feet in diameter. Round it plant the densest forest you can realise. From every available point in the circle of trees hang manifold festoons of creepers binding the branches into one unbroken mass of foliage. Fill the interstices between the trunks of the trees with greenest shrubbery. On the clear space build a number of mud huts, thatched with grass, and of all shapes—square, round, oval, composite—not one to be the same as another. Add some life to the scene by throwing in a few negroes, dogs, goats, and hens, and you have before you the little village of Madanga.

We occupied a native hut for the night. We of course tried to sleep, but with no better result than at Pangani. The silent hours were mainly spent in savagely wishing that we could see the unwelcome companions of our midnight unrest pinned in some insect collection. We captured a few, but of course they were too much crushed to be of any value to the most enthusiastic collector.

Resuming our march on the morning of the 28th, we were at the outset treated to an involuntary shower-bath as we pushed our way through the tall wet grass. The country at this point was but sparely wooded. Still it presented many botanical novelties. There were the baobabs—thorough vegetable Bohemians in their eccentricities of form and their isolation from all arboreal society. Their appearance suggested enormous inverted turnips with the rootlets representing the branches. Among other vegetable curiosities were the hyphœne—the only branching member of the palm family; the fan-palm, with its oddly bulging trunk and its continuously flapping fan-shaped leaves, looking as if it were finding its place too hot for it, and the still more remarkable euphorbia-tree—a huge cactus-like plant with many branches, but not a leaf. Of this last monstrosity Nature would seem to be ashamed, for she almost invariably imprisons it in some shady clump of trees where it is utilised by many charming creepers, which pleasingly cover up its unsightliness while exhibiting their own grace and beauty. Parasitic plants are exceedingly common. Prominent among these is a species of fig, which frequently grows so large as entirely to bury up the tree upon which it lives. Its method of working is as follows:—Whenever a tree gets wounded the parasite selfishly settles down like a vampire upon the place, and commences its ruthless work of destruction. Roots grow down, and gradually embracing the trunk become welded together. At the same time the parasite rapidly shoots up like an ordinary tree, till it raises its showy branches aloft with all the pride of a forest giant.

Apart, however, from these botanical curiosities there was much attraction to gladden the eye. I was greatly impressed by the wonderful picturesque effects produced by the profusion of leafy creepers hanging on the trees. These frequently, in their more massive forms, reminded me of some old baronial ruin which the kindly hand of Nature had, with sympathetic touch, covered with greenest ivy to preserve it from the further ravages of time.

Strange to say, throughout the whole of this day's march hardly a single bird was seen, and not one flower brightened the pathway. The latter fact astonished me very much; for do we not naturally connect the tropics with all that is rich and rare in floral beauty? Indeed, during the whole of our three weeks' trip I did not see a single flower worthy of a glowing sentence of description.

Our second day's march from Pangani ended at sunset at the village of Kwamakumba, which, like Madanga, is situated in the heart of an impenetrable forest. In this place clothes are manifestly at a discount, especially among the ladies, who have nothing but a small piece of cloth hanging from their waists. This they never wash; nor do they ever sew rents. Hence their "dress" is generally one of simple shreds and tatters, kept together no one knows how. They prefer moreover the very thinnest of materials. Even gauze is not considered too airy a fabric. One young damsel sported as the sole apology for a garment the remnant of an old fishing-net.

On the third day from Pangani we reached Magila, where the Universities' Mission has established a station. Here a number of missionary gentlemen make themselves martyrs to the conventionalities of their Church in a manner which greatly amused me. Perhaps their consistency may be worthy of admiration, but I confess it tickled my fancy to see these men, with the thermometer at 90° in the shade, wearing long black priestly garments hanging to their feet, ropes round their waists, and shovel hats, in which they pushed through forest and jungle, plunged through swamp and stream, handled the axe or the spade, and finally held divine service in their fancifully decorated chapels. I have no desire to convey the impression that this ritualistic mission is doing no good in Magila. Undoubtedly the missionaries are earnest and devoted men, whose whole soul is in their work; but in their methods there is unquestionably much that is absurd, if not worse. They certainly succeed in raising the vulgar admiration of the natives by their showy vestments, ceremonial processions, cross, candles, and altars; and by substituting a cross when they take away the "dawas" or charms from the negroes they convey an idea of the Christian religion, which suits naturally superstitious minds. But whether all this is calculated to produce the highest results I very much doubt.

We found Magila situated in a charming and populous district at the base of the mountains of Usambara. As we were eager to get some glimpse of the country we had come to see, we resolved in the afternoon to ascend to the top of a prominent peak which rose behind the mission station. It was a somewhat hard climb up three thousand feet, but the labour did not lessen the enjoyment. The whole mountain was covered with rich forest, with the exception of a few cleared spaces where a number of natives had taken up their abode for greater security, and down its side dashed a succession of cascades half hidden by huge ferns and bananas. Imagine the pleasure of meeting among the former a number of old friends, notably the bracken.

While peering about like an adventurous, inquisitive monkey, I came suddenly upon a strange and grotesque procession. Dancing along in single file were a number of natives. Their faces were smeared with ashes, while their clothing consisted of grass kilts, with a thick band round their waists, from which hung various curious appendages to represent tails. This latter I have since found to be a common practice all over Inner Africa. I learned on inquiry that a number of youths had just assumed the tribal mark, and that this peculiar ceremony was a celebration of the event.

On our return I was somewhat surprised to hear certain shrill sounds, usually supposed to be heard principally in the Highland glens of Scotland. Anything so suggestive of the bagpipes naturally made me prick up my ears, and awoke native memories within me. However, I discovered that the instrument rather resembled a clarionet in shape, and was called by the natives "zomiri."

The following day being Sabbath, we remained at Magila, and had an opportunity of observing the mission services, both in English and in Swahili. The native converts sang the hymns very pleasingly; the discourses were simple and appropriate.

On Monday we were up with the first streaks of dawn. Having a very arduous task before us, we left everything but what was absolutely indispensable. The missionaries had given us a very glowing account of the sights that awaited us, and we felt in a very joyous frame of mind when we began our actual march into Usambara—away into the glorious Usambara mountains! We found that the country had not been described in exaggerated terms. In fact, it would be almost impossible to speak too enthusiastically about it. When I think of describing the sights of this day, I find that words fail me. Well-merited superlatives are at the tip of my pen; but of what use is it to besprinkle them over the page? They could convey to the reader no definite or adequate idea. They could only indicate how much I was impressed.

Our route skirted the south end of the Magila Mountain, and led us at first through an undulating country, covered with a dense wood of short trees, shrubs, and creepers. As we moved silently onward in single file, we observed that the country was becoming more and more uneven, and cut up into sharp hills and deep dales. The trees also became more and more lofty, until I felt I was fast approaching that ideal of my dreams, a real primeval forest. What a walk we had of it! We would mount up, and seemingly ever upwards, gasping for breath, and yet eagerly peering on this side and on that, in a perfect ecstasy. Then we would descend as far into deep, bowl-shaped depressions, and work our way through narrow gorges until a feeling of awe would steal over us as the sun disappeared from view, and silence and gloom reigned supreme. It was, indeed, a marvellous forest; every tree a veritable giant, rising with bare trunk, as if struggling for the free air of heaven, to a height of from seventy to a hundred feet before branching, and then forming a parachute-shaped crown, through which the rays of the sun in vain attempted to penetrate. Little less gigantic than the trees were the inevitable creepers. None of your slender convolvuluses, or passion-flowers, or ivies; but massive fellows, thick as a man's thigh, and two or three hundred feet in length, hanging aloft from tree to tree, or wriggling and twisting up their stems. Everything was strange, and grand, and colossal! In such an amazing development of vegetable life, one looked in vain for something of simple beauty—some flower, some pretty bird or insect. In the damp, dark recesses of that mighty forest, what of light-loving beauty could be expected to exist? Nature, too, as if exhausted in the rearing of these arboreal giants, presented nothing animate to enliven the gloom. Not a sign of animal life was visible. And but for the distant hoarse cry of a solitary hornbill, or the occasional croak of a frog, one might have supposed none existed.

Through these sombre scenes I was wonderingly winding my way, considerably in advance of the rest of my party, when all at once I became aware of a mighty humming sound, apparently proceeding from some distance ahead. It increased as I advanced. At last I emerged from the forest, and had my curiosity satisfied. There, in an open, circular piece of ground, a crowd of women were holding a market. What other assemblage of animated beings could have produced such a noise? My unexpected appearance caused universal silence. Fear was depicted on every face. Yet, like suddenly startled deer, they must needs pause a moment and stare at me—though I was evidently supposed to be a ghost. At last I observed preparations for a grand stampede, whereupon I stepped forward with all the bland style of a member of the Peace Society, and elevated my umbrella to show that it was not a more murderous instrument. The effect was surprising. I evidently won the hearts of the fair sex at once. Unfortunately this confidence did not last long. I sat down to take notes, and the appearance of the book made them look once more suspicious. But when I produced my watch to mark the time, they broke instantaneously and cleared out, in spite of every protestation I could make.

Some distance farther on I espied a village perched in a position that might rival the Castle of Edinburgh. As no hard piece of work daunted me in those days, I clambered up. Finding a rather frightened-looking group at the top, I tried my late successful ruse, but with a very different effect. On elevating my umbrella they precipitately took to their heels as if I had fired a cannon at them. Following them up, I found them ensconced behind rocks armed with bows and arrows, which they seemed not at all disinclined to use. As they were evidently not disposed to receive a pioneer of civilisation within their gates, it was worse than useless to attempt a forced acquaintance. So I voted them barbarians, and indignantly, though with some trepidation, retired.

At mid-day we rested on the banks of a large stream, called the Zigi. In its waters we enjoyed a delicious bath after our hard morning's march, in which we were impressed with the truth of the lines—

"Those high wild hills and rough uneven ways
Draw out the miles!"

Resuming our journey, we kept steadily at it till, near the close of day, we reached the top of a mountain, where we all threw ourselves down on the ground, dead beat. Here we were within sight of our destination for the day, namely, the village of Hemasasa. But, before entering it, our guide satisfied his sense of the importance of the visit by giving a salvo of two shots from his old Tower musket, which, charged as it was, made him spin round in rather an alarming fashion. Having thus frightened the people of the village out of their wits, he allowed us to proceed.

Hemasasa proved to be a delightful place. Commanding a glorious view of mountain and forest, and situated as it is at a height of three thousand feet, it well merits the application of the lines—

"Fair is that land as evening skies,
And cool, though in the depths it lies
Of burning Africa."

The sights and scenes of the following day's march may be fitly described in the words of an American humorist as being "like the preceding, only more so." We had actually to wait an hour after the sun rose before we had sufficient light to enable us to proceed, as our way led through an exceedingly deep and narrow gorge. Guided by the chief's henchman we at last set out. Descending a slippery and almost perpendicular path, we reached with difficulty the bottom of the gorge, a thousand feet beneath the village. Through this we groped our way in a light sombre and gloomy.

The grandeur and peculiar forms of the forest trees continually evoked new admiration, rising as they did from a hundred to two hundred feet in height, with trunks of proportional thickness. Some had the appearance of being buttressed with huge slabs eight to twelve inches thick, and extending up the trunk ten feet, sticking out all around like rays. When carefully cut off these buttresses form ready-made planks for the natives. Another species of these monster trees seemed as though it were set upon a pedestal, so suddenly does it become contracted in girth about ten feet from the ground. Many of the trees had a crown of leaves, each one of which was at least three feet long and a foot in breadth.

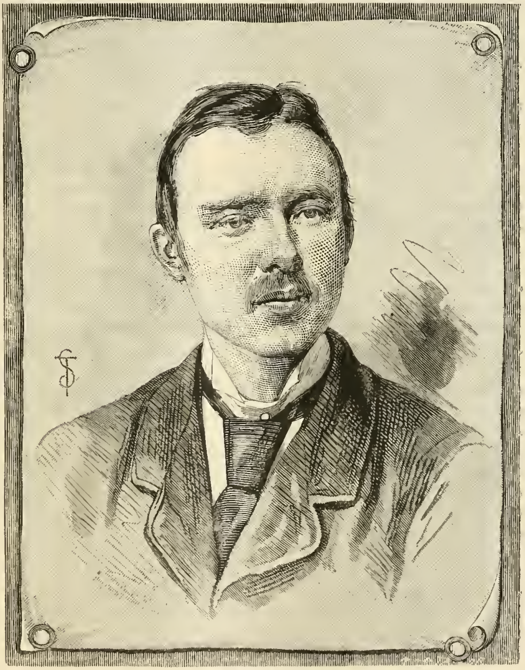
But all these arboreal wonders were instantly forgotten and neglected as my eye lighted on a lovely group of tree-ferns growing beside a rocky stream, with straight stems twenty feet high, topped by delicate soft green crowns of fronds. The sight was in every respect most charming and memorable, the dashing waters flowing through the deep picturesque valley, and that exquisite cluster of ferns, sheltered alike from rude blasts and burning sun by the great guardian forest, which cast a dim twilight shade around. This part of the country proved to be a very paradise of ferns. On all sides the ground was lighted up by them. They peeped from beneath each rock, they beautified its every crevice, and tenderly toned down its rugged angularities. They clung to the stems of trees and hung about the branches. Such a lavish, natural adornment is, indeed, rarely to be seen.

It was quite with a feeling of regret that we found ourselves about mid-day at the terminus of our trip. This was Hendei, the capital of the surrounding country, and where Kibanda, the chief, resides. As at Hemasasa, our guide had to announce our arrival by the usual salvo. Much to our alarm we observed him cramming the barrel of his gun with powder, and, to confess the truth, we took refuge behind trees, in case of an explosion. This ceremony safely over, we marched into the village, and were conducted to a fine large hut set apart for distinguished strangers. Shot after shot saluted us on every side, and often in such dangerous proximity that it required some nerve to preserve a dignified demeanour. However, we succeeded admirably in standing fire, and at last got settled down in our hut, surrounded by a staring crowd.

After a refreshing wash and some dinner we were ready to receive Kibanda in proper form. In a short time he arrived, dressed in Arab fashion, evidently much to his own discomfort. He had rather good features, and was not very dark in colour. Mr. Johnston laid a tempting array of presents before him. He seemed to be thoroughly pleased, and in the afternoon he sent us a present of a bullock and other food.

As soon as this interview was over I set off with two guides to the top of a high mountain near the village to collect plants. The ascent required a vigorous effort, but was soon accomplished. While collecting the plants I was the subject of innumerable jokes. My guides could not understand all this work, and made themselves very merry at my expense. However, as I did not understand them I let them laugh.

At night there was a dance in honour of our arrival. The boys and girls led off with some pleasing movements. The men followed with a fiendish "breakdown." They seemed to go almost mad as the drums thundered out their infernal din in a way which would have accorded well with the performances of "Auld Clootie" in Alloway Kirk, and there was certainly no lack of "cutty sarks" or "eldrich screeches."



From a Photograph by Moryson, Dumfries.

JOSEPH THOMSON.

According to native belief the devil is peculiarly amenable to the charms of the drum. Whenever any one is ill, and consequently supposed to be possessed of the evil one, he is treated to an engomma, or drumming. When the devil, captivated by the so-called music, has his usual 'cuteness dulled, he is enticed by a medicine-man into a stool, or some other article ready for his reception. He is then carried about from place to place to the sound of his favourite instrument till he is so completely bewildered that he is unable to find out his former victim, and consequently decamps in disgust.

In the middle of the night after our arrival at Hendei I was wakened up by a very peculiar sensation. I felt a creeping all over me. I thought at first that I was dreaming; but hearing at last various expressive interjections in English, and then in Swahili and Arabic, followed by a rush for the open air, I became alive to the situation. I found myself literally covered with ants. I ran frantically out of the hut feeling as if a million needles were piercing me in every part. I danced and writhed about, as did Johnston and our men. I tore frantically at my hair, and reduced my clothes in a twinkling to a minimum. The exasperating little creatures swarmed in perfect myriads over us—beneath our clothes and into our hair. It was only after a two hours' battle we contrived to get clear of them. We felt as if we had passed through a "baptism of fire."

Next day, while Mr. Johnston ascended Hendei Mountain to make observations, I sallied forth to see the country and shoot birds. We had a somewhat trying time of it. To any one who has been in a tropical forest I only require to say that I went off the pathway, to describe my difficulties. Any attempt to move in such a place without a beaten track means a prolonged and fruitless struggle with tall grass, matted bushes, and interlacing creepers. Your clothes get literally drenched with streams of perspiration, and you may be thankful if you do not get them torn off you altogether. Still one has always a certain pleasure in facing difficulties, and quite an exhilarating feeling usually took possession of me when I got into such places. In this instance I got few specimens in return for all my labour, and fewer blessings from my guides, who, being accustomed to an easy do-nothing sort of existence, could not understand the philosophy of such a squandering of energy.

In the evening I was again on my feet, this time for a monkey hunt, as I had not yet seen one in its natural habitat. When we set out the sun was sinking beneath the horizon, adding to the natural gloom of the forest. We proceeded rapidly for some time till we—that is to say, myself and two guides—came to a promising place. Every sound was hushed, and we peered about like villains with bated breath for the objects of our search. The stillness was deathlike, and as the darkness deepened an "eerie" feeling crept over me. Yet I felt a strange fascination in the scene as I dimly discerned the two naked savages gliding about like evil spirits among the trees without the rustle of a leaf or the noise of a footfall. At last they warned me by signs that game was in sight; but I had only time to get a glimpse before it disappeared. As the light faded away, and we still glided about in unbroken silence, I felt more and more awed till I quite shivered. We were on the point of beating a retreat, when suddenly an object was observed to rustle among the leaves of a tree. I aimed and fired, breaking the awful quiet in an alarming manner. As the report of the gun rolled away through the forest vistas, hoarse cries from hornbills and terrified screams from unseen monkeys rent the startled air, while with crash after crash a large baboon, shot through the breast, fell from branch to branch, till it struck the ground with a dull thud, dead, its eyes fixed, teeth set, and mouth foaming. I felt considerable compunction at the deed I had done.

By this time it had become so dark that we could hardly find our way back. One of the guides ran on before to announce our approach, and to sprinkle ashes on the gateway to ward off any evil. We were received by the villagers like heroes returning from a victorious campaign. My hunting exploits were doubtless the subject of many extraordinary stories round the camp-fire that night.

We had now accomplished the objects of our excursion, and seen the wonders of Usambara. So, early in the following morning we began our return journey. We bade farewell to Kibanda, but begged to be excused the trying effort to bid adieu to his fifty wives. Taking a different route from that by which we had come, we pushed rapidly through forest shades, and over many a rugged hill and picturesque dale, finally camping for the night at a small village a short distance from Magila.

We slept in the open air, and not having the poetry worn out of us at this early stage of our career, we lay long awake, watching the clear starry skies, and the great sighing forest, lighted up, as if with fairy hand, by the flash of those earth-stars, the little fireflies; while the cicadæ held high revel, filling the air now with the tones of tiny silver bells, and now with clear flute-like notes—a perfect medley of exquisite sounds—contrasting with the weird hooting of the owls and the sage voice of the frog. The deep though distant roar of the lion made the effect all the greater, as we pictured him at his feast. At last the stars began to take erratic courses, and everything slipped into dreamland.

It was not long before we were rudely

recalled from the realms of romance. Rain came on and compelled us to creep under our waterproof sheets, which saved us from the falling moisture but drenched us with perspiration. I was just on the point of sleeping for the second time, when an ear-piercing yell rang out through the air, and made me spring to my feet and instinctively seize my umbrella, as drowning men clutch at straws. A leopard had carried off a dog from within a few feet of where I lay.

Three more marches brought us to Pangani, where I made the first propitiatory sacrifice of my health to satisfy the evil genius of Africa. In other words, I became ill with fever. Early on the morning of the 13th of March we got on board our dhow, and with a fair breeze soon ran across to the Island of Zanzibar. There, however, we got the wind right in our teeth. Finding it impossible to reach the harbour, we landed in a canoe under rather dangerous circumstances. On shore I found myself so ill that it was with the utmost difficulty I entered the town. Under the consulate doctor, however, I quickly recovered, when Mr. Johnston also became ill, and suffered severely for some time.

These troubles by no means alarmed or discouraged us. They were not unexpected, and they formed a seasonable discipline. We had thus, then, in a sense, completed our apprenticeship as African travellers. We had gained a fair notion both of the trials and labours we should have to encounter; and our experience only made us more confident and enthusiastic than ever in proceeding with our greater undertaking.

RECREATION.

By the Rev. HARRY JONES, M.A.

RECREATION, properly understood, is no by-play, but the chief, enormous, and incessant business of life. The world is maintained by manifold renewal. The trees of the forest, the grass of the field, the fowls of the air, and the cattle on the hills, are built up and reformed out of the earth, which holds the material of their fabric in its fruitful lap.

And man is not placed outside this circle of change. He consumes away in God's good pleasure; otherwise he would become hide-bound, unnatural, useless. Hunger, thirst, and weariness are, really, not signs of evil, but messages of life prompting him to eat, drink, and rest, that he may be recreated or repaired. When these messages cease, he is what we call "dead." Directly we look at it we thus touch the great fact that recreation, in its true and large sense, is the business of life. It must follow creation; not, I mean, in reference to time, but in its very nature. It must pursue the law of growth; it must look beyond the hour and the day; it has its future as well as present effect. There is not an act, whether it be in the strain of labour, or the pause of relaxation, but leaves its mark on life. It may be wholesome, natural; it may be unwholesomely stimulative, and thus unnatural. No doubt there are times when the spur is needed at the cost of excessive after-fatigue, or loss. A man galloping away from a pack of wolves may be allowed so to flog his horse that it never can gallop again. Even the strictest abstainer, at a crisis of life, when the heart has hardly strength to beat, when he enters a state of syncope, a parenthesis in living, may be willing to swallow a vigorous stimulant. There is no rule without an exception. But, in the main, in our journey through life, what we need is, to walk stoutly, to travel safely, relying as much as may be on our own resources, and not be always on the look-out for a lift. Our recreation should agree with growth, not affect us by fits and starts.

And recreation in its popular sense, as play, must work in the lines of its largest processes, if it is to be really of use. For the purposes of healthy renewal, man's complex nature demands more than he can get by mere meat and sleep. To supply this want he has recourse to what we popularly understand by recreation; some play of limb and thought, so that he shall not pass directly from the meal and the bed to the main work of life—like a cab-horse from the stable to the shafts. This change, this play, is as indispensable to the wholesome revival of his powers as the material which repairs the fabric of his body, and the sleep which "knits up the ravelled sleeve of care."

True recreation, or play, whatever shape it takes, is no mere concession to a frolic spirit, at which the grave workers of the world wink, as a thing which may be tolerated in others, but should be discouraged in themselves. It is tainted with no disgrace or charge of weakness. It belongs to the proper conduct of life. The playground is a part of the good school. "All work and no play" makes not only Jack, but Jack's pastors and masters dull. Play is not only a privilege, but a necessity of buoyant, effective life, and to be really of use it must follow the great laws of recreation. It must restore something which is legitimately consumed. It is the right and duty of workers.

I will now pass on to some shapes of recreation. First, I remark that it is not mere sleep that is wanted, but utter, absolute repose. We should dare to believe this, in these days of unrest, when the face of the land is overrun with bustle and fuss; and people afflicted with the disease of intense activity are for ever scheming and teaching us how to accelerate the processes of life, and to employ spare minutes of our time. There is almost an insult to the deliberate procedure of nature involved in this urgency to push forward. Those who advocate such fervid eagerness of work would like the sun to rise—not as he does, with gradual revelation of light—but with the fizz and surprise of a rocket. But nature, which taketh no rest, maketh no haste. In some cases, the best use a necessarily busy man can make of a few spare minutes is to do nothing. And, when he begins a holiday, this may well often be his wisest as well as most natural course. Rest is not idleness. In a very true sense it is a part, an integral part, of work. There is an old proverb that God fills the sleeping fisherman's net. This has many an application. If we really work when we work, when we are called upon to bestir ourselves, we need not be ashamed of periods of sheer inaction, as far as we are consciously concerned. Nature is not idle with, or within us, at such times. We may seem to be doing nothing, but then she lubricates the uncoiled springs of action, and screws up the mental wires that have been out of tune. In complete repose we subject the soil of our mind to a process like that which, in some parts of the country, is called a summer tilling. A "summer tilt" is, or was, a field which was let alone for a season. Now-a-days people want crops off every acre, every year. For this the land is so fed and plied with manure, artificial or otherwise, as to be kept continually in high condition or training. It is never allowed to go to sleep. The result no doubt is in many respects beneficial. Some have thus even produced a continuous succession of the same exhaustive crops from the same soil. But the old-fashioned "summer-tilt" is a fair illustration of what some phases of recreation are, or should be. Then nature sets the grass growing over the worn and bare places in the pasture of our spirits, orders the lumber-rooms of our memory, and puts the sap of life through a moral change.

The sheer repose with which some wise men are not ashamed to begin a holiday makes the charm of the first days in the country or at the seaside so grateful to the city slave. He lies on the grass or the shingle; he dawdles on the sand or the windy downs over the cliff, doing, and wishing to do, nothing whatever. He is indifferent to the band; he is unaffected by that phase of long-sighted curiosity which sets some people to look through telescopes directly they find themselves on the shore of the sea. It is, however, no loss for a man thus to allow himself to rest. These passive hours are charged with receptivity. It is then that he begins to take in fresh influences of life; and, if he be wise, he will not hurry himself to feel an interest in anything. He will resent being prematurely dragged into active entertainment of himself.

But these parentheses of quietude do not last long. Generally, indeed, when a strong man is tired he is by no means exhausted; he has reserves of energy, which ply the machine of body and mind, and yet leave him free from the strain of his chief work. Then comes another phase of that change upon which the charm of recreation so much depends. Perhaps, having been long kept close to a monotonous business, his chief enjoyment is to deliver himself to promiscuous impulses and entertain himself in general observation—seeing, as we say, what there is to be seen. Here, however, let me insert a caution. When we reach a period of recreation we should shun sights, if we honestly have no appetite for them. I think of the old story of a man who set off with the professed intention of visiting France. When he got to Dover he changed his mind; and, sitting down on the cliffs, looked at France across the channel. "Well," said his friends, when he returned, "and what do you think of the French?" "Much as I did," he replied, "only they appeared rather distant." He was not going to put himself out by doing violence to his legitimate inclination when he went out for a holiday. Now, though we may not be able to make so oracular a reply to inquisitive acquaintances, we had better venture to decline seeing even that which we intended to see, if the humour does not suit.

I will now turn to that phase of recreation which consists in the use of hobbies, whereby we ride or drive out of the ruts of our common life. The greatest workers have generally such hobbies. It would be interesting to know the by-paths of some of our most eminent lawyers, divines, legislators, and leaders in commerce, science, and art; how they occasionally escape from their great business, not to gape and lounge, but to pick up the thread of some pursuit as unlike as possible to that which mostly engages them. One judge will exchange his wig for a sou-wester, and give his yacht a wetting. Another will step from the hot air and crowd of the law-court to sit in Swiss ice, and paint the cold blue and stillness of the glacier. The vigorous reformer, weary of smiting at long-lived abuses, will turn to the conservation of the oldest and most useless china. The keenest trafficker in shares, who has long held the threads of complicated speculation in his hand, will lay them down to grasp the salmon-rod and work the pliant line instead of the wire. The writer whose hands are cramped with the pen will draw his legs from under the desk, and, fingering fondly his old ice-axe, soon to be vigorously clutched, or exhumating his knapsack, dry with a winter's dust, make straight for the mountain, directly the clock strikes the hour of autumnal release.

It is well to have some occupation, or standing pursuit, of which we are fond. It may be a very cheap and humble one; it may seem trifling. Our knowlege of botany, chemistry, geology, or other ologies, may be very small, but it is astonishing what an interest may be given to even the commonest walk by the knowledge of some of the mere rudiments of science. If a man feels the least tendency towards any pursuit which borders upon science, let him have it ready to be taken up when he gets a holiday. Then he is delivered from the risk of a dangerous reply to the question, "What shall I do?" for it is the want of better mental culture and better opportunity of rational amusement which often leaves a worker to provide sensation for a holiday in drink. Nature craves a change, and a man without other resources has only to turn up his little finger often enough in his own room or in a public-house in order presently to find himself provided with fresh influences, however disastrous. This is sometimes especially the case where he has been long engaged in monotonous work, in, perhaps, the constant repetition of some process which requires intelligence and skill. His brain thus becomes wearied as well as his hand, and the thirst for change is then sometimes so fierce and suddenly importunate that it takes the shape of thirst for stimulating drink. It is, no doubt, very true that drunkenness produces in many an emptiness of mind, lets the man down to a lower level of life, in which he ceases to take interest in objects and pursuits worthy of man, and thus becomes degraded. But we must recollect that the real degradation, the lower state, which is associated with an aimless existence or contracted range of pursuits, is itself a serious promoter of excess in drink. Thus a great hope of extended and liberal education lies not only in the provision of more skill to work, but in the pursuit of intelligent recreation when the work is done. And for this end more is wanted in school than the three R's. Infinitely wholesome is that master's influence who pads these dry bones with even a little science. The small leaven thus planted in a boy's mind may in after life furnish him with tastes and pursuits that save or turn him from degradation.

We must not, however, make too much of what may be called scientific recreation. Many have no natural liking for it, no tastes in that direction. And for these the recreative change lies in direct play. Perhaps there is no country with a larger appetite for outdoor games than England. They are exalted almost into a science. And it is not for him who can refine the art of play at his leisure to be severe upon the rough pastimes of the hand-labourer. Rather let him use some of his skill and money to promote fair games among such toilers as have energy enough to enjoy them when their daily toils are over.

Properly ordered games produce incalculable good. They are not merely pipes to blow off steam which must otherwise do mischief, but they may kindle and cherish much that is most precious in us. They teach readiness, self-control, confidence, organization, interdependence, brotherhood. A lad, moreover, who learns to ride, row, swim, and the like, will have his school-learning flavoured with heartiness, and grow up better able to play his part among men aright, than the mere student, however intelligent and industrious. The year's work of a schoolboy would produce a thin result without play-grounds and holidays. We must, however, not forget that unless recreation leaves us ready and willing to begin work again, there has been something wrong in its use.

Here, perhaps, we may see a little farther into our subject by inquiring something about the limits or limitations of recreation. It may be so honoured with publicity as to make a man who has run a mile in four minutes think that he has made his mark in life. When I was a boy lads could jump over a five-barred gate without disappointment at not seeing the leap announced in the next day's papers. Now the million esteems Cambridge and Oxford as schools for athletes. But the University matches, while they are the most popularly known products of college life, are, I fancy, so far the most wholesome among such as are chronicled; for one mischievous tendency of the publication of individual muscular prowess is the discouragement which it gives to that sense of wholesome membership which, *e.g.* accompanies good fielding at cricket or pulling in a crew. Some men are too fond of starring or pot-hunting at "sports." This is likely to encourage a sort of selfishness in skill, which makes what should be a hearty game into mere individual greed.

Moreover, excessive devotion to the pursuit of these prizes not only tends, at the time, to exalt recreation above its limits into a substitute for work, but is not unlikely to exhaust or enfeeble the appetite of honourable ambition with which a man may be allowed to face the great battle of life. In such a case the use of recreation obviously passes its proper limits.

There are other examples from in and outdoor life. We will look in-doors for a moment. A good novel is estimable, as it carries us out of ourselves, to return to our work from a parenthesis of wholesome diversion. I would add, in passing, that many novels do more for the less educated than perhaps some people would like to admit. They reveal another phase of society, exhibit other aspects and attitudes of life, and do for the less educated a work which some others do for those who move in what is called a higher circle. As Dickens has revealed a world unknown to many in an exclusive upper class, so some writers have healthily introduced into an upper circle those who otherwise would have known little or nothing about it. It is well for all to feel that all are of the same flesh and blood. Thus many novels do good. They also assist in that reading by the eye, and without the accompanying formation of the words by the lip, which is one of the results of wholesome primary education. It is good practice in reading to gallop through a book; and a novel, if it interests us at all, is generally read at the top of our speed. I need hardly remark that excessive novel-reading is akin to excess in the use of any other stimulant. There is, moreover, a kind of printed romance that by its very nature, and not merely by excess in its use, degrades the mind of the reader, and gives him or her a false view of all the classes of society and relationships of life. Some people, indeed, feel this so strongly as to set their faces against novel-reading altogether. This is fanatical or foolish, for there are plenty of good novels, and they may minister wholesomely to our recreation. Anyhow, we may be sure novels will be read. Let us do what we can to cherish a healthy taste for them.

There is another phase of recreation which I cannot pass by, but in speaking of which I may seem to some to be venturing upon thin ice. I do not, however, think that it will break through. I refer to that recreation which is sought for in the theatre.

In respect to dramatic entertainments it may possibly be urged that there is something radically questionable in them—at least something which is easily capable of perversion, inasmuch as those who are entertained are only spectators. They are not personally responsible; they incur no physical risk, undergo no tiresome training, and partake in no wholesome exercise, as they enjoy the amusement. They are, moreover, tempted to be severally selfish and exacting. They are likely to expect the utmost pains and exertion on the part of the performers. They are tempted to make them toil for their play, sitting idly by, and doing nothing themselves but clap or hiss.

And when we come to look at the baser kind of dramatic entertainment, such as is offered in music-halls, we find this sentiment of effeminate laziness most likely to be developed. Such as frequent them are tempted not to care for hearty play which tires the limbs and the lungs, and cannot be shared without a considerable amount of exertion. They don't want to be put to any trouble, but to have their animal appetite tickled without any risk or expenditure of energy on their part.

Thus it comes to pass that divers entertainments are accompanied and characterized by the presentation of sheer voluptuousness. It is no use mincing matters too fine. I am sure that there are some dramatic displays, now exhibited in some of the great cities of Europe and America, which cultivate, as far as easy public opinion will allow, the taste for the grossest sensuality, and I am equally sure that such spectacles are directly debasing to such as witness them. They tend to dissolve the genuine grit of humanity. They simply pander to its most enfeebling animal tastes, and relax the muscle of self-respect, as well as cultivate the indulgence of vicious desires which weaken the human body, and add to the number of debauchees who are as rottenness in the bones of a nation.

I am here taking what some might think to be low ground in looking at the question of sheer voluptuous spectacles. I have said that they lower not only the intellectual powers, but the wholesome bodily force of a people. I have not said a word about the unchristian, undivine effect which they produce, and I do not think that I need.

St. Paul, indeed, says, " Unto the pure all things are pure." But then he must be pure. And I don't believe that any man, especially any young man, is so pure and wholly innocent in his thoughts as to sit open-mouthed staring at the performances of a professed ministrant of pleasure of the grosser sort, and come back a better man for the display.

But it may be asked, Would you therefore condemn all dramatic representation of any kind? Would you close every theatre, interdict every play, and condemn every actor?

I should say, Certainly not. No doubt the legitimate and even classical drama has, in some instances, become so complicated with questionable practices and scenes that it is somewhat difficult to disentangle the good from the bad. The chaff, indeed, is so mixed up with the corn, or, to speak more strongly, the poison is so mingled with the food, that some, in sheer despair or indignation, are tempted to throw the whole mess to the dogs, since they cannot destroy or do away with it. But this, we must allow, is rather hard on the dogs.

If we look fairly at the matter, we may see that the drama is unquestionably very ancient. It is, I suppose I might say, in one shape or another universal, and it will probably last as long as man. And since it is thus old, accepted, and tenacious of life, it seems a pity to toss it aside as hopelessly bad. Unquestionably that representation of a fact, series of facts, or sentiments, out of which the drama grew, is radically natural. A man who desires to make an impression has something more than his mouth with which to create it, and something more than the ear to appeal to. We communicate with the brain through other openings in the skull than that of the ear. The town of "Mansoul" has five gates. There are five great pathways of knowledge. And, perhaps, the commonest and widest of these is the eye. The obvious access to man's power of perception by this lies at the root of the drama.

And even in addressing him through the ear we are not content with a severe communication of facts, dry as an index, dull as a lease, and bare as a bone. We study, or instinctively use, gesture, inflexion; something that is "taking" in delivery. The language itself too, irrespective of its discharge or utterance, will, if it is to appeal effectively to the hearers, be in some way figurative. The highest speech, the most enduring and effective, the most noble and holiest words, are set in imagery. They act the thought which is to be conveyed. This is eminently remarkable in the strains of inspiration. And, to look highest of all, we read of Him, concerning whom it was said, " never spake man like this man," that " without a parable spake He not unto the people."

Out of the instinctive dramatizing of our thoughts in figurative language, and the natural accompanying appeal which we make to other senses than that of the ear, when we want to awake regard and create impressions, the drama has everywhere arisen. And being thus naturally rooted, thus old and universal, it will surely last.

Now you may give a dog a bad name and hang him, but you cannot hang the drama. You cannot dismiss it. This being the case, though some present current phases of theatrical representation are distinctly and decidedly objectionable, is it wise, is it right, to condemn, to repudiate the whole business, and hand over so great an engine to the workers of mischief? We must, moreover, recollect that for a very long period the drama was used for religious purposes. The father of modern drama may even be supposed to have been a Christian bishop. Gregory of Nazianzen, Bishop of Constantinople in the fourth century, is said to have constructed a drama on the Passion of Christ. This was, it is believed, the first of miracle plays which afterwards were used extensively in Europe, and though they have died out in England, still survive in some parts of Germany; those in Ober Ammergau having lately drawn conspicuous attention.

I do not mean that I think a revival of miracle plays in England would be desirable, or possible. The age for such things has passed. But still the fact of the drama having been extensively so used, and being so still used, with reverence elsewhere, is significant. Moreover, we must recollect that some of the greatest and most instructive works or writings exist in a dramatic shape. Shakespere is read with interest and profit, but he is intended to be acted rather than read. And because the representation of his plays has been, and is sometimes, accompanied by objectionable circumstances, is that any reason why we should despair of seeing them rendered well, or content ourselves with mere public reading of them, or that domestic but very faint realisation of his purpose which is reached by his admirers in a parlour who take parts as they sit round a table? Let us venture to distinguish. Let us make the strongest protests that we can against the mere sensationalism, vulgarity, and voluptuousness which too often disgrace the drama, but let us hesitate, lest by repudiation of the whole business we help to expose it to further risks of degradation. I grant you that the task is not easy. Some must compare it to the cleaning of an Augean stable. But that work stands in the list of great deeds performed. The drama has been, and I do not see why it should not be, an instrument of righteous purpose and good teaching.

> "The play's the thing
> Wherein we'll catch the conscience of the king."

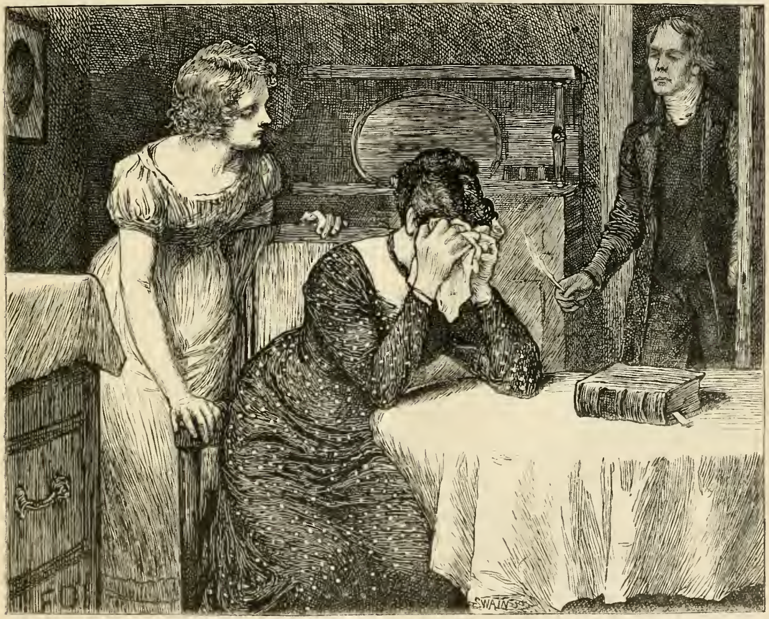
The self-denial of the man who likes theatrical representations, but, on conscientious principles, because he thinks the theatre degraded and degrading, deliberately declines to witness them, is deserving of all respect. But I cannot help believing it a higher line, more agreeable to the way of Him who came to seek and to save that which was lost, to try and distinguish between that which is right and that which is wrong in this matter. In seeking to resist evil we must take care that we do not create fresh sins. The man who, with discriminating courage, protests against the abuses of anything which is sure to be used, does more in the cause of righteousness and judgment than he who takes refuge in unqualified condemnation.

This applies to many branches of recreation. Only, in all, we must go upon principles rather than rules, especially remembering the law that recreation, used aright, is servant to work and to the wholesome conduct of life. A man's use of the drama must be so judged. Some phases of it cannot really revive us. So too in a man's or woman's presence at contests in themselves radically harmless, but which have been made the occasion of that kind of unfairness which is associated with the word jockey. No man is revived by that use of the sport of which I now speak who haunts the betting office, and risks the contagion of the crew of sharpers who make it their business to scent, and if possible to empty, the idle pocket.

There is a risk, too, in what some may call destructive recreation—in the sports, *e.g.* of hunting, fishing, and shooting. I am sure that most of those who follow these do not really associate them with the mere direct taking of life. Other motives operate. There is the opportunity and enjoyment of companionship, the exhilarating contagious gallop, the brisk walk in the fields, the saunter by the stream. Sportsmen, as a rule, are neither cruel nor callous. But, to take an example, I think we must admit that at some battues we read of, there is something in the slaughter needed for a very heavy bag which limits the wholesome influence of a day in the coverts. It is true that the shooting of preserved pheasants is by no means so easy as is frequently affirmed by those who have never tried their hand at it. The sportsman in a "glade" need be very quick to catch the bird which flashes over his head, and is seen for only a moment. And when pheasants rise by the dozen or score together after having run before the beaters through a whole wood, it needs a cool head to decide in a moment which shall be aimed at. But our most experienced sportsmen have cool heads, and thus when the game is very abundant an accurate shot will do little but stand and kill. I don't think, however, after all, that the real sportsman cares very much for the glory of the "corner" where he keeps four barrels hot for ten minutes, while the air is thick with feathers, and the ground coated with fur. Field sports must be dashed with some danger, or exercise of the body, or skill pitted against the instincts of the animal pursued, to be redeemed from a departure from the true limits of recreation. I pass by those sports which are more or less directly brutal. Cock-fighting, bear-baiting, and the like have gone out of fashion. I wish I could say the same of pigeon-shooting, which, though different from these last, inasmuch as it requires direct skill in the performer, is cumbered with much betting, and exceptional helplessness on the part of the victims.

To leave details, and take a last glance at our subject, it must be remembered that in all we do, whether in work or play, there can be but one law which it is our business to discover and pursue. Recreation, in its popular sense, must follow the laws of life; and the laws of life are divine. Recreation, properly used, supports the highest purposes of man. We may use it, not indeed without stint, but without shame or apology.

Above all, for the due perception of its nature and limits, we must draw upon our sense of right, and the knowledge which we have of the fact that the smallest acts have infinite issues, and that we can indulge in no relaxation or stimulant that enfeebles or drains to-morrow, without some Nemesis however minute. All work, all restoration, though it be commonplace, is done well only in union with the great worker and restorer, our Father which is in heaven, who creates and recreates the least as well as the greatest, who renews the slime of a snail with the same care that He uses in repairing the brain of a genius, and in providing the complicated impulses of heaven and earth.



MUST IT BE?

MUST it be, O love, my darling!
  That my hand must sign away
All the joy from out our being,
  All the glory—from to-day?

Is it well that I should falter,
  When our anguished hearts can save
One so dear to us from sinking,
  All unhonoured, to the grave?

Hush, ah, hush! my sweet, my sister!
  You have never known despair;
I can nerve myself to suffer,
  But your pity cannot bear.

And perchance—in some far future—
  All this pain shall cease to be;
And the light that guides my father
  May bring comfort unto me.

HELEN K. WILSON.

HEALTH AT HOME.

By B. W. RICHARDSON, M.D., F.R.S.

SECOND SERIES.—PART I.

[NO more gratifying proof of work appreciated could fall to an author than the widespread request that I should continue a Second Series of the "Health at Home" papers in Good Words. I enter on the task in this new year with a pleasure that is only equalled by the gratitude I feel for the public favour that has been extended to this effort for the public health.]

The area at the back of most houses of our large towns is the place in which the meat safe or larder is situated. For this reason the area is a place of the utmost importance to the household; here, in state of rest, waiting to be consumed, lies the very body of the householder and of all who depend on him.

How many householders in our great centres ever trouble themselves for a moment to inquire into the condition in which their preliminary selves, the food they are about to eat, is lodged and cared for. When that food has passed the vital portal of their mouths, when it has been distributed all over their bodies, when it becomes bone of their bone and flesh of their flesh, then they may have to take some trouble about it, more trouble perhaps than they ought to take in certain ways. But while it lies in the safe or larder of the back area, waiting for its vital transformation into man, it might too often be the dust in the dust-bin for the care that is taken of it. Even wives and mothers, who should specially take an interest unceasing, though less negligent than the sterner master, are not always too careful of this great treasury of health or of disease.

I believe a general negligence is felt in respect to this subject, and that servants who are often not half so bad as they are represented to be, but who are, I am not wrong when I say it, by necessity ignorant on the questions now under our consideration, are left far too much in authority in respect to the storage of food. It is right that the food of the house should be kept out of the house itself and in an open or cool place, and as the area at the back is, as a rule, the only safe open place, it is necessary that the food be put there and kept there until it is wanted. For this reason, however, it is the more essential that the area, of all places in the house, should be open, light, clean, and wholesome.

The area in which the food safe or larder is situated should be thoroughly well limewashed at least twice in the year, namely at spring and fall time. If in the middle of the summer the same process can be repeated all the better is it to have it done. The floor, which will usually be of stone, should be so laid that water will never accumulate in it, and the floor should at all times not only be kept free of the rubbish and débris of the household, but as clean as the floor of the kitchen itself. It ought to be cleansed every day of the week. I need not, one would think, impress that in this retreat for the food there should be no open drain from the sewer, no drain partly closed, no drain in the least suffocated with its own contents. Yet I am obliged to impress these obvious facts with all the force I can, for it is too true that the drainage of the back area is, as a rule, about the worst in the house. The back area may be an actual open receptacle for the sinks from two or three parts of the house, the scullery, the kitchen, the pantry. The water and other slops from some of these are often allowed to run over the floor of the area and imperfectly to flow away by the grating of a drain in the centre, or in a corner, into the drain below, by which unwholesome processes the place is kept in a state of perpetual damp in wet weather and in a state of foul vapour when the heat of the day is sufficient to evaporate the fluids that are cast out of the house. It is little wonder that in an atmosphere such as this the animal structures in the safe, and the vegetables that have been cooked, should soon become mouldy and tasteless, and unfit for human food until the outer surfaces are pared away and great waste produced. It is little wonder that in such atmospheres there should be rapid decomposition of food when the air itself is close and damp.

The drains from the house leading into the area should therefore be well trapped and well enclosed, so that the fluids they convey away may empty into the escape drain from the house without coming into contact with the floor of the area.

Besides taking care that the walls and floor of the open space are kept scrupulously clean and that the drainage is perfect, it is necessary to keep a sharp look out that the place does not become a receptacle for the débris from the kitchen. The temptation is very great to make it such a receptacle. It is close at hand; the bad odour of things in the kitchen or other lower room, which is insupportable in those confined spaces, is tolerable in the open space, and thereupon the odorous things "are put out to sweeten the house." In such an area at the back of a house as is here referred to I have found, in proximity with the viands on which the unfortunate family subsisted, many of those viands being already cooked and set aside—as cold meat, custard, opened pie, cheese and other articles—a box filled with the bones the cook was saving up as her perquisite, bones already sour and on their rapid way to decomposition, pots of fat, stew-pans set out to be cleaned, disused flower-pots filled with damp mould and holding the rotting stems of flowers; and, to complete the whole, across a clothes line a few clothes that had just gone through a "dab wash" hanging out to dry. These are the kinds of impurities from which the open-air food-closet requires to be cleansed, and from which it should at all times and seasons be kept entirely free. Let each paterfamilias who reads these papers look for once into the nook in his house from which the greater part of his breakfast is each morning extracted, and then, though he may not relish the prospect, he will not be the less obliged to me for directing his attention to it so earnestly.

The space purified and made ready to receive it, the larder or safe that is used for holding the food has to be considered. No one, as far as I know, has up to this time invented or constructed a good and convenient larder that can be set up in every house at a moderate cost; but the arrangements for such a necessary article of domestic utility would be extremely simple after all. The walls of the safe should be constructed of iron which should properly be glazed or enamelled on the inside. It should be placed quite across the area at one end, so that three sides of it are included in the walls of the building. It should be about seven feet high and thirty inches wide, and it should have a sharp-set sound roof of metal, composed of two layers either of zinc or of galvanized iron, between which should lie a three-inch layer of felt, to cause an equal temperature. Three feet from the roof on the inside there should stretch across a glazed iron slab, above which should be a series of shelves reaching about half-way across and separated about a foot from each other. This shelf, dividing the larder into two parts, should be closed by two perforated iron or zinc doors, so as to admit air freely. Beneath the iron slab at the upper part of the lower compartment of the safe should be three sliding ten-inch drawers which might be of glazed iron internally cased with felt and wood. These drawers would be for holding ice during hot weather. Beneath them would be a large recess, which may be divided vertically into two equal parts, so as to form a couple of large iron glazed and shelved cupboards, closed with perforated doors, the bottom line of which should be about eight inches from the ground.

A safe constructed in this manner would be easily kept at the same temperature in winter and in summer, and food would be well and freshly and wholesomely preserved. I wish I could inform my readers where such a safe for their provisions could be obtained; but at any rate I have indicated how they may direct the construction of such an improvement, while I hope I have suggested to the manufacturers a household requirement on which they may at once employ their ready skill.

The safe or larder as at present formed is made usually of wood, the panels of the doors perforated with a few holes, or filled with perforated zinc. It is best in modifying the present safe to remove as much of the woodwork as possible, and to construct walls of stone or brick rather than of wood, except in the front. These walls can then frequently be limewashed and the shelves, coated with a good layer of paint, can be frequently cleansed.

It is good practice, whenever the air of the safe is close and tainted, to have it fumigated with antiseptic gas or vapour. Iodine does not answer well in this case, because it gives a taste to the food; but there is a simple agent which answers singularly well, because it is not only a purifier of the air from bad smells, but also a preservative of animal and vegetable substances. This agent is sulphurous acid, one of the best—shall I say the best—of agents of its class for destroying decomposing organic substances. It may be used in two or three ways. As it is a gas very soluble in water—one volume of water at a temperature of 50 degrees Fahr. dissolving a little over fifty volumes of the gas—a watery solution of the gas, which can be obtained of any chemist, may be employed. The solution may be put into a light spray bottle and be sprayed freely into the safe until the air is charged strongly with the vapour.

If the gas in a drier state be desired it can be made by merely burning sulphur in the air and letting the vapour diffuse. If a larger or steadier supply is wanted, a little cotton-wool or lamp-wick dipped in the bisulphide of carbon and inflamed like an open spirit lamp can be set on a shelf, so that while burning the gas, which is evolved freely, may diffuse. Or if a larger supply still be required, it can be obtained by putting copper filings or pieces of copper into a Florence flask, and after pouring upon them strong sulphuric acid applying a gentle heat to the flask, on which, in a very short time, the gas will be given off in free quantities. On the whole, for practical purposes in the household I think the simple spray process is the best. Any servant can at any time use the spray; the apparatus is inexpensive, and is easily put together for use, and the solution is to be had everywhere where there is a drug store with a fairly intelligent man at its head. To this readiness of application is added the freedom of all danger from fire, a freedom not altogether certain when chemical operations, however simple they may be, are intrusted in the house to clumsy or inexperienced hands. The spray bottle manufactured by Messrs. Krohne and Seseman, to which I have previously drawn attention, answers well for this application of sulphurous acid.

Drainage in the Basement.

And now from the areas we must enter the basement proper of the house, whither being led, the first thought of all that occurs to the sanitary inquirer is the state of the drains in that locality.

Good drainage is the basis of domestic sanitation.

Let the drains of a house be bad in their construction—I mean bad in relation to the material of which they are made; let the laying down of the drains be in such manner that there is no sufficient flow into the main sewer or other outlet; let the outfall of the soil-pipe or pipes, or other pipes leading from the house into the main drain of the house, be bad and defective; let the trapping be indifferent; let there be stoppage anywhere, so that the gases of decomposition from the substance which is held in the drain or in its tributaries cannot find free escape out of the house; let anything lead to this arrest in the escape of poisonous drain gases, and all else in the way of management of the house is rendered largely nugatory. In a house well and completely drained, a very sloven of a housekeeper may hold on for years and meet with so little accident of disease in it as to lead her to suppose that her very slovenliness is the whole art of prevention. Let the drains be faulty, and the best and cleanest of housewives may labour in vain, may practise the most perfect order and cleanliness, and still be so terribly tripped by the development in her beautiful house of one of the contagious diseases, as to feel inclined to throw sanitary science aside altogether as a fiction, a delusion, and a snare.

We sanitary reformers know these facts too well. We have learned them from a long and a bitter experience. The ignorant critical have thrown the results of them in our teeth day after day. "See," they have said, "here is a specimen of your fine doctrines. There is old Hypo with his vast wealth and his horror of fever. He built himself a house, and fitted it with every fidfad that could be suggested, and he had not been in the new place six months before two or three of his unfortunate family were stricken with fever. On the other hand, there is that filthy old woman in the cottage hard by, who has neither drain nor closet in her house anywhere, who scorns ventilation, and looks upon sanitary inspectors as lunatics whom their friends send forth to do mischief everywhere except at home, and see, she has no fever, and never has had, although a large family and endless lodgers have occupied her dwelling for years past."

The argument, false as it is — and it is false from beginning to end—is not without its value. It puts us more on our guard, and it makes us feel the necessity of being more explicit and plain-spoken with the public than men of science generally consider it necessary to be. We are bound to explain that where a house is removed from the perils of drainage, it is so much, comparatively, safer from the risks of fever and other great plagues than less fortunate houses are, that it can afford to bear a great deal more of other internal uncleanliness than houses which are cursed with indifferent drainage, but are otherwise perfect in their other arrangements, at any time can bear. Why this is not understood is due to the circumstances that the dangers of drainage are not visible to the eye. Because the contents which are carried away by the drains are impure and repulsive to the sight, they are hidden from the sight. But if, by some magic spell, all the drain tubes and pipes in a large city could be transformed from tubes of metal into tubes of glass, so that in every house the decomposition they cover could be made manifest to the eye, the wonder of the simplest-minded would be, not that we had disease in our houses, but that at any moment we were free from the self-inflicted curse of diseases of the most fatal nature, in their worst and most mortal types and consequences. From the upper closet, through the whole of the soil, into the chief drain; from the pipe of every sink into the main drain; from the main drain at its commencement, through all its courses to the outlet trap; from the earth all around the main drainage-pipe; from the exit of the main drainage-pipe in the trap to the termination of the trap itself in the sewer or cesspool; in all these parts there would be seen such a line of decomposing disease-producing material as would make every one, I think, for once declare that, bad as it may be, sanitary reform is not quite such a fanaticism as it is commonly accredited to be.

In a large and well-built house in the West-end district of London, the main drain of which was exposed in order that a new drain might be laid down, the stoppage of water from the house being inconveniently frequent, the workmen, acting under my instructions, found, on opening the old main drain, a square drain-shaft eighteen inches deep and fifteen wide, so charged with sewage matter, most of it semi-solid, that fifty barrow-loads had to be conveyed away. The drain of this house extended from the back kitchen in the rear, along and beneath the floor of another large kitchen, and along and beneath the floor of a passage leading to the front area door, in all a length of fifty feet, and in this entire length it was charged with sewage. It was, in fact, a vast sewer under the house, into which the various pipes from the house opened. What housewifery could keep that house free of disease? It was a house almost as dangerously undermined as it would have been if gunpowder had filled the place occupied by the sewage.

In two other houses in the same district a somewhat similar condition came recently under my observation. In one of these dwellings, which had been newly drained at great cost, and which was considered to be completely drained, the soil-pipe which ran through the house behind an angle in the wall was a persistent source of sewer odour. After a time an inquiry was made, and then it was discovered that the drains of this house and of its neighbour, which had also been redrained, had no connection with the main sewer at all, but that both poured their sewage into a large *cul-de-sac*, which once had been a large drain leading either into a disused sewer or into an old cesspool. Thus the owners of these two houses, although they had paid their rates for the great sewage system of London, though they had continued to pay sewage rates, and had both of them drained in a scientific modern way, as they supposed, into the grand outlet from their houses, were really draining into a foul cesspool, closely charged with putrid air which, despite the intervening trap, could not fail to escape back into the house at almost all times and seasons.

Among many other instances of this kind which crowd upon me, let me give one more because of its extreme character. I was summoned professionally by his medical adviser to visit a gentleman living in a fine large house in one of the most open and beautiful parts of the north-western districts of the metropolis. The gentleman was reported to me as suffering from gastric fever. I, being a minute or two before my time at the visit, was shown into one of the drawing-rooms, in the air of which I detected at once the sewer odour. I picked up a cushion from the ottoman on which I sat; the cushion was saturated, I might say, with the same odour. When my learned brother arrived, I referred at once to the condition of things, on which he told me that the whole house was in the same plight, and that one of the female servants at the lower part of the house was suffering from the same symptoms as the patient up-stairs. The house was, indeed, charged with sewer gas, and I lost no time in recommending that the risk of removing both the sick persons should be carried out without a moment's delay, a proceeding which furnished a successful result. When they were removed the house was cleared of all its occupants, and air was admitted by every window. Then the work of inquiry as to cause was commenced, and ended in the discovery that the very soil-pipe had been transformed into a sewer, that the connection between the drain from the house to the main sewer had never been completed, that the trap was closed up, and that the soil-pipe itself was charged with sewage along the greater part of its extent, so that the water from the closets escaped with the utmost difficulty.

Some one will say that these are selected illustrations of domestic uncleanliness. I wish, indeed, that I could say they were. I cannot give notice of such good news. On the contrary, from the evidence which has lately been collected at the Society of Arts, at the instance of that indefatigable veteran of sanitary science—whose age seems only to add more experience to his vigorous intellect —Mr. Edwin Chadwick, it would appear to be too true that hundreds of houses in London, if not thousands, are in nearly as bad a condition, great numbers quite as bad. The best engineers, including such men as Mr. Rogers Field, Mr. Field, Mr. Eassie, and Mr. Griffiths, gave in the most convincing manner, and from their practical knowledge, such evidence of the dangers that still beset the town house, that the mind is bewildered with the thought of the immunity from disease that prevails generally. To state that there are not five hundred houses in the great metropolis of Great Britain properly drained or safely drained, would probably be to state what is under the actual fact. The sewers are there, and so are the houses, but the sewers wait for the service they ought to render to the houses.

This is not the place to comment on the grand question of the removal of sewage from great communities. I am bent on indicating how the house, and nothing more, is to be purified of sewage matter. An engineering feat has been so far advanced, at all events, that in our large centres of life some kind of general arrangement has been made by which a receptacle of some sort or another has been constructed out of the house for the reception of the sewage that has to be sent away. The receptacle may be a large main sewer, it may be a cesspool, but it is in existence outside the dwelling, and the point the housekeeper has to settle is how he can empty into that common centre and have his house behind it free of pollution. Happily, this can be accomplished, and I will now proceed to explain the easiest way towards the accomplishment.

Imprimis, it is necessary in every house to secure that in the basement floor there shall be at least one thorough good drain which shall pass from the back of the house to the front, and shall be certain to enter the sewer with a good and efficient fall throughout its entire course. The drain thus laid should never be excessively large; the greatest mistakes are often made on this matter—for if it be too large it is never properly flushed, and then it becomes itself a receptacle, or sewer. For a house that will hold a family of twenty persons, a six-inch pipe is, in my opinion, amply sufficient. Some would tell us—and I think Mr. Chadwick would—that a four-inch pipe is as large as could be needed for such a domicile. The pipe throughout should be so well laid that between the joints there is no leakage. This is one of the most difficult details to overcome, but it can be overcome by care in the laying, and by embedding the joints of the tube thoroughly in cement. To test whether the tube after it is laid is true and safe, it is requisite to close up all the outlets in it except the one at the highest point, and then to determine whether from the highest point the tube can be filled with water, and if, being filled, it will remain full. That determined affirmatively, the tube may be considered sound. How many of such sound tubes exist it would not be difficult to tell; they might as yet be counted almost on the fingers of one's hand, for it requires much skill to lay them with sufficient accuracy to secure what is desired. The difficulty is, however, now, I hope, nearly overcome, for I have seen two specimens of tubes newly invented which promise to make it so easy a task to lay their joints evenly, that the most commonplace workmen may carry out the work.

The tubes must not only be laid so as to be water-tight, they must be laid in such a manner as to be very smooth on their inner surface. If they present projections from the inside, those projections become so many points of obstruction, and at them the cylinder is apt to block. A nucleus is then laid for the stoppage of the solid material, and that once laid is sure to increase rapidly and become a firm obstruction. It has been a subject of dispute of late years of what the surface of the interior of the house-drain should be composed. It is customary to use the glazed pipe composed of earthenware. It would seem at first sight that nothing could be more adaptable to what is wanted than the smooth earthenware tube. In practice it is nevertheless found that the glazed surface is not altogether desirable. One of the chief obstructing agents in the house-drain is the fat which, in the fluid state—dissolved in the hot water in which dishes are washed—cools on entering the drain, and, becoming solid as it passes along, adheres to the side of the tube, and by accretion closes it very much or altogether. On the glazed surface the fat accretes more closely than on any other; it becomes as it were a part of the surface itself, and, like two pieces of glass which tightly pressed together are like one, it and the surface on which it lies are like one. There is nothing to separate them, and one layer of fat laid down, it becomes a foundation for any number that follow, until the diameter of the tube is, in the most scientific way, reduced to the smallest dimensions. A somewhat rougher tube is, therefore, more desirable, and a tube of a structure like cement, with a joint which locks in a very ingenious manner, is now becoming a favourite tube for the house-drain. The safest and, up to this time, the best tube is one of iron, in good lengths, or in one entire length, the interior lined, and the joints completely sealed. To this the expense is the one serious objection.

The main tube laid and tested, and a free communication established between it and the sewer, the other tubes from all parts of the house, from the soil-pipes, sinks, and subsidiary drains, should be brought into the main, the utmost care being taken that the connections between them and the main are secure. In carrying down the smaller pipes, it should be a matter of caution to avoid all sharp angles; where an angle has to be turned, it should be turned with a good round corner, and with as full a fall direct from the angle as can be secured; then there is less chance of lodgment of solid substance at the angle.

Of the pipes that are laid to enter the principal house-drain, the soil-pipe is the most important. It is requisite, it is even urgent, that this pipe should, whenever it is in any way possible, be carried down on the outside of the house. I know this is not always possible in houses which have been built long ago, and I regret to observe that it is not always carried out in houses that have been built in the present day, but this does not alter the advisability. If the soil-pipe must be inside the house, it should be fixed with special care that the joints be closed—should there be joints—and the joints should be as few as can be. I do not agree with the view that the pipe should be imbedded in the wall, and so be made inaccessible. On the contrary, it ought, in my opinion, to be perfectly accessible at every point of its course, and only kept out of sight by a movable wooden or metal panel.

All the tributary drains having been brought into communication with the chief drain of the house, and all closely sealed into it, the chief drain has to be trapped outside the dwelling, a little way before it reaches the common sewer. I shall deal with the question of the best general trap farther on, but at this moment I only refer to the fact that the main drain has to be trapped securely. By this means it is to a large extent cut off from the sewer; but not entirely, for no trap has been invented which absolutely shuts off the sewer air. As a consequence it is necessary that the main drain should be provided with what may be designated a safety-valve arrangement; in other words, it has to be ventilated in such a way that if any gas shall escape from retained decomposing matter, or shall return from the sewer, it shall not enter the house to pollute it, but shall find its exit into the open air. How this may be effected will appear in my next communication.

[NOTES TO CORRESPONDENTS.—COSTLESS VENTILATION.—I have to thank Dr. Banning, of Gateshead-upon-Tyne, for an explanation of an improvement in carrying out Dr. Peter Hinkes Bird's "costless ventilation," which in building a new house can be adapted to all windows without additional expense. The plan is simply to make the lower part of the bottom sash twice the depth that it is usually made, with a corresponding deeper socket in the sill. The advantages are that the amount of ventilating space can be adjusted with the utmost exactness, that there is no draught at the bottom of the window, that there is no bar of wood to remove or replace, and that the sash is perfectly sightly and unobtrusive.

Further "Notes to Correspondents" will be given in future numbers.—B. W. R.]

THE SKYLARK'S SONG.

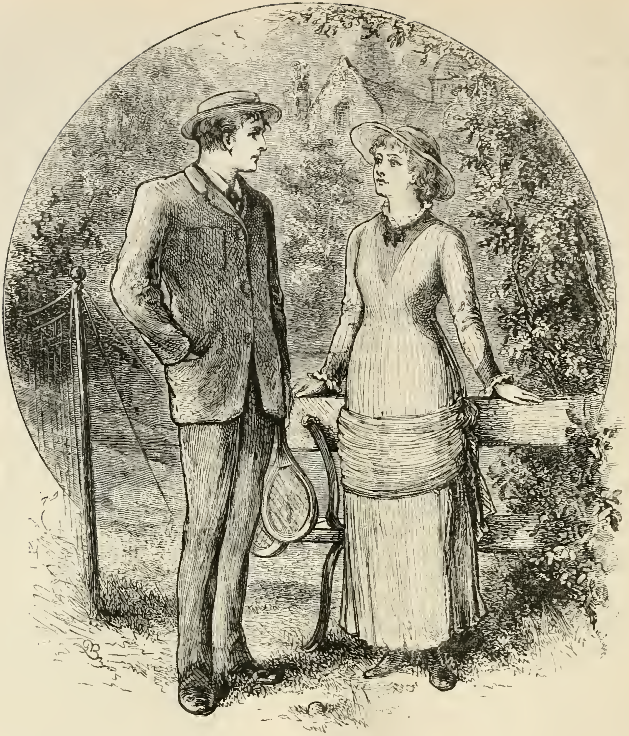
WINGED voice to tell the skies of earth,
Dear earth-born lark, sing on, sing clear,
Sing into heaven that she may hear;
Sing what thou wilt so she but know
Thine ecstasy of summer mirth,
And think, "'Tis from the world below."

She will be glad for love, and smile,
Saying, "Thank God for joy like ours,"
Saying, "There come the kind home hours:
His work-day will be sped ere long,
That keeps him hence this little while."
Sing, lark, until she know thy song.

Instant old wont returns fresh brought,
And her desire goes seeking me,
For whom her whole world used to be
And all my world for sake of her;
She cannot think an earth-ward thought
That shall not seem my messenger.

Sing of the earth, but sing no care,
Sing thine own measureless content;
She will remember what it meant;
Griefs are too base, but, carolling thus,
Thou with thy joy may'st reach her there,
And she joy too remembering us.

AUGUSTA WEBSTER.



DORY.

By CHARLES GIBBON, Author of "Robin Gray," etc.

I.

"BEATEN?"

"Quite; but I surrender my racket with all the satisfaction of being conquered by a valiant foe."

Then there was a merry laugh, and the maiden and the youth ceased their game—it was lawn tennis—and sauntered leisurely across the lawn of Erlsmere. At first they kept well within sight of the windows of the old mansion, the residence of George Harcourt; but by-and-by they wandered down the wooded path towards the river, she bantering, and, with apparent unkindness, making fun of the pale-faced, dark-haired young man who was her companion.

A little girl, with bright blue eyes, which seemed to be the reflection of sunlight; and lips pretty enough to have tempted St. Anthony, although they indicated an inclination to laugh at anything that might approach sentimentality.

She was the ward of George Harcourt, the squire of Erlsmere, an estate of some importance situated near Dunthorpe. In his early years he had been in the Guards, and the father of Dorothea Willis had been his comrade. When Captain Willis died under fire in India he had intrusted the care of his motherless child to his friend. Harcourt shortly afterwards retired from the service. The child, Dorothea, was—although a mischievous imp, always getting into scrapes—a tender and lovable girl—some people would have called her a "hoyden."

She grew up with Mr. Harcourt's daughter Agnes, receiving the same education and the same tender care. But her sense of humour was greater than her love of learning; and whilst Agnes was gravely studying botany, the elements of all the sciences, or diligently practising the piano, Dory was scampering about the fields on the bare back of any pony or horse she could catch, or gathering wild flowers, staying out the whole day and returning to the house in the evening, to slip in by the kitchen door with an excellent appetite for bread and milk, with which the good-natured housekeeper was always ready to supply her.

Squire Harcourt was much troubled to know what was to become of her, for her wild ways were combined with so much healthy mirthfulness that to his serious mind it appeared she was in danger of making some very foolish love engagement.

And it seemed now that the danger was very near; for whilst he had settled in his own mind that she would marry Hugh Montgomery, a young fellow blessed with a handsome face and a handsome fortune, she seemed to have made up her mind to accept the son of the vicar of the parish, William Arnold, who had nothing whatever but his own talents to depend upon in order to make a fortune and boldly to attempt to win the love of Dory. She was just now making him smart under some sarcasm, or blush at some mocking allusion to the work which he had chosen—and yet he could not help loving her.

"I wish I could forget her, or turn away from her," was his mental cry; and the next moment the toils of the charmer were round him again.

"And so you have written a play!" she exclaimed, clasping her hands as if in devoted admiration. "My goodness! I am in the presence of a real live author. What is the play? Is it a tragedy?"

"No," he answered quietly. "Tragedies are not in fashion at present. The taste is more for burlesque operas. I have contented myself with trying to produce a simple comedy."

"And what is the story? About love, of course?"

"Certainly; for love is the theme which is always new, and appeals to the heart of every man and woman."

"What!—growing poetical now?"

He laughed at the question, for he knew she was only trying to provoke him.

"No; I never make attempts at playing the poet; but I do try to utter the inmost thought of my heart."

"Oh, dear!—but you have forgotten the story."

"Would you very much like to hear it?" he asked, with a curious smile, as he carelessly plucked a twig from a bay-tree which they were slowly passing.

"Of course I would, or why should I ask about it?"

He swung the twig of the tree between his fingers, and looked dreamily into her merry blue eyes.

"It is a story of the devotion of a lover to one who did not seem to be capable of love; and yet he believed that she could love if she would. He is with her sometimes, and yearns to tell her of his feelings; but——"

He paused, and she appeared to wait impatiently for the rest of the sentence; and so exclaimed—

"Well, what is the '*but*'?"

"He was afraid of her."

Dory clapped her hands, and laughed blithely, saying—

"That is what I call true woman's rights—the right to accept the man she likes best. I am sure your play will succeed; and I shall be there to see it."

"The hero grants her the right to choose for herself; and it so happens that she does give her affection to another man."

"And what does the hero do?"

"He submits, because he wishes her to be happy above all things," he answered in a melancholy tone, which she perfectly understood.

The conversation was interrupted by the appearance of Hugh Montgomery in shooting costume—gun under his arm, and walking with a light, strong step, which indicated that he could keep on the moors for many hours without thinking of fatigue. Dory was sorry that he had come, and yet glad, for it saved her from the difficulty she would have found in answering lightly to words so earnestly spoken.

"Good morning," cried Montgomery, in a loud, cheery voice. "Why don't you get a gun, Arnold, and come along with us? I warrant you we shall have rare sport to-day, and a capital hamper has gone on before us for luncheon."

Arnold's eyes glittered as if with tears, but there was a smile on his face as he touched Montgomery on the shoulder—or rather, grasped him by the shoulder—and said—

"You know that I cannot go. Why do you taunt me?"

Montgomery flung his hand away—not with any sign of indignation; but he whispered in his ear with some degree of bitterness: "You are a fool, Arnold, and you do not understand yourself or me." Then turning gaily to Dory, he said in a light tone, "Your friend is brooding over some foolish verses, and in consequence is indifferent to his friends."

The answer came quickly; for Dory suddenly snatched the twig of bay from Arnold's hand, and jumping up, placed it on his head, as she laughingly cried—

"Here is a poet, and I crown him!"

Then all laughed at this joke, and Arnold as heartily as any of them.

"We shall both be glad," said Montgomery, bowing, "if he is lucky enough to be crowned by such pretty hands as yours."

"I see Mr. Harcourt coming, and I will join him," said Arnold, with a sad feeling in his heart that his rival had already gained the day. So, bowing, he left them together.

"Now, what has that melancholy Jacques been bothering you with all the morning?" inquired Montgomery; but with none of the emotion of a lover who feared a rival.

Dory now found the opportunity to banter this big, good-natured, fond lover, whose ruddy cheeks and stalwart form were a remarkable contrast to the pale face and slim figure of William Arnold.

"He was saying such delightful things—making me laugh and making me cry. You could never say such things."

"No, indeed! And I should be sorry to say anything that would make you cry."

"Well, you do make me cry."

"How, in the name of wonder?" said the astounded Montgomery.

"By trying to make me laugh."

"You are hard upon me, Dory; but I shall ask Agnes to decide between us whether or not my little jokes should make you cry." This he said with the air of a man who was determined to sustain his character as a wit.

"Oh, Agnes will say that you are the funniest fellow in the world, and that is a thing at which I can laugh. She is too tender-hearted to say anything to cause anybody the least pain."

"Well, at any rate, we shall go to her. Where can we find her?"

"In the housekeeper's room, gravely settling affairs for the day; or in the library, studying some of those musty volumes which I believe are the cause of her pale face."

And so, chatting gaily, they made their way towards the house, he pretending to be much hurt by her severe criticism, she trying to make more fun of him than before.

But they had not to go far, for they found Agnes quietly engaged in attending to some favourite flowers in the conservatory. She was a tall, graceful girl, with dark hair and eyes. Her face was certainly pale, but the expression was one of gentleness, and her eyes seemed to be full of sympathy for everything and everybody.

"I want you to act as judge," said Montgomery, with as serious an expression of countenance as he could assume. "Here is this—this—young lady tells me that I make her cry whenever I make a joke."

There was laughter in the quiet eyes of Agnes, and a sweet smile on her face as she answered—

"You know that she is always saying something curious. It is only her fun; and you may regard her crying as a compliment."

Dory laughed as if delighted with this reply.

"Condemned!" she said, "although you pleaded your own cause first, and I have not been heard. Now go to your shooting, and if you bring back one brace of grouse I will give you——"

"A kiss?" he interrupted.

"No, sir; but a compliment upon your extraordinary success."

"It is too bad of you two girls to chaff me so; but I go like a valiant knight to the wars, and I shall bring you a dozen brace at least, and lay them at your feet. Will not one of you give me a badge that I may wear in my cap as my lady's token? I believe ladies used to give scarves when the knights were going forth to battle."

"We cannot give you a scarf, Sir Knight," said Agnes, with her quiet smile; "but here is a bit of geranium, which you may wear in your button-hole or your hat, as you please."

"I will wear it in my button-hole, if you will place it there." And as he spoke there was an undertone suggestive of some unexpressed feeling.

Without a word Agnes complied, and there was a slight tremor in her fingers as she placed the flower.

"Now for the moors; and you shall see me return in triumph."

And so, laughing, he went away.

There was silence for a few minutes. Agnes bent over the flowers, more to hide her face from Dory's quick eyes than for the purpose of examining the plant. Dory advanced, and placing her arm round her friend's waist, kissed her on the cheek.

"Will you not tell me, Agnes, what it is that disturbs you so?" she inquired softly; and there was a serious expression on her face, which was rarely seen there.

Agnes lifted her head, and patting Dory with the affectionate tenderness of a mother who was dealing with a too-inquisitive child, said—

"I shall tell you by-and-by, perhaps." Her voice faltered a little as she spoke.

"It is always 'by-and-by'!" was the impatient exclamation; and then, repentant, she took Agnes in her arms. "I know there is something troubling you, Agnes, and I only want to know so that I may be able to comfort you."

"You do comfort me; but do not ask me to tell you anything just now. Come, I wish to show you my new sketch of the old oak-tree in the meadow; or, if you prefer it, we can take a ride."

Dory shook her head, and looked quite gravely at her friend; but the effort to appear grave seemed too great for her, and the merry twinkle immediately reappeared in her eyes.

"I see: you are not well, and the disease lies there," placing her hand upon the breast of Agnes.

The latter started, blushed, and said hurriedly, "Come away, you foolish child."

II.

Mr. Harcourt and Arnold had made the round of the home field, the squire amusing himself by throwing apples to a favourite cow which followed him up to the corner of the meadow nearest to the house, and there stopped rattling its horns against the fence, as if disappointed that there were no more apples forthcoming.

Now Mr. Harcourt halted just beside the bay-tree from which Arnold had plucked the twig that Dory had made use of to crown her poet. The squire laid his hand in a kindly way upon Arnold's shoulder.

"No, Arnold," he said, "you must give up all thought of this. It is folly—even if she were free, she is not suited for you at all. In two months she would make the life of a studious man like you miserable. Although she is as good-hearted a girl as ever lived, she has as many whims and eccentricities as a kitten. There, there"—as Arnold was about to interrupt him—"I know what you would say, that you could endure it all for her sake, and all that sort of thing. But I am old enough to be your father; I have had some experience of life, and take my word for it, you would both tire of it in time, and wish to goodness you had never come together."

"It is said that opposite natures agree best," answered Arnold, in a subdued tone.

"That may be so in friendship, but not in marriage. Besides, the matter is all settled. I have given my word to Montgomery, and cannot take it back, even if I would. More, the girl seems to like him; and I believe they will get along well together. It is a good match for her—one, in fact, that I would not have refused for my daughter, if the man had been suitable. But, as you know, he is a good-natured, harum-scarum sort of fellow, and such a man would never do for Agnes, and she would never do for him."

"But might there not be some change, sir?" pleaded Arnold hopelessly.

"Change! What change could there be, unless one of you runs away—and that is exactly what I advise you to do. Go to your books, work hard, and you will soon forget this passing fancy."

The squire looked earnestly in Arnold's face: that he meant to be kindly was clear; and that he would not alter his decision was also clear. He was a man of very warm feelings in friendship; but once resolved upon a certain course, he could not be turned away from it by any thought for his friend, however much he desired his happiness. He was a tall man, with long white hair, clean shaven face, the expression of which was one of benevolence; but there was something in the expression, too, which indicated that he could be stern when occasion required him to be so. It was said that he had never been seen in a passion; but he had the power of accomplishing his ends without making an enemy of the person against whom he had to give judgment.

So it was with Arnold. The whole matter had been discussed between them so quietly, that although he felt bitterly pained, he was still impressed with the sense that the squire was acting as a sincere and discreet friend. He stood for a few minutes gazing upon the ground, the squire's hand still resting upon his shoulder. Then, raising his head suddenly, he said calmly enough, although his lip quivered a little—

"So be it, sir. I promise you nothing, but I shall try to take your advice. I shall start for London to-morrow."

The squire patted him on the shoulder.

"That is right; it does me good to see how bravely you can bear this disappointment. I like a fellow who can take his knock down, and immediately prepare to get up again. Well done, lad!"

"I hope I may deserve your praise."

"I have no doubt you will. But if you have really to start to-morrow, you must dine with us to-night."

"I fear that is impossible."

"There is nothing impossible to a stout heart. You must come, Arnold, because I shall regard your coming as the first proof that you really mean to fight your way out of this trouble."

Arnold pressed the kindly squire's hand warmly.

"If I feel able, I shall come. But remember, sir, that I promise nothing."

He walked up the path and turned into the avenue, the squire watching him till he disappeared. Then, shaking his head, he muttered, "I wish I could have helped the poor chap, for it is a bad case, evidently."

Then he turned leisurely to examine the growth of a new range of evergreens which he had planted to form a screen path.

As Arnold went down the avenue his feet seemed to fall upon the earth without any sensation that they touched it. The trees which formed an arch overhead, beeches, elms, and gnarled oaks, the leaves of which showed the first delicate tints of autumn, seemed to tremble in gentle sympathy with the man's disturbed mind. The thick long grass waving in the slight breeze, and showing silvery spikes where the sunlight fell upon them, seemed to bow before his sorrow.

This was what he had expected. Why then should he quail before the truth, when it was made known to him? Why should he not accept it in the matter-of-fact way in which the squire had put it? Hundreds of fellows had loved and lost and had been capable of loving again. There was no reason why his fate should be different from that of others. Yes, he would do that—he would submit and obey.

But his feet stamped upon the ground, his teeth grated, and there was a wild cry of pain in his heart.

It was a brave resolution, and he prayed fervently, with all the enthusiasm of a noble nature, that he might be able to carry it out faithfully.

When he stepped upon the grey winding road which led to the village of Dunthorpe, there were green hedges upon either side of him, and at intervals belts of trees, the leaves of which trembled before the soft south wind; beyond was a rolling country spangled with green fields and yellow stubble fields like an irregular chess-board. To his right were low-lying meadows reaching towards the river, the greenness of which refreshed the weary eye. But Arnold was unconscious of all the beauty that surrounded him. He passed through the gate of the vicarage, and entered at the French window of the drawing-room. His father was seated absorbed in one of his favourite books. The sudden entrance of his son disturbed him, and putting up his spectacles he stared at the excited face before him.

"Is there anything wrong, William?" he inquired in his gentle voice. (It was one of the vicar's peculiarities that he never addressed any one in pet nomenclature. The only exception to this rule was his daughter Milly.) "You look very pale, although you seem to have been walking fast."

The son drew a chair close to his father, and sat down. He was too breathless to speak immediately; but he placed his hand on that of the vicar, and the latter felt that he was trembling.

"I will tell you presently, sir. There is something wrong, and I wish you had not called me home just now; for I might have escaped this pain if you had only allowed me to make that journey I proposed."

"William, what is it you are blaming me for?" said the vicar turning his mild eyes upon his son.

"No, no, I do not blame you—forgive me. I spoke in haste. Give me a few minutes, and I will be able to speak quietly."

He rose, walked slowly towards the other end of the room, and, with hands clasped behind him, gazed earnestly upon the portrait of his dead mother. The calm expression upon her face seemed in some mysterious way to influence him, and he became calm.

The vicar dropped his book, took off his spectacles, and with much deliberation began to wipe the glasses with his handkerchief. He was agitated by the strange conduct of his son, and still more agitated by the memories which were called up by that evident appeal to the portrait.

Arnold resumed his seat beside his father.

"Now, sir, I can tell you something of what has troubled me. I must leave you to-morrow morning."

"To-morrow! Surely something particular has occurred to make you so suddenly change your mind? You were to be here a month."

Arnold bit his lips as if to subdue himself, there seemed to be something sticking in his throat, and when he spoke it was in a husky voice—

"Miss Willis is to be married to Mr. Montgomery."

These few words were enough to explain all to the vicar; for he had long known of his son's attachment to the merry little Dory, who had often cheered his own heart by her mirthful spirits and tender ways. Many a time when some poor woman in the village without any one to help her, was lying sick, Dory had come forward, and, like a sister of mercy, nursed her tenderly. The contrasts in the girl's character had often puzzled the vicar, but the real service which she was always ready to do had won his affection.

"I am sorry to hear that, William; but if she wishes it, and if Mr. Harcourt is content, you also must be content."

"I cannot be content, father, but I shall try to be resigned. Harcourt has been very kind, and advises me to go away at once. I think he is right, and I am sure you will think so too when you come to consider the circumstances."

The vicar hesitated: he yearned to retain this son by his side—this son who should have been his helpmate in the parish, and by-and-by his successor in the vicarage. But Arnold had chosen a path of his own, and the father would not hold him back. Then he said, slowly—

"I suppose it is best that you should go, William, for your own sake, although in the course of nature we cannot expect to have many months to spend together."

The son's heart was in his throat as he listened to the faltering tones, and saw that the father's eyes glistened as if with tears. The vicar, as if conscious of the pain which his words had caused, suddenly put on his glasses and rose to his feet.

"Come, let us take a turn in the garden, William. Give me your arm. . . . I suppose you are going after this play-business," he continued, as they walked down the gravel path and round a green patch studded with beds of geraniums. "You know that I do not approve of this freak of yours, although as you seem so firmly resolved upon it I do not wish to interfere. But—I fear—I fear——"

"What would you have me do, sir? I have told you that I cannot enter the Church."

"Why not go to the Bar, then?"

"I mean to do so; but first I must earn the means."

"We can manage it somehow. Milly can do it—she can manage anything."

"You have all done enough—too much—for me. The rest must be done by myself, or I shall lose all self-respect, and become incapable of doing anything that a man should do."

The vicar shook his head doubtingly. Although he had moved little in the outer world, he had learned something of its doings and its ways from newspapers and books. He understood the temptations to which a young man would be exposed in the modern Babylon, and understanding the impetuous nature of his son, he doubted his capacity to battle successfully with the difficulties which he proposed to encounter.

"Have your own way, William, but I wish you could have followed the course which I had marked out for you. I have been very happy here, although not rich, and I had hoped that you would have followed me, so that when I am gone Milly and the children would have had a strong arm to rest upon."

"They shall have all the help that I can give them, father, although they may have to leave the old home."

"I am sure of that, my boy, I am sure of that," said the vicar weakly. "Now we will go in."

III.

A SKY of fleecy clouds, only dimly illumined by the crescent moon, which seemed to sail slowly behind them, and then would suddenly burst into a clear space, throwing a silvery light upon the earth. The stars and planets peeped out at intervals like bright eyes through a mist. On the lawn of Erlsmere, the lights from the windows of the house falling upon the shrubbery cast strange shadows. Two figures passing slowly up and down the lawn, indifferent to the dangers of the effects of evening dew penetrating thin shoes and thin boots, seemed to make the largest shadows of all. Now they grew long, now short, and then disappeared altogether, as the moon was hidden by a cloud, or as they passed behind some shrub.

"I am so glad you came," said Dory, resting upon Arnold's arm, and looking up into his face. "We should have been awfully dull without you."

"How could you have been dull when Montgomery was there?" was the answer, with a tinge of bitterness in the tone.

"Now you are not to be disagreeable to-night, Mr. Arnold. I want you to be very happy, because this is your last night here.

That is why I have come out with you, in spite of the grave warnings that Agnes gave me, that I should be sure to catch cold and rheumatism, and all that kind of thing. So you ought to amuse me, and not be gloomy and fretting like a schoolboy who has lost a marble."

"Well, there, I shall try to laugh, although what I have lost is something more than a schoolboy's marble. It is——"

"Something very precious, I suppose," she said, clasping both hands on his arm.

"I do not know. At what rate do you value a man's heart?"

"That will depend upon the man, unless you put it in a scale and weighed it, and sold it at so much a pound."

"You could never value it that way; its value must depend upon the estimate put upon it by the woman who cared for it."

"Now, that is one of your serious problems, Mr. Arnold, and I won't try to solve it."

"No matter; that is what I have lost. I staked it against another heart, and lost."

"Dear me! How very sad! Did you feel it very much?"

With an impetuous movement he halted and clasped her hands, and with suppressed emotion, spoke—

"I want you to be serious, Miss Willis, for two minutes—if you can."

She was startled by his movement, and disturbed by his words, and so she trembled a little as she replied—

"But I am serious, Mr. Arnold; and if you are—if you are" (she stammered a little here) "troubled about anything, and if I can help you, I shall do it gladly."

"Thank you," he said, drawing a long breath, and checking the passionate words which had been upon his lips. "I was only going to offer you another problem for solution, but I need not do so now. Pardon me; I have frightened you, but it was only a joke."

"That is not true," she cried passionately, flinging his hands away from her. "There was something you were about to say which now you withhold from me. Mr. Arnold, if I am still to call you my—friend, tell me what you were thinking about."

The little lady, in her light dress, stood with her back against the blaze of light which shone from the dining-room windows, and her shadow seemed to envelop him. She could see how pale his face was, and even detect the quivering of his lip. At that moment the moon sailed from behind the clouds and gleamed upon them both, touching the leaves of the evergreens with silver, and encircling the man and woman with a halo of tender light.

"If I could only feel that you cared to know," he said impulsively; and then checking himself, "but I have no right to speak in this way to you. I was only going to say that I start for London to-morrow morning, and, probably, I shall not see you again until——"

"Until what?" she asked impatiently.

"Until you are married," he answered huskily.

Then there was such a merry peal of laughter rung out upon the night air, that even Arnold stepped back a pace in wonder, serious as he was at that moment. She made a profound bow, and yet there was something in her movement which indicated that the laugh was not entirely of mirth.

"And if you please, sir," she said with mock humility, "when is that important event to come off?"

"That will depend upon yourself, I suppose?"

"Then, if it depends upon myself, it will be a long time before you return to Erlsmere."

"Why, is it not all settled?" he queried bewilderedly.

"Perhaps it is, but I never heard anything about it; and one would suppose that I should have some voice in the matter."

"Then you are not engaged to——"

"I am not engaged to anybody," she interrupted indignantly, "and do not mean to be so until I am quite assured of the nature of the man to whom I have to be tied for life. Mr. Harcourt is a very wise man, and he has impressed upon me the important principle of an old Scotch proverb," (this with great solemnity) "Never to buy a pig in a poke."

"Then a husband is a pig, in your estimation?"

"Well, if he isn't a pig he's a fool, and there is not much to choose between the two;" then, making a reservation, as she looked slyly up into his face, "but there *may* be exceptions. Now we had better go in, or they will be thinking we are off to Gretna Green. Would you like to be there?"

"Yes, if you were with me," he answered gaily, for his heart was filled with joy and hope. He had not lost her yet.

As they ascended the terrace they encountered Montgomery and Agnes walking slowly along, apparently engaged in earnest conversation.

"We are all out of doors to-night," cried Dory, laughing. "Where is the squire? he ought to be looking after you young people."

"Hush! He is fast asleep under the *Times*," answered Montgomery with mock gravity. "He attempted to read a leader to us, and the *lead* was too heavy for him."

"For goodness' sake, Mr. Montgomery, don't. You have said you did not want to make me cry!"

Then the four young people laughed merrily, and had a pleasant promenade up and down the terrace.

IV.

A FRONT chamber on the second floor of a genteel lodging-house for single gentlemen in the neighbourhood of Russell Square, London. There was an air of faded gentility about the heavy dusty curtains, the well-worn chairs, and the threadbare carpet. A lamp was burning on the table, casting a lugubrious light about the lugubrious room. Folding doors of faded oak painting conducted, when opened, to a bedroom, the window of which overlooked a narrow channel darkened by the backs of the opposite houses. The folding doors were closed at present. On the table lay piles of manuscript, letters, and long sheets of proofs.

It was past midnight, and there entered a gentleman in evening dress. He flung his crush hat on the table, went to the faded sideboard and poured out a glass of water, which he drank thirstily. Then he sat down —or, as it might be said, sank down—exhaustedly on an easy-chair.

It was William Arnold. He had been two months in London, and this was the first night of his play. It had been emphatically condemned; and in a few hours the bright hopes of years had dissolved into thin air, and the youth was obliged to own that all his labour had been in vain—he had failed.

He could have borne the failure if it had been only himself who was concerned in it; but the stake he had played was a high one. He had risked upon this one stroke the possibility of winning Dory, and the possibility of satisfying his father that he had not blundered in the course which he had chosen.

How could he return to them now, a shamefaced prodigal, and own that in defiance of all their good counsel he had dared to take his own course, and found that it was the wrong one? He knew that they would not laugh at him; they would pity him, and in his present mood the thought of pity was even more painful to him than that of laughter.

The pale face of the man, and the limp hands falling over the arms of the chair, indicated how utterly despondent he was. There had been no loud cries for the author, for which in imagination he had prepared himself; there had been no shower of bouquets upon the heroine; the only flowers thrown were those provided by the manager. Arnold had run away from the theatre without speaking to any one, eager to hide his head anywhere, so that he might not hear the horrible jeers of the audience, or see the melancholy looks of his friends.

He was in a sort of stupor, through which he had visions of the old home: the bright garden in front of the vicarage, overlooked by the grey tower of the old church; the placid face of his father, as he bent over his book—or, leaning on the arm of Milly, when visiting some of his parishioners, and then strolling leisurely through the green meadows where the lazy kine chewed their cud in peace, never thinking of the past or the future.

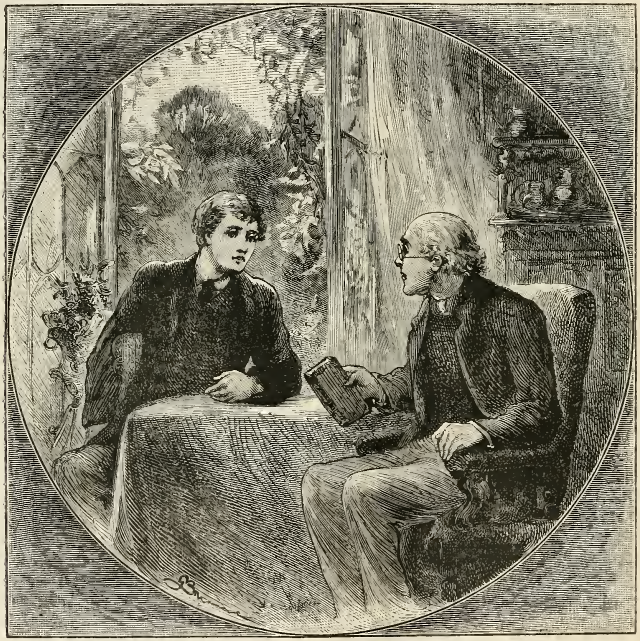
Never had green fields and perfumed hedgerows seemed to him so precious as at this moment, when he had to meet failure in a form which seemed to imply the loss of hope as well as of love. He longed to smell the hawthorn hedges, the wild rose, and the honeysuckle, and in imagination he did inhale their perfume, so that he grew angry with himself, and called himself a fool for having deserted all these real joys for the glare of foot-lights, the atmosphere of gas, and the hope of winning the fickle applause of a fickle crowd.

He had not been idle during his stay in London; his collegiate attainments had enabled him to obtain some employment as a reviewer of scientific works on two important journals. But here was the satire of the thing: he, who sought reputation in the airy realms of fancy, was compelled to earn his bread and butter by writing articles on the most serious subjects, frequently dealing with very technical matters of science and philology. But he had manfully set himself to do with all his might whatever was given him to do; and he had already earned some reputation for skill and care in his handling of the work which was intrusted to him. Unfortunately this work was of the kind that he liked least; and he had waited with bated breath for the production of his comedy, which he had calculated would relieve him from all this drudgery, and enable him to follow the bent of his own mind.

At length the night had come: the curtain rose upon his hopes and fell upon his despair.

He knew that it would be useless to attempt to sleep, and so, after he had rested a little while, he threw off his coat, put on a dressing-gown, and marched up and down the room restlessly. He tried to count his steps and to walk deliberately, in order that he might by physical exertion subdue the feverish condition in which he found himself to be.

His impulse was to burrow his head in the sand like the ostrich, in the hope that the simoon would pass over him. Of course all this was exaggerated sensitiveness, due to his nervous depression on account of the result of his adventure. The words which Dory had spoken last had raised his hopes high. And now! She had been in the theatre; he had seen her watch anxiously the progress of the play; and he had seen her draw back behind the curtain of her box when the hooting of the audience proclaimed its doom.



"William, what is it you are blaming me for?"

She had promised to be there, and she had kept her word. He had dreamed vaguely that he would be able to go to her and, clasping her hand, say, "Now fortune favours me, will you be my wife?"

But fortune had not favoured him, and he almost feared to look upon her face again. Something in her expression—an expression of disappointment, as bitter as his own—made him quiver with the feeling that his failure had cost him the loss of her love and her respect. But how dared he think that she loved him! That she liked him he believed; and now in his miserable state he fancied that all her regard for him must be extinguished.

Then he became bitter.

"Women are won by tinsel," was his mental exclamation. "Success wins them as it wins the rest of the world, and failure makes them withdraw their sympathy when it is most needed. One tender word from her might have rendered this wreck endurable."

The foolish fellow forgot that he had given her no opportunity of speaking a word of sympathy; but his better nature told him that he was doing her an injustice in his thoughts. Women might be all that satirists have said about them, but she was different from the others, and therefore his loss was the greater.

The room felt close; he threw open the window and saw a clear sky illumined by a full moon. He instantly put on a walking coat, a felt hat, and took a thick staff in his hand. He put out the light, went quietly down-stairs, and out of the house. He walked rapidly and blindly forward, not heeding whither his steps might lead him, so that this violent exercise might work the fever out of his blood. He passed through squares in which the grass was green, and there were still a few leaves on the trees, of many colours in daylight, but quite black to his dim eyes under the radiance of the moon. He passed along terraces of high houses, still seeing nothing and hearing nothing.

At length the houses lay behind him, and he entered upon a country road; he drew breath then, for the green fields and the trees reminded him of home. But there was sorrow in that remembrance, and he tried to run away from it.

The dawn slowly crept upon him, and as the sun rose he began to feel fatigued; he dropped from the high state of feverish imaginations and regrets to the very commonplace sensation of hunger. The morning was well advanced when he arrived at an old-fashioned village. In front of a little white cottage were a number of carrier's carts, and above the door he read "Home-brewed Ale sold here." He entered the house and saw several carriers seated at a deal table drinking ale and eating great hunches of bread and cheese.

A stout kindly-faced woman of middle age came towards him from an inner apartment, and in a cheery voice bade him "good morning," as she showed him to a seat by a table which was unoccupied. He was speedily supplied with the same refreshment as that on which the carriers were feasting, and he thought the finest wine could not have compared with that first draught of his mug of ale. As he partook of his simple fare, he listened to the strong, healthful voices of the men near him. He glanced at their brawny figures, noted their rough, brown hands, and he almost envied their happiness. They knew nothing of nerves.

Two of the men rose, and as they passed Arnold nodded to him respectfully, saying, "Fine morning, sir." Then there was a clatter of chains and horses' hoofs, and presently a rumble of wheels as the carts rolled away townwards, and the sound of a merry voice was heard trolling a country ballad.

Arnold inquired if there were a railway-station near, and finding that there was one, took train back to town.

V.

On arriving at his lodgings, the servant informed him that a lady and gentleman had called for him about ten o'clock. He was tired, mentally and physically, and in a listless way put the question—

"Did they leave cards?"

"No, sir, but when I told them you was out, the lady asked to be shown to your room to write a note for you. The old gentleman didn't like this, and said as there was no necessity for writing, as they would call again. But the lady would have her way, and I showed them up to your room, sir, and you will find the letter on your desk."

He ascended the staircase weariedly; and by the time he had reached his room he had forgotten about the letter. There was a sense of dull pain in his head; and yet he could not attempt to rest. He walked to the window, and looked out upon the dull grey street. An organ-grinder was turning out a polka, and a number of children, mostly girls, were dancing merrily and singing to the hoarse accompaniment of the instrument of torture to many, and of ecstasy to the street arabs.

"What a difference!" he muttered gloomily; "youth can be charmed in this way, neither thinking of nor caring for to-morrow."

He turned away, blaming himself much for the envious spirit which possessed him, and had engendered such bitter thoughts about those whom he loved most.

Work was his only resource; work would drive away the demon; and as he had some proofs to correct, he sat down at his desk.

Staring him in the face was the letter which he had forgotten. He clutched it eagerly; his eyes brightened; his whole face flushed with joy, although his hands trembled. The superscription was in Dory's handwriting. He opened the envelope, and read:—

"I wanted very much to see you last night, but Mr. Harcourt would not allow me to go behind the scenes, and when I inquired for you I was told that you had gone away. We came here this morning hoping to find you, and were disappointed. Come to me the moment that you receive this at Aunt Willis', Park Lane. I am waiting for you, and shall not leave the house until you come.

"Strange things have occurred since you left Dunthorpe. Now, don't be a fool—if you can help it—but do my bidding. This is a command, and one you dare not disobey. "DORY."

"P.S.—I am *very* sorry about last night, and I know you will be miserable, but *I* have hope. That is why I want you to come to us, and try to learn to hope also. Your father, and some other friends, will be here this afternoon."

He read the note a hundred times, and still he did not know what to think of it. There was the tenderness of the Dory who had fired his imagination with love and ambition; and there was the whimsical fairy who tantalised him with hope and fear. But it was like a rush of sunlight into a darkened room to read the courageous words, "I have hope."

Should he go? Yes—and yet No; he had failed. What right had he to go to one who was so dear to him when he was in such a state of utter humiliation, when instead of the laurels he had hoped to offer her, he could only say: "My father was right, and I was wrong; I have failed, and I must say good-bye?"

But weak as he felt, this token of her sympathy had given him strength, and he went to Park Lane.

Apparently instructions had been given to the servant that he was expected, for as soon as he gave his name he was ushered into the boudoir of Mrs. Willis, and there he found Dory. She rushed towards him with an exclamation of pleasure, and clasped both his hands. The happiness which he experienced in feeling the touch of her hand once more; the delight which he felt in meeting the bright eyes so full of sympathy, made him ashamed of the morose broodings which had occupied him during the night.

"I am so glad you have come," she cried, still holding his hands; "because I was so very angry with you last night for running away from me. I could see you; I could see how troubled you were, and I wanted to tell you that no matter what these nasty people might mean by hissing your play, I thought it delightful, and I wanted so much to tell you so. I don't know much about those things, but Mr. Montgomery tells me that it is a very common thing for a new author to fall under the censure of an ignorant crowd."

The warmth of her reception made his heart leap with joy; but the mention of Montgomery's name jarred upon his overstrung nerves. Still there was something in her expression which charmed away all jealous thoughts.

"You are very kind, Miss Willis," he said in a faint voice; "and I have no doubt that with your sympathy I shall get over this disappointment."

"You will do more than that: you will prove yet that the verdict was pronounced by a prejudiced jury. You *must* succeed."

"Yes," he answered with a sad smile, "I shall succeed, but not in the way you mean. I shall succeed in gratifying my father by obeying him and going to the Bar. There—I have not yet made up my mind as to what I shall do. Probably I shall go to India or America."

"What! go away from your father, your sister, and—and—all of us?"

She had been about to say "from me," but altered the phrase and blushed.

He hesitated for a moment, and then—

"Shall I tell you why I think it is advisable to go away for a time?"

"I do not think you can have any good reason for doing so."

"I have a very good reason indeed—you are the reason."

"Me?" she exclaimed, her eyes opening wide with wonder. "What have I done to drive you away?"

"You have done nothing—except that you have engaged yourself to Mr. Montgomery."

She snatched away her hands; drew back, and gazed at him for a moment almost in anger. Then she turned away from him very quietly, and he saw that one of her hands passed rapidly across her eyes. Could it be tears that she was wiping away, and of what folly had he been guilty to cause them?

She opened a book which lay on the centre table, and carelessly turned over the leaves.

"I have offended you," he said, moving a couple of paces towards her.

"You have!" she replied, with her usual frankness; "and I do not know that I should tell you why."

"I hope you will do so. I beseech you to do so."

"Well, in the first place (this somewhat nervously), I never was engaged to Mr. Montgomery, and never thought of his being anything more to me than an agreeable friend. Mr. Harcourt certainly had other ideas of our probable relationship; but he made a mistake. In the next place, Mr. Montgomery is to marry Agnes in January."

"Agnes! Why, I thought—I thought——"

"I know; but you were wrong, as Mr. Harcourt was; and of course" (raising her eyes pleadingly to his) "there was a good deal of perverseness on my part, chiefly because I did not quite know my own mind. But when you went away I understood myself and——"

She was not allowed to say any more, for he had clasped her in his arms and smothered her words with kisses.

"Then you can wait, Dory. My failure is my success. You can wait a few years till I can offer you a fitting home," he cried in wild joy.

"Twenty years if you will," she whispered, laying her head upon his breast; and they were happy.

There was a very merry dinner-party in Park Lane that evening. Mr. Harcourt was satisfied in spite of some chagrin at the change of programme. The vicar and his daughter were made happy by the determination of William Arnold to give up the idea of writing for the stage; and to the lovers all the world and the future had never before appeared so beautiful.

THE RELATION OF RELIGION TO SECULAR LIFE.

By GEORGE GRANT, D.D., Principal of Queen's College, Kingston.

SECULAR life, what does it include? The life of the senses; family and social life; industrialism; trade and commerce; politics; science, opening new pages to its students every day; art, revealing fresh beauty to each young age that steps on the old scene; literature, reaching all classes with its now multiplying hands.

Religion, what does it include? God, the soul, immortality; more particularly Jesus Christ and His salvation.

What relation can there be between those two spheres? the secularist asks. Secular life deals with facts; religion deals with words. We cannot demonstrate even the existence of God, much less the peculiarities of any religion. We cannot know that Jesus rose from the dead as we know that good food is desirable. We admit that if we could know the religious as we know the secular, the relation of the one to the other would be that of supreme to subordinate. But we cannot know; that is, we cannot be sure. Let us then be satisfied with the sphere of the knowable.

What shall *we* say to this? I believe that we can know the truths of religion. Let us clearly understand how, and under what conditions. Intellectually we must be satisfied with probable evidence. This evidence is certainly not lessening. The most destructive modern criticism, in admitting into court the great Epistles of St. Paul, really admits all the historical and philosophical basis required; and each new generation of believers contributes to the cumulative force that the evidences have as a whole. The sceptic has no right to demand more. The lines traced by Bishop Butler are impregnable here. But, at the same time, I admit at once that probability is not enough. Religion, like morality, must speak in "the categorical imperative." No people ever embraced religion because there was probable evidence of its truth. No one ever "greatly dared or nobly died" in the faith of a "perhaps." The certainties of the secular will as a matter of fact be supreme, unless there are more supreme certainties.

And there are. How do we know? By spiritual perception. So have men obtained spiritual certainty in all ages. So must they obtain it still. The senses reveal material things. Experience and judgment correct the evidence of the senses. Direct intuition reveals spiritual things. Reason and conscience purify our intuitions. Spiritual revelations must be seen in their own light. God, says Holy Scripture, "reveals them to us by His Spirit." The Spirit witnesses to our spirits of spiritual truth. No higher certainty than the certainty of vision is possible. When a man is in the light, can any number of men persuade him that he is not?

To what does the witness of the Spirit extend? To no question the decision of which rests with science. Science must continue to toil at every problem that its instruments can reach. Nor does it extend to any of the questions raised by criticism and scholarship. These must be determined by criticism and scholarship. Their solution may be hindered, but certainly cannot be helped, by papal bulls or the votes of Presbyterian General Assemblies. The Spirit witnesses to our spirits of God. The Spirit revealed Jehovah to the Jews, and reveals Jesus to us. The Old Testament promise was, "To him that ordereth his conversation aright shall be shown the salvation of God." The New Testament promise is, "If any man's will be to do His will, he shall know of the doctrine whether it be of God or whether I speak of myself." The promise is the same and indicates the condition of the Spirit's acting upon our spirits. The more unreservedly we trust the promise, the more completely is our faith vindicated.

As regards influence on life, the difference between probability and certainty amounts to a difference of kind rather than of degree. To believe that Jesus is risen merely on the testimony of witnesses, who might have been mistaken, is not a working faith. To believe because the Spirit of Jesus also witnesses to our spirits that He is living and dwells in us, is the faith that conquers the world. Whoso hath this faith, though an angel from heaven preached another gospel, would not be unsettled. To whom else should he go? Jesus has the words of eternal life. No one else can solve for him all spiritual problems. Jesus Christ and Him crucified is for him the supreme verity. This great historic fact has become an all-satisfying spiritual fact. It brings the two opposite sides of God's character revealed in the Old Testament into the unity of a living Person. It lays hold upon us by the two opposite sides of our character, the self and the not-self, one or other of which all other philosophies of life ignore. We die to the lower, and we find the higher self. Dying, we live. We are born again, and nothing can be more certain than our consciousness of life.

Standing on this foundation, other than which no man can lay, we are on the rock. Unless we can get on this foundation of spiritual certainty, it is useless to expect that religion will influence secular affairs. The current of human life with its manifold interests will sweep on in its course, indifferent to all the appeals and argumentations of priests or presbyters. But, standing on this foundation, all life becomes religious. Life here will consist in following Jesus. Life hereafter will be to see Him as He is, to be with Him, to be like Him.

Religion, then, is the supreme reality. Its relation to the subordinate realities of secular life is the next point to be clearly understood. The relation is not of one form to another, but of spirit to all forms. As far as the religious and the secular are separate spheres they are not independent, much less hostile, but concentric. They revolve round one axis—have one centre and one law of life.

Historically this has not been their relative position. Christianity too often has been regarded as formal rather than spiritual—as having a department of its own distinct from and over against the department of ordinary life, which has been known—with more or less of accentuation—as "the world." Even when regarded as spiritual the object of Christianity has been held to be, not so much the development of humanity to all its rightful issues in the school of the world, as the deliverance of man from future penalties and his preparation for future bliss. The interests of the present were felt to be insignificant, because the future is eternal and the present only temporal. Consequently the religious man was popularly conceived as trampling upon and despising the present and longing for the future world. It is not to be wondered at that Christianity developed in this direction when the powers of the world were leagued against it, and sought to destroy it by thorough-going persecutions that followed each other in quick succession. And subsequently, when floods of barbarians overwhelmed the monuments of ancient civilisation, and the Church, immediately after winning the Roman Empire, had to win and control hordes who could be appealed to only through the senses and the imagination, it is not to be wondered at that religion felt it necessary to retreat behind mysteries into which superstition dared not penetrate, and to present itself to the senses as a vast organization more august than the kingdoms of earth. Secular life was allowed its sphere, sordid, earthy, brutal, violent. Religion had its own sphere, unrelated to the other, and where it was supposed no one breathed aught save the serene atmosphere of heaven. But this disruption of the secular and the religious proved in the end fatal to both. Horrible are the pictures, when truthfully drawn, of mediæval secular life; the all but universal ignorance, filth, violence, lust, lawlessness, lit up by the lurid light of superstition. Equally horrible the pictures of mediæval religious life even to him who discerns the soul of beauty and good in those "Ages of Faith;" developments of unnatural asceticisms side by side with spiritual pride and priestly craft, and a love of power that towered to heaven, beside which the ambitions of barons and kaisers seemed contemptible; enforced poverty, enforced celibacy, the hair shirt, the iron girdle, side by side with the forged decretals, interdicts, Canossa, the triple crown. Mediæval art reveals the saintship of the Middle Ages; and even when we admire the faith we shrink back from the unnatural manifestations. At length, religion, long divorced from ordinary life, became divorced from morality, and then the common people knew that it could not be religion. When monasteries became the homes of ignorance, and when Borgias issued interdicts, revolt had to take place where no provision was made for reform. Humanity had been outraged intellectually and spiritually. Accordingly the revolt assumed two phases—the Renaissance and the Reformation. The two movements, sympathetic at first, did not understand each other, and drifted farther and farther apart. They did not understand the full content of humanity. The one ignored the religious, the other did not do full justice to the secular; and so the two sides of our nature, the two spheres in which we all live, were not harmonized. Religion rejected asceticism, but was still unwilling to admit secular life as divine, or a sphere as capable of being divinized as its own chosen sphere. Was not the world the home of sin? Alas! sin comes a good deal nearer us than that. Sin is within, not without. While reigning in the heart, it enters with us into the sanctuary or closet as readily as into the counting-house or the opera-house. When cast out of the heart the world is seen filled with divine order and purpose, its laws the thoughts of God, the work of life and relations of society the appointed means of education. It is not to be wondered at that this was not seen all at once. Slowly the education of the race proceeds. Well, too, that it is so. Religion had so long assumed that the world was a desert, the enemy's country, and the body the soul's prison and enemy, that radically different conceptions could not be reached at once. Besides, when the pendulum, having swung so far in one direction, began in the case of general society to swing to the other extreme, religious men dreaded lest their newly-won freedom should degenerate into licentiousness. Therefore, in the chosen parable of Puritanism, the world is pictured as the City of Destruction, from which it is man's only duty to escape for his life. The relation of religion to secular life was thus still one of hostility, or, at the best, of watchfulness. The work and play of life, the attractions of art, were they not unfriendly to religion? Did they not chain the heir of heaven to this base earth, or lure him by their fascinations from the joys of Paradise? Under the influence of these ideas, at one time or another, religion and industrialism, religion and politics, religion and literature, religion and art, religion and science, religion and culture have stood on opposite sides, or, at best, in the attitude of compromise and bare toleration of each other. It has been felt in a confused kind of way that the Christian should be distinguished outwardly from "the world" by some badge of look, tone, dress, or manner; by something different from that which characterizes ordinary men; that his life should be hedged in by restrictions positive or negative; that the soul had to be on its guard lest the fence round the sacred precincts of religion should be broken down; that the very joys of family life were to be suspected.

It is difficult to say where this identification of religion with the formal has done most harm. We see its evil influences not in Romanism only, but less or more in every Protestant Church; in the popular conception of the Sacraments as talismans; in the conception of Christianity as an arbitrary scheme, rather than light from heaven; in the Church's lack of spontaneity and of heroism; in its timidity in the presence of great social questions where it should speak in a voice of thunder; in its preference of repression over liberty and educational development; in the divorce between the religious and the commercial, political, and international life of Christian nations; in the few and feeble, sometimes namby-pamby, attempts to Christianize literature; in the ignoring of art, and in the too frequent attitude of hostility to science betrayed by tones of irritation, suspicion, or depreciation regarding scientific men indulged in by people from whom better things might be expected.

In giving this sketch of the actual relations that have existed between religion and the various departments of secular life, it is not intended to depreciate the great ones of other days on whose shoulders we stand. Those who won the Roman Empire for Christ; those who out of the raw material of savage Lombards, Goths, Saxons, Northmen, Wends, Huns, Sclavs, laid the foundations of European Christianity; those Reformers and Puritans to whom we owe the freedom, purity, and power of modern life, no man can depreciate. Criticism itself is out of place, until at any rate our deeds equal theirs. There can be no doubt about the fact that Christianity came as a new life to a world corrupt and dying. The life had to contend with all opposing forces. In every age, the life won more or less of triumph. It alone lifted the world, it alone bore fruit. Concerning even our own modern times we might almost say that it alone has been fruitful; fruitful in elevating man, insuring the purity of family life, political order, industrial development, philanthropic endeavours, missionary activity, educational and even scientific progress. There is scarcely a college in the New as in the Old World that does not owe its existence, directly or indirectly, to the Church. That one fact ought to outweigh the foolish words of the more ignorant and noisy section of the religious world. It shows that the Church has been guided by a wise instinct; that it knows that religion must be founded on the eternal principles of knowledge, connected with the highest purified convictions of humanity, and co-extensive with the race. And, as Matthew Arnold, whom no one will suspect of depreciating culture, puts it: "Even now, in this age when more of beauty and more of knowledge are so much needed, and knowledge at any rate is so highly esteemed, the revelation which rules the world, even now, is not Greece's revelation but Judæa's; not the pre-eminence of art and science, but the pre-eminence of righteousness." *

We are not called upon to praise or blame men. Apart from their deeds or what they left undone, their wisdom or their misconceptions, it is our duty to determine from the central thought and life of Christianity the ideal relation between it and secular life. Here there can be no mistake. To Jesus, nothing that came from the Father was common or unclean, that is, nothing was merely secular. To Him, nature and humanity were embodiments and reflections of the Father's will, to be studied by the man of science, interpreted by the spiritually minded, loved by the artist and by all. He points us to the lilies, the grass, the fowls for teaching. The labours of husbandmen, vine-dressers, fishermen, householders, stewards, traders are His texts. He does not preach like the ascetic or pietist, "Do not seek for money, food or clothes, for you do not need such trifles; attend to the soul; that is the great thing." No; He says, "You do need those things; but have no heart-dividing cares about them. Such cares only hinder work. Your Father knows that you need them, and He will not withhold them from His children." He consecrated nature, and human life, work, and ties. The Manichean view of life, even in the form of petty asceticisms in which it is usually commended to us, divorces the kingdom of nature from the kingdom of grace, and by degrading the former deforms the latter. The Secularist view of life, on the other hand, denies that there is any kingdom of grace at all, and so robs nature and life of meaning and beauty. For "when heaven was above us, earth looked very lovely; when we came down on the earth, and believed that we had to do with nothing but it, earth became flat and dull; its trees, its flowers, its sunlight lost their charms; they became monotonous, more wearisome each day, because we could not see beyond them." To Jesus, the kingdoms of nature and grace appeared in their ideal unity. The author of the one was the author of the other. He had made the one to correspond with and lead up to the other. Man had broken the divine unity and harmony. The Son of man came to restore that which had been broken.

The relation of religion to the secular then is the relation of a law of life to all the work of life. This law of life is not a catechism, but a spiritual power or influence. Its relation to the secular is not arbitrary but natural; not statical but dynamical; not mechanical but spiritual. Freedom is the condition of its successful working.

Let us define this law of life. It is the old law, old as humanity, and yet new; the law of love, the full meaning and extent of which Godward and manward is shown in and by the Cross. It is the child's love to the Father, and to the Father's children, and to the Father's works and purposes. Love means self-renunciation, and self-renunciation implies the new birth.

He in whom this law of life is supreme, and who carries it victoriously into every department of life with which he has to do, is a truly religious man. Religionists seem to have a theory that it can survive only in the atmosphere of the sanctuary, the prayer-meeting, the conference, the church court, or of directly religious work. Aside from the fact that it is sometimes conspicuously absent from those spheres, perhaps because it went into them unproved, without having had the discipline of common life, it is evident that such a theory dishonours that which it professes to honour. Both religion and secular life suffer accordingly. Secular life becomes mean; spiritual life hampered and twisted by arbitrary restrictions and minute observances. The resultant type of manhood and womanhood—the true test of the theory—is far from being the highest. It is apt to give

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* "Literature and Dogma," p. 356.

us the Pharisee, the fanatic, or at best the formalist or the inoffensive and goody man, instead of heroes; the gossip, backbiting, holy horror, and sleek self-satisfaction of the religious tea-table, instead of the Acts of the Apostles; the suppression of truth, the self-glorification, the malice, of the denominational coterie, instead of the inspiration that should ever be breathing from the Church of Christ upon a world lying in wickedness. Religion and conduct must be harmonized in every individual, or he becomes two beings, with different faces, and pulling different ways. Such a division is fatal. You cannot split a man into two without killing him. The different sides of our nature, like the different periods of our life, should be bound each to each by natural piety. Work should be prayerful; prayer true work; all life a psalm, and praise the breath of life; for the Christian's life is love, and love is the only all-sufficient source of happiness.

This law of life is not a formula, however sacred; not a dogma, laboriously constructed by the intellect in councils ecumenical or national, but "a force, a sap pervading the whole of life. It is at bottom not a book, though it has a book for basis and support. It is an unique but new fact that occupies the heart and moulds the conduct." *

This law of life acts not by mechanical rules which are the same in all circumstances, but under the inspiration of the living spirit of wisdom which discerns the signs of the times, a spirit which Pharisees possess not, and for not possessing which Jesus declares them blame-worthy. This spirit of wisdom can be gloriously inconsistent. At one time it refuses to circumcise Titus, though such a refusal threatens the unity of the whole Apostolic Church. At another time it spontaneously circumcises Timothy, to conciliate prejudiced people. In one chapter it says, "Eat whatsoever is sold in the shambles." In another, "I will eat no meat while the world standeth, lest I make my brother to stumble." To the Jews it becomes a Jew, and to the Greeks a Greek, because it truly loves Jews and Greeks. In the nineteenth century it would become a Hindoo or Chinaman to gain the Hindoos or Chinese. For centuries it may cherish a symbol, sacred in the eyes of Church and State. When the symbol becomes an idol, it sees that it is only a bit of brass, and grinds it to powder. In one age it piously consecrates the wealth of provinces to build a cathedral, paints "storied windows richly dight," and sings grand chorales like the sound of many waters. In another it hardly regrets to see the cathedral desecrated and the windows broken, and calls the organ "a kist o' whistles." When kindlier days come again, it restores cathedrals, and is ready to avail itself in public worship of everything that the congregation finds to be helpful. It discerns the signs of the times in all other departments of life. At one time it seeks to defend society by a thick-set hedge of oaths and obligations to take the Communion, imposed on burgesses, officials, members of Parliament, presidents, kings, and queens; at another, it abolishes oaths and obligations alike. Eternal principles guide it in legislation; but the application of these principles is determined by the changing circumstances of the people and the times. When capital forgets its responsibilities, religion takes its stand on the side of labour, and speaks with authority. When labour forgets, it asserts the rights of capital, and the inviolability of economic laws. One day, it reminds men of the sacredness of authority; the next, it dies for liberty. To-day, it pleads for man in the name of God; to-morrow, for God, in the name of man. In one age, it preaches the Gospel of peace; in another, it invokes the Lord of Hosts, and goes forth to war. All the time it is gloriously consistent; just as nature is consistent that gives light and darkness, summer and winter, the many-voiced laughter of the sunlit sea and the storm-rack mingling sea and sky; just as God is consistent, who gives to the world one day John the Baptist, and the next day Jesus of Nazareth.

All this is very vague, it may be said. A precisian desires specific rules. I know no way of satisfying the precisian, save by assigning to him a spiritual director, into whose hands let him surrender his own personality as the price of rest for his soul. But Christianity appeals to the individual, and individuality means liberty. Only in an atmosphere of liberty can religion live. Such religion works wonders, even though dogmatically incomplete. It controls conduct by divine right, speaks with "the sublime dogmatism of a God," calls upon men to follow, and men obey. With regard to conduct, then, which we are rightly told is three-fourths of life, no more precise rule can be given than that the individual must be true to his own convictions, not another's. The test of whether Christ is in him or not is his obedience to Christ's commandments, and his finding those commandments not

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* Vinet's "Outlines of Theology," pp. 130, 131.

grievous, but joyous. To judge by this test, true religion was never so widespread, never took so real a hold upon life as it does to-day. Christianity is permeating every department of secular life as it never did before. There is perhaps more true religion in the average mechanics' institute, co-operative society, or farmers' grange of to-day, as I have seen them, than there was in many distinctively religious organizations centuries ago. Even scepticism now has to be moral; and its morality is tinged with an emotionalism that gives it the appearance of religion. It appeals to men on the ground that it offers a more unselfish morality than Christianity, and points to its representatives as men whom all must honour, because of the purity of their lives and the loftiness of their characters. We have advanced, but our advance only shows us how much we have been influenced by Christ and how far we are still from the ideal set before us by Him. With regard to science, scholarship, art, which make up the remaining fourth of life, liberty is also essential. Their claims on their students are as absolute as the claims of conscience over conduct. A man's science may be wrong, his scholarship inaccurate, his theories inadequate, his art false, and yet even here the true cure for the evils caused by liberty is a little more liberty.

But does not the relation of religion to various departments of life become complicated when we consider man not as an individual, but as a member of society? Or, in other words, is the liberty that religion demands as the condition of its life consistent with political and ecclesiastical organization?

As regards politics, the citizen's difficulty is not with the nation now, but with party. The nation encourages the utmost liberty of thought in political matters, as the necessary condition of its peaceful development. Party organization may be thought less capable of allowing such liberty, because party aims at immediate and definite results. He that objects to its platform must be read out of the party. But political wisdom even here dictates a sparing exercise of power. The Trojans, indeed, did not heed Cassandra, but they did not expel her from the city.

As regards ecclesiastical organization also, the difficulty is not with the ideal Catholic Church—about which there ought to be no question, for "where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty"—but with the particular section of the Church with which the Christian is connected. The object for which any Church as an organization exists is the development in its members of religious life, and the dissemination of that life by preaching the gospel to those who are without. Now there may be marvellous organization; there may be a dogmatic system that the intellect has accepted as the best possible compromise; there may be superstition that calls itself devotion, and fanaticism that calls itself zeal for the truth; and all these may for a time do wonderful works. But religion,—as the life of the free spirit, going forth into secular life, assured of the reality on which it is based—is impossible without liberty. The very suspicion that it dare not think out every subject, that it dare not investigate every province, deprives it of its divine power. The Church, therefore, that opposes itself to the demand for the fullest liberty of thought and the results of the most exact scholarship, opposes itself to religion. It gives aid and comfort to those who denounce religion as a clerical imposture. But in our time, such a position is fatal to the cause it professes to befriend. It puts religion at once out of court with freemen, for in every other region where inquiry is possible, thought is unfettered, and reason is trusted. Truth can take care of itself, but the only way to correct the mistakes of scholars and speculators is by a riper scholarship and more fearless and comprehensive thought.

It is a large liberty this that religion claims. But less will not suffice if it is to be the supreme *motif* in human character and life.

Let the Church believe that the truth it preaches can alone save the world, and it will solve the problem of the right relations of religion to secular life. Knowing only Jesus Christ, and Him crucified, and knowing Him in truth, it has the key to all life. Inspired, as it ought to be, with this faith, what new victories would the Church gain! It would precipitate itself upon the world instead of keeping snugly within its own lines. It would dare all things. It would give not a tenth, not a half, but all to Christ. It would go everywhere. It would reclaim and elevate all life. By sublime deeds it would shame everything base and false, and vindicate itself as the Church of the living God. "The religion of God, if there be one, cannot tolerate mediocrity; the mediocre is the false."*

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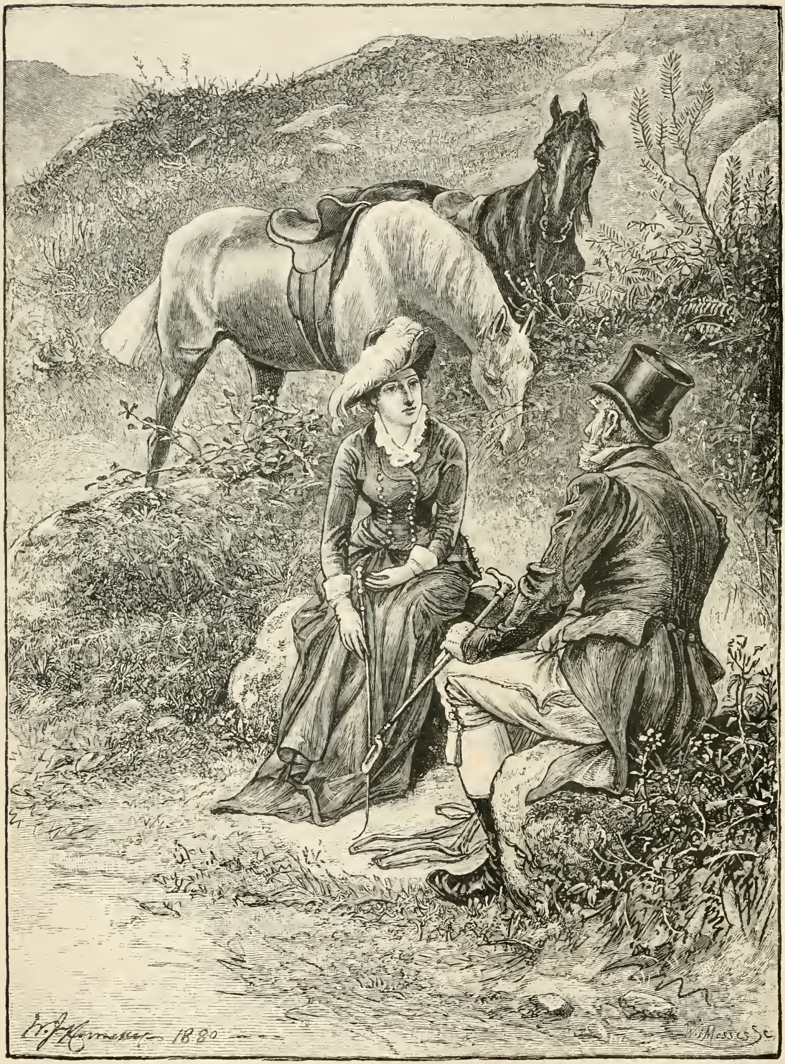
* Vinet's "Outlines of Theology," p. 117.


W. J. Hennessy 1880
W. J. Mosses Sc.

"The Colonel, more happy than a king, rested on his elbow and began his tale."

Page 82.

CHRISTOWELL.

A Dartmoor Tale.

By R. D. BLACKMORE, Author of "Lorna Doone," etc.

CHAPTER VI.—A TINGLE AND A TANGLE.

TOUCHWOOD PARK, as the owners loved to call it, differed from Larks' cot almost as much as Sir Joseph Touchwood from "Captain Larks." Brilliance without shade, but striped and barred with brighter brilliance, and slashed across with all bold hues (in diaper patterns, glittering like a newly varnished oil-cloth) with stucco pilasters to relieve it (but all too shallow to help themselves, or carry their white perukes of pie-crust), and topped with a stuck-up roof of tile and puckered things called "minarets," but more like stable-lanterns—the gazer found solace in shutting both eyes, and hoping that the money had done good elsewhere.

"Winderful to my maind, winderful they arktexts be!" said John Sage of Christowell to his wife. "Blest if they han't diskivered a plan to make tower of Babel out of Noah's rainbow!"

"What odds to thee?" replied his good wife Judy; "our Bill hath drawed his ladder wages, riglar, every Zatterday."

Truly it made small difference to the quiet folk of Christowell, whether the mansion were tall or short, dazzling or soothing to the eye; because it was out of their parish—which marks a broad line in all matters of feeling—and also because it was out of their sight, till they mounted a gristly and scraggy bone of hill. Some of them looked upon this as a great denial, and grumbled at going so far, to see the big house on a Sunday. But most people said it was wisely ordained, lest the liver'd young men should come courting their daughters, and drive up the price of beer at the 'Horse-shoes.'

Sir Joseph Touchwood had a right to please himself; as indeed he always did, having vast self-complacence, which was justified by his success in life. Beginning his career as a boy of all work, he had made his way into a little grocer's shop at Stonehouse, and so into the Pursers' rooms, and thence into Admiralty contracts, lucrative, and elastic. He cheated as little as he could help, until he could do it on a worthy scale, and in superior company.

Rising thus, he was enabled, by and by, to be the superior company himself, to reward those who helped him, and make it more expedient to shake the head than to wag the tongue about him. And little as he cared for the shadow or even the sparkle of his object, while he grasped the substance, the showy part also was rendered to him, by a pleasing and natural incident.

Lord Wellington's men having worn out their shoes, by constant pursuit of the enemy, our Government took measures to prepare to shoe them, by the time they had learned to march barefoot. Joseph Touchwood got the contract; his beef had been found of such durable texture, that the hides, in all reason, must last for ever. The order was placed in Northampton; the shoes were made in a jiffy, and came to Plymouth, two-and-twenty thousand of them, all of a size, not in pairs, but polygamous; being shaped so admirably as to fit either human foot alike. They passed a triumphant examination, and were happily shipped to a Spanish port, which fell into the hands of Marshal Soult, on the very day of their arrival.

That great commander rejoiced exceedingly; for his men were bare-footed from running away; and he rigged out seven thousand Gallic heroes in captured British leather—or the like. On the very next day a great battle came off, and the right side won it,—that is to say, ours. Then every Frenchman (shot, lanced, or taken prisoner) was proved to be as lame as a cock on a glassed wall; and although no allowance was made for that drawback, the hand of Providence was discovered in it. It was useless for Touchwood to deny that he had foreseen this result and produced, at great outlay, a patriotic stratagem. In a word, with no more waste of time than was needful for the British Cabinet to conceive, ponder, and deliver a large budget of jokes at the Frenchman's expense, of his vain attempt to fill British leather, and getting into the wrong pair of shoes, &c.—amid public applause, they made the contractor a baronet, instead of paying him.

Sir Joseph would liefer have received the money; for the shoes stood him fairly in 9d. a-piece; and he counted for a further loss his non-gain of three shillings upon every one of them. He had no honest ground for complaint however, having run a good cargo of French goods homeward, as well as established a permanent basis for supplying the French through the rest of that campaign, with slop-flannel trousers as blue as their legs.

Sir Joseph worked harder than ever, although universally respected by this time. And though he cared little for empty honour, he loved fame when it led to business. Lady Touchwood began to think more of his opinion, and allowed him no longer to be called "our Joe." He flourished exceedingly; but stuck to business still, and left all the decorative part to her. This lady was an admirable wife and mother, kind, warm-hearted, full of interest in things that were no concern of hers, an excellent adviser, when not consulted, as good to the poor as they would let her be, vigilant in her own household, and resolute in having her own way always. The most captious of critics could find no fault in her, except that she was obstinate, imperious, narrow-minded, and ridiculously passionate, when "put out." And a very little thing was enough to put her out; though she always believed it to be monstrous.

"Now I call it very good of you to come to me so promptly;" she exclaimed, holding out both fat hands to Mr. Short. "I always like people to do that so much. Never mind anything. Do sit down."

Mr. Short bowed pleasantly, but made no pretty speech, though the ladies still expected such politeness from the gentlemen. For he knew that this lady would only cut short his oration.

"I am the most persecuted person in the world," she continued, glancing sadly at a statuette of Dido; "no, she was not to be compared to me, and she did burn the villain who betrayed her!"

"Sir Joseph?" enquired Mr. Short with some surprise, but too wary to correct the lady's memory of the Æneid.

"Sir Joseph! How can you be so exceedingly provoking? Sir Joseph is a model; and besides that, he knows better. It is my daughter Julia."

"I am grieved indeed," Mr. Short said softly, and dropping his eyes, lest they should gleam with any levity. "The young lady promised to behave so well; and she seemed so truly sorry, so affectionate and dutiful, after having shown a little—temper perhaps, on Monday."

"Then you shall hear how she has kept her promise. This morning, without provocation or excuse, she packed up all her property, and she left my house!"

"Surely there must have been something more than usual?"

"Not at all. You shall judge for yourself. She is constantly pretending to have judgments of her own, and to use what she calls her reasoning powers. No good ever comes of such a thing as that. But she is at liberty to do it, when she pleases; so long as she only agrees with me. But to argue against her own mother, Mr. Short!"

"Lady Touchwood, I agree with you that it is wrong. But of course, with your superior intellect, you convinced her of her error."

"That I did thoroughly. I boxed her ears, until they were as red as the things they make sauce of. Oh, it was such a satisfaction to me!"

Mr. Short stared a little, though he knew the lady's temper. Then he thought of the haughty tall Julia, whom he admired with a distant fervency. Julia, with her pretty ears as red as ripe tomatoes!

"I hurt my poor hands shockingly, with her nasty brilliants. It was too bad of her." Lady Touchwood exhibited her dimpled but vigorous palms, with pink lines on them. "She went to bed, as I thought, in a chastened spirit; and I told her to pray for a better frame of mind. But instead of that, she has done what I tell you."

"But you know where she is? You have ascertained that, otherwise you would be in great tribulation. Is she gone to her father at Plymouth?"

"Not she indeed. Sir Joseph has too much high principle to encourage her; though he would, no doubt, if he dared, because she can do exactly as she likes with him."

"Then perhaps to her aunt at Ivybridge? I am sure that you know, or you would be more sorry for what you have done, Lady Touchwood."

"I do the right thing, and I defy the consequence. But I know where the hussy is well enough. I ought to have taken her purse away. She has hired a post-chaise, and driven off forsooth, in noble state, to Westcombe Hall."

"To Colonel Westcombe's place! I had not the least idea even that you knew him. I have spoken of him, and you made no sign." Mr. Short looked surprised, for he was thinking—"Well, you can hold your tongue, when you please, as well as people of better temper."

"Oh dear yes," replied Lady Touchwood, as if she were surprised at his surprise; "we have known Colonel Westcombe for years and years; in fact he is Julia's godfather, and immensely proud she is of him. But circumstances—well you know, there was no particular reason, why one should go running after him, until he came into that large property; and that, as you must be aware, was not at all expected."

"It is an honour to any one to know Colonel Westcombe. Land or no land, rich or poor, no circumstances make any difference in his value."

"I dare say. But still you know, it adds to his charms to be in a good position. Sir Joseph was thinking of inviting him to dinner; but I must see first how he behaves about my daughter. If he encourages poor Julia in her headstrong violence, and evil tempers, he shall never sit down in this house, Mr. Short."

"Whatever he does will be right, Lady Touchwood, whatever your opinion may be about it. And now, though I am not the clergyman of your parish, you have given me the right to speak, by sending for me. And setting aside all the folly of your conduct, I must tell you that it is very wrong."

Mr. Short spoke strongly, for he feared no one, and cared very little for the temper of any woman, except his own Mrs. Aggett. He expected to be escorted to the door with much despatch. But instead of that, his hostess bore meekly with him, and even seemed to listen with attention. For she knew in her heart that she had gone a little too far, peradventure, and she respected the established church, whenever she was not furious. In her youth she had been a quiet gentle-looking person, with large blue eyes, and a plump round face, and delicate complexion. But even then, the doubling of the chin, the bold cut of nostril, and fulness of the eyelids showed that mischief might come out, and patience not strike root in age.

"Is your homily over?" she enquired with a smile, which saved her words from rudeness; for like many other quick-tempered persons, she had a very pretty smile, to put her in the right. "You are famous for very short sermons, with a very great deal in them. How I wish you were our Vicar here, instead of Mr. Barker! He always goes on for three quarters of an hour."

"Barker is a very sound and excellent divine. Many of my people long for him. I always get him over for collection-Sundays. He draws half-a-crown, where I draw a shilling. My farmers say, 'short time makes short wages.' But what have you sent for me to do, about your fair deserter?"

"To advise me, Mr. Short; because you are so clever. People are so liable to misunderstand me. They never make allowances for the trials I encounter. Sir Joseph is all the week long at his office, and I have to go through every hardship, by myself. Even if he were here this moment, I could not allow him to interfere; because he is so one-sided. He looks upon Julia, as a perfect angel, because she understands his snuff so well. She gets on her father's blind side so cleverly, the crafty young time-server!"

"But your son, Lady Touchwood—your admirable son?"

"Dicky is a model of every known virtue; but he spends all his time with the ratcatcher's dogs. At this time of year it is most important to get the rats thinned off, you know. And besides that, he takes such extraordinary views, that he goes against me very often. I have felt it my duty to have this matter kept from him, for fear of his taking it in an unbecoming manner."

"Which means in plain English, that he would side with his sister. It was very good of her to go away without involving him. But something must be done, and done at once, if possible. You have not allowed the servants to discover, I suppose, the cause of this sudden departure."

"Their opinions are nothing whatever to me. If they form nasty ones, I discharge them. But Julia has much more dignity, I should hope, than to whine about what she has brought upon herself. She could not help feeling that she brought it on herself."

"Very well then," replied Mr. Short, to avoid that difficult subject, "we may treat the matter as a simple visit of the young lady to her dear godfather. The servants, and the stable-men may be wroth at being dispensed with, or endeavour to be so; but upon the whole, the less they have to do the more thoroughly they enjoy it. You on the other hand show no anxiety, but leave the fair fugitive to her own devices. She in her exile begins to pine for her birds, and her books, her flowers, her piano, and her pet dog Elfie."

"No, not Elfie. She has taken that wretch with her. You may trust her never to stir a yard, without darling Elfie. She may pine, as you say, if she is capable of it; but surely the first thing she should pine for is her own good mother."

"So she will, and very painfully indeed. And the end of it is that she writes a touching letter, and comes home with a wholesome knowledge that the ears must expiate the tongue's offences."

"You know nothing at all about her,"

Lady Touchwood answered, with a mother's smile. "What does a bachelor know of women? They calculate on them, from their own reason. For instance, do you think that I could wait a month, with my daughter in the hands of other people, and learning all sorts of tricks against her own mother? I can be very patient, and most long-suffering, when I am convinced that my trials require it. But as for sitting down like this, and thinking, and hoping for people to be reasonable, your own sense must show you that I never, never could put up with it. Surely you must have some wiser plan than that!"

"I will tell you then, what I will do, if you think fit. I will call upon my old friend, Colonel Westcombe, if you wish me to do so, and see Miss Touchwood."

"Not as if you came from me, of course. Julia would get the upper hand directly. But why not go to-day, Mr. Short? The days are getting nice and long, and it is not very far."

"Twelve good miles, as the crow flies," said her visitor, thinking to himself that she deserved some brisk anxiety; "and the crow would have many steep hills to fly over. My horse took me forty miles yesterday, and more. And if I went now, it would look as if you were devoured with regret and penitence; and that would be below your dignity. To-morrow I have an engagement of importance. But unless you send to stop me, I shall make a point of being there in good time on Saturday morning. You will see her on Saturday by dinner-time; it takes a little time to get over such things."

"It ought to be sooner, but it must not be later. Remember that Sir Joseph will be home that evening; and if he should not have done well that week, he might make a whole string of troublesome enquiries. You must not think me selfish. That is the last thing to be said of me. But I like people to be considerate to me, and amiable, and sweet-tempered. And I have a good right to expect it, Mr. Short, for I am always so to others—when they let me."

"Ah, yes I see. But how fond you are of self-examination, Lady Touchwood! Is it because you find the result so favourable?"

"I am never put out by sarcastic speeches; because I don't understand them. I hope you will come and dine with us on Sunday, if that dreadful Mrs. Aggett will allow you."

The Vicar was never ashamed to say that he heartily loved a good dinner. How many a parson has got his living, by knowing what good living is? Wherefore are college kitchens far more glorious than the lecture-rooms, and why does the buttery excel the chapel? Therefore Mr. Short said yes, with a very cheerful countenance, and observed with tender resignation, as he rode home through the park, that the fattest of the bucks was absent.

CHAPTER VII.—HOUSE-BREAKING.

As with orders of monœcious plants, so with some families of human kind, the female flower transcends the male in beauty, size, and dignity. In all these points Sir Joseph Touchwood, and Richard, his only son, fell far below the mark of the ladies they belonged to. The father and founder was an admirable man, when regarded from a national, that is to say from a business point of view. He had never been known, except by himself, to miss a chance of getting on; and from day to day he became more honest, as his character increased. Plymouth began to respect him deeply, as she found his vigour enlarge her trade, and some Radical deputations begged him to go up to Parliament. However he had too much sense for that, and managed to get out of it, without offence to any one. But several of his school fellows, who had not got on so well, thoroughly agreed with one another, that "Sandy Joe" (as they still called him) was making a fool of himself in building, over there by Dartmoor, that popinjay, pack-of-cards, peep-show thing, like the Lord Mayor's coach in London; and unless they were very much mistaken, such a stuck-up lot would come down headlong. Sir Joseph, as soon as he heard of these sentiments, proved the largeness of his mind by inviting all the critics to his great house-warming, and the few of them who went were so well treated, that they put down all the rest who had no coats to go in.

A man who succeeds with the hardest thing of all, and the highest in his opinion, that is to say the money, is apt to believe that he can have his own way—if he chooses to assert it—in the lesser matters of life, such as family love, and respect, and the character of his children. The great contractor, perceiving that his son had no special turn for business, resolved to give him a fine education, and harness him afterwards if needful. He sent him to a private school, and thence to Cambridge, and was proud to hear him called "the Cantab." The youth learned little, but was not dissatisfied either with himself or the world around him. For everybody looked upon him as a pleasant fellow, free-handed, careless, and good-natured in his way, talkative, full of small adventures of his own, and not disagreeably truthful. He was never long without some mighty hero, whom he worshipped for strength or ability or knowledge of the world, and who could have done better whatever was done well, and with less than a quarter of the trouble. Though indolent enough of mind, he was very restless bodily, and would keep the whole house upon the fidget, unless he got his daily exercise. And now, as he was missing his term at Cambridge, and no field-sports were toward, his mother considered it a special grace of Providence in favour of her Dicky, that Dartmoor was invaded by a mighty host of rats. For if there was anything that Dicky Touchwood thoroughly enjoyed, it was a good rat-hunt.

Now the fact that every one, high or low, who possessed the pleasure of his acquaintance—and one need not be very high to do that—called him without hesitation, "Dicky Touchwood," is as clear a proof as can be given of his easy careless style. His mother and sister had bravely striven, at the dates of his breeching, and then of his horsing, and then of his having a tail thrown over, to redeem him from a Dicky into Richard, Dick, or Richie, or even the old-fared Dickon. At each of these epochs their struggle was vain, but they rallied for a final stand upon the breastwork of his matriculation. For many a mile and league around them, none but some half a score of parsons knew the meaning of that mighty word, and possibly it might have triumphed over nature, if the latter had not ignobly adopted the *argumentum ad hominem*. For the Cantab, upon his return, as arranged by his mother, in full academical plight, as he leaped from the chariot of the Park, in the presence of the whole population, upset the entire effect, by shouting—"Three cheers for Dicky Touchwood!"

His only sister Julia was of a very different order. Tall, and handsome, and resolute, and straight-forward, she kept her own place, and followed her own liking. She reigned over her father, when he was at home, and was fairly reducing her mother to subjection in spite of some violent outbreaks. The latest of these had filled her with amazement even more than with indignation, until she perceived, being very clear-sighted, that it was a last despairing effort to cast off the tightening yoke. With skilful management on her part, it would prove the final clenching of the link. Dicky was a far more uncertain subject, for there was not substance enough in him to bind.

The sportive Dicky made few inquiries as to the reason of his sister's absence. When she was gone he could have his own way, without let or hindrance, until something disagreed with his mother. For he was her darling, her pet, and her idol, and he alone of mortals might ever contradict her. So now he resolved to make the most of this fine opportunity, and be master so far as he cared to be, which was chiefly in matters of sport and of feeding. Ordering the household right and left, that very afternoon he sent for three rat-catchers, and commanded them to sink their feuds till Sunday, and be ready for him at the Park-gate the next morning, with every dog and ferret they could hear of, together with their shovels, wire-cages, knobsticks, and all the other items of their interesting gear. With the prospect of a guinea and the certainty of beer, they were punctual as the sun at ten o'clock; and a motley host of bipeds, quadrupeds, and tripods—for some of the dogs had only three feet left—set forth gallantly to invade the rats of Dartmoor.

Meanwhile, on this same Friday morning, Mr. Arthur (generally known as "Captain Larks") was busy with a lot of little vines in pots, which were crying out for more room and more nurture. He had brought them from his span-roof forcing-house to a little glazed building of his own construction snugly ensconced beneath the cliff. And here, with half a hundred of his new patent pots, he was craftily preparing a delicious compost, of mealy sod, mellow manure, and spicy bone-dust, enough to make the little mouths of dainty creatures water. At this he worked hard, without sparing his hands, pulling asunder the fibrous clods, but not reducing them to siftage, nipping in twain every wireworm and grub, carefully distributing the sweet-stuff from the linhay, and the benefit of happy bones that should never ache again, and lightly with his open fingers carding up the mixture, until the whole was sleek and fragrant with the vital gifts of earth.

None but a very gruff fellow, unworthy to love or be loved by nature, can minister thus to his little dependants, without ministering also to his own cares. Captain Larks was down-hearted, and perplexed, and quavery, when he drew his hand to do this work; but courage came to him, and the love of life, and the golden touch of hope, as he went on. The interest in other things beyond himself grew bright and gladsome, as he worked for good; and without thinking of it, he began to whistle the old English tune, "We won't give up." Last night he had said to himself, "I must give up. Fate is too much for me, and all things go against me. I must fly from this refuge of many quiet years, and of pet things, the fruit of my own work. I must fly somewhere else, and begin once more, with the loss of all the little relics of my money, and rheumatism settling in my left shoulder-blade. And, worst of all, with darling Rose astray, and quite bewildered."

But now he was hoping for the best, and well believing that fear had made too much of his imaginary trouble. The day was fine and the sunshine brisk, enlivening mankind, and especially those who live among the offspring of the sun. The soft spring air, afloat with sunbeams, brought the blue distance of the heavens to the earth, and the white blossoms shone upon it, as if they saw it. The gardener, as he plied his work, was breathing sweet contentment, for his heart drank in the beauty; and, better still, at every breath, he felt that fruit was setting.

"Father, how glad I am to see you look like your old self again!" cried Rose, coming in from the grass-walk. "Mr. Short is wonderfully good and kind; but I should simply hate him, if he were to begin to disturb your mind. You never ate as much as my thumb for supper, and you couldn't look worse if I ran away from you."

"I scarcely know how much your thumb eats for supper," her father replied, as his pleasure increased with gazing at her bright and affectionate face; "but if it has not over-eaten itself, I would beg some help from it with the ball of this vine."

"Now if you don't know, papa, you ought to know," she said in a low voice, as they worked together; "and you ought to be punished for not knowing well, that I am come to years of full discretion."

"It is a fine thing to have a good opinion of oneself. There, you have proved your words by snapping this root-fibre!"

Although he spoke thus, he was thinking to himself—"this daughter of mine is discreet beyond her years. How she would enjoy her youth, if it were the same as other girls have! And how beautiful she is, the pretty darling!" As for that he was right beyond all doubt, though a father's pride goes astray sometimes, from cleaving over-fondly to the grooves of love. A very sweet face has its sweetness trebled, when tender doubt, and a light shade of anxiety, soften the bloom of the cheeks, and deepen the lustre of inquiring eyes. Rose Arthur (with the sun-gleam on her hair, and the pure white forehead touched with thought, and the delicate oval of the face enhanced by the suppliant curve of neck) was not only charming to look at, but also bewitching to think of afterwards.

"How can I have at all a good opinion of myself," she asked her father, with some twinkle of a tear, "when nobody considers me of any use at all?"

"What a bare-faced bit of fishing for a compliment! Can I ever do anything without you now? And when have I failed to praise you up to your deserts?"

"I don't mean such trumpery things as potting—or at least they are not at all trumpery, I know—but what I mean is great things, about people's lives, and reasons for doing things, and not telling other people."

"My darling," said her father, without displeasure, for he saw that she was trembling at her own audacity; "I will not pretend to misunderstand you, neither have I any right to blame you. You want to know why I live a different life from other people whom you know; why I am so reserved and lonely, and keep you shut up in this dull place."

"Father, I never had such an idea. The place is quite good enough for me, I should hope, if it is good enough for you. And as for being lonely, what more can I want than to have you, and help you, and try to be half as good to you as you are to me?"

"Well, my little Rosy one, that is all very fine in theory. The practice, however, goes otherwise, or why are you asking questions now?"

"I never would have said a word, dear father, except that I cannot bear to see you vexed. It does not matter a bit about myself; but when it comes to you, it is dreadful."

"But suppose, my pet, that it is only for you that I care much about anything. Suppose that, for reasons which are not my own to tell, I am bound to keep my darling child from the roughness of the world; and can do it only by keeping outside of the world altogether. If that were so, you would have faith enough to believe that I acted for the best, and love enough not to increase my cares by questions which I cannot answer."

"Oh, father, I wish that I had bitten out my tongue, before I asked a single question. I will never be so cruel and undutiful again. But you will forgive me for this once?"

"Rosy, I am very glad that you did ask. It will make things happier between us, on the whole. You must have thought a thousand times that there was something odd about us. It is better to make up your mind to that, than to live in a doubtful suspicion of it. In the course of time you will know the whole. But I fear that it will not be while I live."

"Then I hope that it will never be in this world, father. Whatever should I do without you? It is too dreadful!"

"There now, my darling, let us talk no more about it," said the father, with his child's tears on his cheek; "we have got a lot of work to do, and let us give our minds to it. After all, there are millions of people in the world not a thousandth part so happy as you and I may be, while we have one another's love to help us."

"I should like to see anybody impudent enough to be happier than I am, all day long. I have never known an atom of unhappiness in my life."

She gave a little sob, to prove her words, and caught her breath quickly at such a mistake. Then she tossed up a heavy pot, and turned her sleeves up to show what energetic arms she had.

"How they have grown in the night! Look at this!" she exclaimed with a smile that was full of delight. "Father, there is nothing in all the world more lovely than a baby vine, just when it begins to understand things, and offer its innocent hands to us. Look for one moment at this little darling; now doesn't it seem to be toddling to me, with its tiny hands spread out? Papa, I am sure there is nothing in the world half so beautiful as gardener's-work. What are jewellers, or watchmakers, or ivory-carvers, or even painters, to compare with a genuine gardener? The things that they handle are dead, and artificial, and cannot know the meaning of the treatment they receive. But our work is living, and natural, and knows us, and adapts itself to follow our desires and please us, and has its own tempers, and moods, and feelings, exactly the same as we have. For people to talk about 'sensitive plants' does seem to be such sad nonsense, when every plant that lives is sensitive. You are very busy, but just spare time to look at this holly-leafed baby vine, with every tiny point cut like a prickle, yet much too tender and good to prick me. It follows every motion of my hand, it crisps its little veinings up, whenever I come near it, and it feels in every fibre that I am looking at it."

"It is in my power to swallow tales of gigantic bulk," Mr. Arthur replied, and then opened his mouth, to show its noble capacity; "especially when they come from you, my dear. Nevertheless, after watching my vines for many years, I have never had the luck to receive such reciprocity. Please to show me the next time you see them looking at you."

"As if I would be guilty of such treachery, Papa! They know that I am foolish, and they like me for it. But you are much too wise for them, and scare them of their confidence. Stop a moment, did you hear that noise again? There has been such a noise going on around the beacon. The glass has prevented you from hearing it, I suppose. I meant to have told you, till we spoke of something else. There seems to be a quantity of men and dogs up there, shouting, and barking, and screaming out, and making the greatest uproar."

"Whatever it is, I would strongly recommend them to keep it outside of my premises. Halloa!"

Well indeed might he thus exclaim. A dark bulk fell upon the glittering roof, at the crash a shower of flashing splinters flew like a bursting firework, and a human form tumbled in all doubled up, and rolled upon a newly-potted platoon of those sensitive vinelets.

"Oh, he must be killed!" cried Rose, running up to him. "The poor unfortunate little boy! I have got his head up on a pot. Father, hold him up till I get the water."

Rose herself was bleeding sadly from the arrowy sleet of glass; but without two thoughts she was off, and came back with a long-spouted can, and put a copper spreader on it.

"No," said her father, as she held up the can to water this gentleman freely; "not a drop of water. I have seen much bloodshed. Water would be wrong in a case like this. Leave him to me. Run for bandages quickly, and send Moggy off the short way to the village, quick foot, for Dr. Perperaps."

Rose was off, like a deer, and the gardener began, after drawing out one or two splinters of glass, and placing the youth in a better position, to close the worst cuts with cotton wool (which he always kept in the greenhouse) tightly bound with broad strips of bast. Then he soaked the wool with cold water, and the patient gave a long gasp, and began to look about him.

"Not dead yet, my boys!" He tried to shout, but only muttered; "at him again, Tiger, at him again! Get him by the scruff, Bob, don't be an idiot. Hurrah, well done Peppercorns!"

"Hold your tongue, sir, and shut your

eyes," Mr. Arthur broke in, with his deepest tone, and the youth stared at him, and obeyed his voice, after putting up his lips, as if he longed to whistle. And while his mind went wandering into wonder, and distant dimness, a little dog, with all his wits about him, came in at the door, and, making obeisance with a tremulous tail, asked courteous leave to sniff at him. Mr. Arthur, being fond of dogs, said, "Yes;" and before this dog could have satisfied his mind, two more came in to help him. But the first dog, being of a kingly order, signified to them that they were not wanted; and when they retired at his growl, he joined them, and the three held council. As sagely as any three M.D.'s they conducted their consultation, with their ears upon the curl, and their tails upon the wag, so far as men had spared them. But suddenly all three stumps fell flat, and quivered with humility, for, lo! there stood their worshipful masters, puffing, and blowing, and inclined to swear, at having only two legs each, to bring them down the wall of crag.

"Cappen Larks, be 'un killed?" they cried, all scared to go into the greenhouse. "The young Squire Dicky, oh lor, oh lor, and all the vault to be laid on us! Back there with 'e, every one o' you chaps! Us'll lash the legs of any chaps as trieth it. These be Cappen's own privy grounds, and no blackguards admitted in."

"Be off every one of you," the owner shouted, with a smile which went against his words; "or in two minutes you will be prosecuted with the utmost rigour of the law."

"Cappen Larks, don't ye be so haish for to deny us a zaight o' the poor Master Dicky. There never wor a better one to work a rat out, and if a' be killed us 'll niver hunt again."

"My good fellows, he is not killed, and he won't be, if you will get out of the way. But I won't answer for it, if you come plaguing here. Be off, if you care for his life, this moment."

"Cappen, us 'll get out of the wai, quicksticks. It goo'th to our hearts to zee 'un blading so. But to vare up they stones again is beyond our breeches."

"Fare out this way, then; across the water. But tell me first how the young man fell, and what his name is, and where he lives."

"'Twor all by rason of the bottled beer, sir. Do 'e see thiccy moot-stane round the cornder? Us had a score of bottled beer up yonner, and young Squire Dicky's hat were too small to hold 'un. Muster Dicky Touchwood, from Touchwood Park. Whatever will my lady zay to us?"

"You had better go and see, but tell her not to be uneasy. The doctor will be here at once, and the lad will soon come round. Clear out this very instant, dogs and men."

For by this time thirty dogs of every genealogy were poking about among the captain's pots.

CHAPTER VIII.—COLONEL WESTCOMBE.

While the sportive Cantab thus broke into Mr. Arthur's humble greenhouse, his sister Julia was enjoying the keen air of the western moors, and passing through it swiftly and sweetly with the cheerful aid of a well-bred horse. Miss Touchwood always looked well in the saddle, and a lady's riding-habit was a graceful dress at that time, although the hat was hideous. But this young lady, thinking for herself, would not wear the hideous hat, but designed in lieu thereof a sensible and becoming head-gear, and got it made at Devonport. With its curving rim turned up at one side, and a grey feather pluming round the front without any monstrous buckle, it sat lightly over her long dark eyebrows, clear eyes, and expressive face. "What a booty her be!" said a tramp, to whom she had thrown a shilling graciously. "So her maight be," his wife replied, "so long as her getteth her own way."

Riding with her across the moor was her host and godfather, Colonel Westcombe, a plain, stout man of average stature, thick-set, broad across the back, and looking as if no tailor's art could make his clothes sit well to him. But that consideration moved him not, so long as he had plenty of room inside them. He thought of appearances no more than "Captain Larks" himself did, though he liked to see ladies nicely dressed, and young men looking tidy. Upon his face his character was as clearly outlined as his nose, a distinct and eloquent feature. Any one could see that he was simple-minded, slow at working out the twists of thought, accustomed to let his ideas flow into the mould of words before dealing with them, gently reluctant to think evil of mankind concerning any matter in which he had not as yet been robbed atrociously, compassionate, fearless, and as hopeful as a child, and properly indignant when he came across a rogue. But large as the field was for that right feeling, even in those more upright days, the Colonel was pleased to get out of it and say, that his knowledge of the world must not harden him so much.

After many years of scrimped penurious life, such as behoves the British officer (especially when he has done great things, and must pay for the honour of doing them) this Colonel suddenly came into possession of large property. Diggory Westcombe, his father's elder brother, who never would have anything to do with them in life, through some bitterness of blood, forgave upon his death-bed all the injuries he had done, and left all his property, when quite despaired of, to his next of kin and right heir, Colonel John Westcombe.

That well-known warrior, and strong sharpshooter against the sap-work of poverty, was amazed at being taken in the rear like this, and surrounded with an army bearing gifts. For a month of market-days, he was out of sorts at not having to do his own marketing; for his clear sense told him that what used to be economy would now be no better than meanness. For the sake of his wife, whose health was weak, and of his son, who had the world before him, he was bound to rejoice at this access of wealth; but for himself, as he was laid upon the shelf, he would rather have rested on an oaken than a golden one.

"If you please, Uncle John," said his fair god-daughter, who had leave to call him so, though she was only of church-kin to him, "I cannot allow you to stay in the silent mood which is growing over you."

"My dear, I beg your pardon," he answered with his simple courtesy and pleasantness; "I am sure I would have talked, if I had anything to say. But surely with all this noble prospect—hills, and valleys, and water-courses, and the gorse coming out, and the sheep and the ponies, you would much rather look about than talk."

"Not for a moment; I am used to all that. It comes and goes just the same, and tells me nothing. I would rather have one of your stories of the war, than all the hills of Dartmoor, and the valleys full of water, and the sheep that must terminate in tough mutton. And the beauty of your stories is that they must be true, because you always tell them in the very same words, and with the very same look, every time."

"What a prosaic companion you have got! They say that Charles II. told his stories always so; but I hope that I resemble him in few other points. Now which of my stories do you wish me to begin?"

"The two, Uncle John; the famous pair which you promise to tell when you have had a good dinner. You must know the two I mean as well as I do. The first is about the bravest man you ever met with; and the second ought to be about the noblest man. The one I have heard always makes me proud of being born in England. I would rather hear such than see fifty miles of moorland, or even a waterfall fifty feet high, because they stir me into great ideas without making me seem small. Oh, how can poor Dicky spend the best of his time in rat-hunting?"

"Different people look at things from different points of view, my dear," said the Colonel, who liked a rat-hunt himself, and also was fond of a waterfall, and a fine view from the saddle. For although he never noticed things particularly much, he was pleased that they should pass by him nicely, without obliging him to think, any more than change of air might do. "As long as I can remember, Julia, I have been an admirer of fine landscapes; and, indeed, I saw very beautiful things in Spain; yet I do not know enough about such matters to deny that—that what you may call human affairs should have the preference. Certainly the bravest man I ever yet have met with——"

"Uncle John, if you dare to begin it like that, you will flounder before you have come to the snuff place; and if you were to hesitate, you would begin to shake my perfect faith in it."

"Julia, is it possible that you can entertain the mere shadow of a doubt about the very least particular? If I could imagine that you did that, you should never again—I mean that I should never take any further pleasure in relating to you that, or any other fact again."

"Now, Uncle John, you really must not be so exceedingly savage and peppery. You begin to remind me of—well, never mind."

"My dear," said the Colonel, "I beg your pardon heartily, if I have hastily expressed myself. I am well aware that I sometimes do so, since I came into what people will insist upon calling my improved position. But I never mean anything by it, my dear child, and I am always sorry afterwards."

"Then you have no right to be so, and ought to go on more. Your only fault is that you are too fond of letting people triumph over you. But now be quick, that's a dear Uncle John, and make amends by beginning it aright. You know that it always begins like this,—'Towards the close of the hardest, perhaps, of the many hard conflicts our great Commander'—but stop, till I come the right way of the wind."

"I am not at all sure," her companion answered, as the young lady drew her horse to the leeward side of his, and looked at him with an encouraging smile; "that it is in my power to do justice to that remarkable little incident, while I am riding a fast-trotting horse. I was thoroughly used to a horse in my youth, for my father did afford to keep one, and I was on his back perpetually. And in the Peninsula, I have ridden some thousands of miles with despatches. But for five-and-twenty years, since I have not been wanted, our circumstances did not permit of much riding; and it takes a little time to be comfortable again."

"You ride like a Centaur, Uncle John. It is impossible for anybody to ride better. But still I can easily understand that you like to do things in the regular way. Look, here are two great stones that seem to have dropped from the sky on purpose to be sat upon. Suppose we jump off, and rest the horses, and you can enjoy all the landscape, while you talk."

By the side of the long and lonely track, these hoary granite blocks invited the traveller to a breezy rest. A tranquil mind would not have found that invitation marred, because accepted, through long ages now, by those who have the rest without the breeze. The stones are the well-known "Coffin-stones," whereat for more than six hundred years the bearers of the dead across the moor have halted from their heavy plod, laid down their burden on the stones, to take its latest stretch of mountain, and spread their own bodies on the grass around, to talk of what would happen to themselves ere long. Of these things the young lady had no knowledge, else would she never have sat down there; neither did her companion know; but the knowledge would not have moved him more than to make him sit bare-headed.

"Let the poor things graze; the grass is sweet," he said, as he took the bridles off; and the nags, after jerking their noses with surprise, pricked their ears forward—not enough for him to catch them—and looked at him with well-meaning doubt. "Yes, you go and crop, I say. The Lord has given you good teeth. And be sure you come at once, when you hear me whistle."

Obedient to his voice they went, with a little tenderness of step at first, because it was long since they had crushed the blade, but presently the joy of nature's colour and the taste broke forth in them; they pranced and threw up their heels and capered, and the gentleman's horse made his stirrups clash beneath him, then fearing to waste one precious moment, they fell to and worked the best mowing-machine that has ever been invented. The Colonel, more happy than a king, smiled at them, rested on his elbow, and began his tale.

"Towards the close of the hardest, perhaps, of the many hard conflicts our great Commander won, by the aid of a Gracious Providence and his own unwearied vigilance, although the position of the enemy was turned, and the issue of the day was scarcely doubtful, one very important post held out, and had repulsed all our attempts to carry it. The difficulties of the ground were great; not only was the approach very steep and intersected by a watercourse, but also the French artillery, beautifully served at grapeshot range, poured a crossing fire upon our attack. At the same time our own guns could not be brought to bear with any good effect upon this crest, which was defended with admirable spirit by a body of seasoned veterans, as calm and as steady as our very best brigade. In short, there seemed no chance of carrying the position, without fearful sacrifice, or even with it.

"The line of the enemy, as I have said, was being driven in at almost every other point; and our great Commander perceiving that we must eventually obtain this post, sent orders that as we could not take it, we should maintain our position, until the post was taken for us.

"Gentlemen, or rather I should say, 'my dear,' it is impossible for me to make you understand what the feeling of our division was when we received that message."

"Yes, Uncle John, I can understand it thoroughly. I should have been ready to knock my head against the first French cannon I could find. But here you always take a pinch of snuff, with permission of the ladies, if any are present. You have my permission, and more than that, my orders. You will never take that post, without it."

"I know how incapable I am," resumed the Colonel in his proper tones, "of describing the condition of the human mind; but all around me being Englishmen—or, at least, an English lady, I need only say that we were vexed. Because we had always supposed ourselves, whether rightly or wrongly, is not for me to say, to be the flower of the whole British army. Every man of us was burning to be at it once again; and yet we knew better than to set at nought our orders, by attempting another direct assault. I remember, as if I were looking at him now, how the indomitable General H—— turned from the staff-officer, and spat upon the ground, to save himself from swearing at our great Commander. But while we were all of us as red as a rocket, a young fellow who had lately joined our division, a lieutenant in the 'Never mind what Hussars,' as we called them from their recklessness, came sheepishly up to our General H——, and asked for a private word with him. The General knew something of his family, I believe, and that makes no small difference, even with the strictest discipline. So, in spite of his temper, which was very bad just then, he led the young man apart; and presently came back with his usual smile recovered, while the young man remounted his horse and rode away.

"To us it had been a most irksome thing to wait there doing nothing, but hearing in the distance the laughter of the enemy, and receiving now and then a round shot; and when there was a call for some forty volunteers who could handle an axe, and haul trees away, the only trouble was to choose the men. Having been lucky enough to do something which pleased the General that morning, and being rather supple-jointed in those days, I obtained the command of this little detachment, under very simple orders. Our duty was nothing more than to draw three corks, as the General said, with a laugh at his own wit; and I never draw a cork now, or get it done for me—since I lost the right of doing my own work—without thinking what a hard job it was on that occasion.

"It seems that the young man I told you of just now was very fond of wandering among the woods alone, whenever he could get the opportunity, without actual breach of orders; and he had just recognised the spur of the hill, which the enemy held so stubbornly, as a spot well known to him from a former visit. And unless his memory deceived him altogether, a narrow neck of land would be found running down slantwise from the hill on our right, into the very heart of the position. With a hundred, or a hundred and fifty horse, dashing down upon the guns, while engaged in front, the whole must fall into our hands at once. Only there was no possibility of a charge, while three young cork-trees, which stood upon the neck at its narrowest point, were standing.

"Now the difficulty was, as you will see at once, if you honour me by following my story, gentlemen, not only to cut down those three trees, but to get them clean out of the way, ere ever the enemy should have time to learn what was intended, and bring their guns to bear in that direction. In such a case, cavalry crowded together would simply be blown away, like wads; so that we were forced to go to work very warily, taking advantage of the sham attack in front.

"The trees were quite young, and the softness of the bark dulled the sound of our axes as well as their edge; and being partly sheltered from the outlook of the enemy by the form of the ground, we were getting on quite nicely, and had cleared away two of the trees and felled the third, and were rolling it out of the way before giving the signal for the charge, when the whistle of grape-shot told us that we had been discovered. One man fell, and we lifted him aside, that the horses might not tread on him; and then at any risk, I gave the signal; because it must be now or never. Our volunteers were ordered to slip off right and left, as two other guns were brought to bear on us; but my duty compelled me, very much against my liking, to stop in the middle of the drift, to show our cavalry where the obstruction was. For the smoke was hanging low upon the ground, just like a fog.

"Now while I stood there, without any consideration, and spread out like a finger-post—for I had not the courage to be careful—the enemy sent another volley up the drift, and much of it fell to my share. So that if they had measured their powder aright, I had never lived to find fault with it. Down I went, just in the stream of the track, and for three months heard no more of it.

"But the men at the side, who were out of the way, gave a very clear history of what happened, when the shower of grape went past them. The charge, which must have trampled me to death, was stopped by the young officer commanding, with a wave of his sword and his horse reined across; and then he leaped off, and came alone to where I lay. In the thickest of the fire he lifted me, they said, as calmly as a nurse takes a baby from the cradle, and placed me behind the cork-tree, where shot could never touch me, and the hoof must turn aside. Then he tore off the scarf from his neck, and bound up a wound that was draining my body; while the Frenchmen perceived him, as the smoke rolled off, and like truly noble fellows forbore their fire. He kissed his hand to them, in acknowledgment of this, and then shouting to them that the fighting was resumed, returned to his horse, gave the signal to charge, and carried their guns in a twinkling. Now, such a deed as that makes one proud to be an Englishman."

"Or even a good Frenchman," fair Julia

replied. "I scarcely know which of them behaved the best. And though you make so little of your own part, I think you were the hero of the whole thing, Uncle John. But of course you found out the young officer's name? And now for the other story, Uncle John. I have heard this story of the bravest man, a lot of times; and I like it better almost every time. But I have never heard the story of the noblest man; and I dare say that is finer still."

"It is," the Colonel answered in his simple way. "But I never like to tell that tale in cold blood, or before my dinner. And even so, I must have people who can enter into it. And even then, one ought to have a heavy cold, to explain the condition of the eyes that comes of it."

"The heavy cold you will certainly have, if you sit on these cold stones so long. And here comes a hailstorm, the delicate attention of soft April to Dartmoor. Oh, I shall be blind, if it goes on like this. Whistle for the horses, uncle dear."

CHAPTER IX.—THE RED-FACED MAN.

Before "the ever loyal city," as Exeter loves to call itself, was undermined with iron bars beneath its Castle-ramparts, Northernhay was a quiet place, aside of the noisy London road, and pleasant for a Sunday walk. Here, in a good old ivied house, snugly encompassed by thick cob walls, was living, and well deserved to live, a gentleman of the ancient name of "Tucker." Also his Christian name was ancient, being "Caleb," and no more.

This gentleman lived with his widowed sister, Mrs. Giblets, late of Barnstaple, whose two boys went to the high grammar-school, as often as they could not help it. The deceased Mr. Giblets, a currier of repute, had thrice been Mayor of Barnstaple, and had sacrificed his life to his festive duties; at the time of the Reform Bill. His relic was a lady of like dignity and virtue, convinced (as all Barum people are) of the vast superiority of that town, yet affable to the Mayor of Exeter. Their daughter, Mary Giblets, was a very nice young lady, a thorough girl of Devon, with a round rosy face, a smile for everybody, and almost at everything, a pair of brisk substantial feet, and a special turn for marketing.

Caleb Tucker, the owner of the house, but not the master always, had long been in business as a timber-merchant, and still would make a purchase, or a sale, upon occasion, although he had retired from the firm which he had reared. Honesty, industry, enterprise, and prudence, had won for him nearly quite enough of money to live upon happily, and want no more. In the vigour of life, when the hearts of men are as quick of warmth as a fire at its prime, he had incurred a very serious loss, never to be balanced in *£ s. d.* The wife of his love, and the little ones of theirs, went all to the grave between a Sunday and a Saturday, through a storm of black fever, called in Devonshire "the plague." This sorrow took the zeal out of his existence, and left him a grave well-balanced man, who had learned that life is not counted by troy-weight.

Now in the holiday of calm age, Caleb Tucker was a venerable person, slow to move except with pity, and tranquil in the steadfast hope of finding in a larger world the losses of the little one. His sister was twenty years younger than himself, and her children were his successors; and he meant to do his duty to his own kin, instead of founding charities to be jobbed by aliens. Under these circumstances, it was right of Mrs. Giblets to make much of him, and encourage him to save and increase his cash.

"How sudden the changes of the weather seem to be!" He was saying to his sister, as they sat out in the garden, on the Saturday, the very day after the Colonel's tale had been hurried by the hailstorm; "the spring weather never used to change like this; at least when the turn of the days was over. How bright it was yesterday, until it began to rain! Then the hills towards Dartmoor were covered with snow, or hail, or whatever it may have been."

"It must have been either hail or snow, if it was white;" Mrs. Giblets replied, being proud of perfect accuracy; "the weather is continually changing; but the only white things in it are snow and hail."

"Certainly Mollikins, and frost as well. It might have been the white frost on the moors. But whatever it was, it made me think this morning, as I looked at it from my bedroom window, of that poor gentleman I bought the land for. He has made such a beautiful garden up there, and I fear that the frost will destroy all his bloom."

"He must suffer the will of the Lord, I suppose, as everybody else is obliged to do. Sometimes I lose my patience with him, because you never tell me who he is. Why should a gentleman come down here, and buy a little far-off place like that, and work like a common labourer? No one would dare to attempt such a thing in the neighbourhood of Barnstaple. It would be the duty of the Mayor to find him out. But in this part of the world, conspirators carry on just as they please."

"Sister, you talk a great deal too fast. If you ever know the truth you will be sorry for your words. Women are so fond of rushing to the worst conclusions."

"Some of them do so; but whose fault is it? You know that I do the very opposite, my dear, whenever I am not denied the knowledge. I wish with all my heart that I had never heard about him; although I liked him very much the only time I saw him. But I always take things as I find them. I have no curiosity whatever about anything."

"Molly, you are very wise;" answered Mr. Tucker; "we have all of us enough of trouble with our own affairs. And here comes pretty Mary, for to tell us something pleasant."

"No indeed, uncle, it is quite the other way," cried Mary, as she hurried up the walk from the side door; "I took the short cut, and I left all the nuts I was buying for Bob and for Harry, to tell you not to see the man—or the gentleman at least, who is riding up the hill to look for you. Oh, uncle dear, he is such a nasty man, and has the evil eye, if ever anybody had it! Oh dear, I turned my testament in my pocket,—mischief will come of it, as sure as I'm alive."

"If ever there was a little goose in the King's, or rather in the Queen's dominions now, her name is Mary Giblets." Though he spoke thus bravely, Mr. Tucker did not like it; and his sister said, "Mary, fie for shame! Look at your gathers, Miss!"

"I had no time to think about anything at all," she answered with her colour ripened from the peach-bloom into peach; "he was asking at Besley's, and Snell's, and Sharland's, where Mr. Caleb Tucker lived, and he called you the land-agent. Mr. Snell told him you had never been that, but a strictly retired gentleman; and then the man laughed—such a nasty laugh, mamma, and young Tom Besley, who is always such a stupid, looked up from the copper mill where he was grinding pepper, and he says 'that young lady will show you sir; that's his own niece, Miss Giblets.' I felt as if I could have boxed his ears. And the red-faced man rode up to me with his hat off, and said, 'Miss Giblets, will you be my charming guide?' And I couldn't think of anything to say, he looked so impudent. But I made him a curtsey, and began walking up the hill, and then I thought to myself that I would pay him out. So I turned down Black Horse Alley towards the cut across Parson's meadow (which is the nearest way, you know) and left him to follow, or not, as he pleased. Well it pleased him to come, and to want to talk to me, just as if I were nothing but a shop-girl. I looked at him over my shoulder now and then, and said yes and no, for a quarter of a mile; and likely he considered me as stupid as Tom Besley. Then suddenly we came upon the high turn-stile of Parson's meadow where the bull is, and I slipped through like anything. 'Halloa! Do you expect me to ride over this?' he said. And I said, 'Oh dear! Oh dear! How very stupid of me! But you only asked me for the shortest way, sir. I dare not stop to give you any more directions, because of the bull in the bottom of the ham.' And away I ran, and here I am."

"My darling, what a risk to run! I have told you not to do it." Her mother exclaimed, as she finished her tale; "that bull has tossed three people."

"I am ten times more afraid of a bad man than a bull. Now be sure that you refuse to see him, Uncle Caleb."

"My dear," said Mr. Tucker, "you are scarcely old enough to be reproached with want of reason. I dare say the gentleman has no harm in him, although he may be a little forward. If so, he had his match in a very modest girl, though one of strong prejudices, I am afraid. Let us go into the house; perhaps he will be here directly."

Before they had time to put their garden-chairs away, the rusty wire beneath the thatch of the warm cob-wall that sheltered them gave a slow reluctant creaking jerk, and then a quick rattle, as it was pulled again; and the big bell swinging in the ivy of the house-porch, threw up its mouth, like a cow about to bellow, and fell back upon its wagging tongue through a rustle of crisp leafage. "Let him ring again," said Mr. Tucker; "when a man is in a hurry, I have known it do him good. Don't go away, sister, I will see him here. I am too old a soldier to be carried by storm in this way. Mary, you be off, my dear, as if the bull was after you."

Miss Giblets withdrew, but much against her will, for she had a fine stock of healthy curiosity, and had made up her mind that the red-faced man was come upon an interesting errand. Then Bill, the boy of all work, came grinning, with a card in one hand, and a shilling in the other. "A' gied me this," he said, showing first the shilling, as the more important object of the two. "Be I to kape 'un, or gie 'un to you?"

"Gie 'un to your mother," replied his master, as he took the card, and read the words "Mr. George Gaston," with no address beneath them.

"Ha, sir, and how are you to-day?" The visitor shouted with a hearty voice. "I have taken the liberty of following my pasteboard. I hope I see the lady quite well also. Madam, your servant! I am quite old-fashioned. I glory in the society of the ladies; but my manners are comparatively out of date, I fear."

The widow of the mayor possessed a shrewd tongue, as well as a stately reserve, sometimes; and the former was burning to say that the sooner such manners were positively out of date the better. Like her daughter, the lady conceived an extraordinary hatred of this man at sight; but she only showed it by a careful bow, and a gaze of reasonable surprise.

"Excuse me, sir—Mr. Gaston, I suppose," said Caleb Tucker rising slowly, and lifting his hat from his silvery curls; "but I doubt not that if you are come upon business you have brought me a letter of introduction; I do very little in the way of business now, and only with people who are known to me. And I have not the honour of remembering your name."

"You are quite right. Everything you do is right, according to the account I have received of you. Shall I take this chair? But it would make me wretched to think that I had banished Mrs. Tucker."

"That lady is my sister, sir—Mrs. Giblets, formerly of Barnstaple."

"Bless my heart! I never heard of such a thing. Have I met Mrs. Giblets at last, without knowing her? My cousin, Sir Courtenay, is always speaking of her, and her graceful and refined hospitality. But too exclusive—he told me as much. Like all the superior ladies, you are too exclusive, Mrs. Giblets."

"That charge has been brought against me, I confess;" the lady replied with dignity; "but wherever would you be, sir, without you drew a line between wholesale and retail?"

Mrs. Giblets retired, with a gracious bow, but some doubt still about the good faith of the visitor; for although he was older than herself, as her conscience (which she always consulted on the subject) told her, he wore a red-striped neckerchief, and a cutaway coat of bright green with gilt buttons. Moreover, his voice was loud and harsh, his manner too bold, his figure burly, and his gestures impatient and almost imperious; while his face, though resolute and rather handsome, expressed more than impressed good opinion of himself. His forehead was high and square, the eyes keen and glittering, the nose strong and aquiline, and the chin very firm and prominent. But the colour of the cheeks was fiercely red, the mouth very wide and voracious, and instead of a curve at the hinges of the jaws there occurred a conspicuous angle. Boys, who have powers of observation happily extinguished in later life, dubbed him at school "George Coffin-face;" but when his brow expanded, the name no longer suited him, except as regards the part below the ears, where a few white whiskers showed the harshness of the angle, now become more prominent from years of zealous exercise; while his very florid colour and thick crop of tawny hair gave abundance of life to his countenance.

"Now, Mr. Tucker, I have ridden a long way," he began, after looking round and bringing his chair nearer, "upon a matter really of no importance to me, in any other light than this—that I may do a kindness, and help a fellow-creature. Probably I shall not even earn so much as thanks, and you know how little those are worth. I do not pretend to be moved by any Quixotic ardour, or Christian duty, or broad philanthropy, or any romantic motive. But a sense of gratitude for a good turn done me five-and-twenty years ago, together with some natural desire to baffle selfish roguery—although it is no concern of mine, you see—has led me to sacrifice some valuable time, and trespass perhaps on yours, sir."

"Not at all. Don't speak of it. I am glad to be of service;" Mr. Tucker replied in his regular way. "But did I understand that you had brought a letter to me?"

"Not a syllable of any kind. I make a point of never insulting anybody. And to suppose that a man of your experience could fail to know a gentleman at first sight would be most impertinent. And let me remind you," continued Mr. Gaston, perceiving that the other looked a little glum at this, "that I am not come upon any business question, where my solvency, and so on, might require to be established. My object is simply to perform a kindness, and your aid will cost you nothing, neither risk a single penny. I ask you no favour; I simply propose it as a duty to yourself, that you should enable me to confer a benefit upon a most deserving and ill-treated fellow-Christian. Instead of losing anything by it, you will gain very largely. For you will thus restore to position and some wealth a man of most grateful and generous nature. I have no cant about me, and it is my abhorrence; but it would be too much of the opposite extreme to deny that the hand of a good Providence is here."

"Sir, you speak well, and very sensibly so far;" answered the cautious timber-merchant, trying to conquer his unreasonable dislike of the red-faced gentleman at first sight; "if you will kindly tell me what it is that I can do, I will do it, unless there should be reason to the contrary, or at any rate necessity for consideration."

"Oh, it does not require half a moment's hesitation; you will say that I have made much ado about nothing. All I want to know is the address of a gentleman, for whom you bought a small estate from fifteen to twenty years ago; probably the shorter date is the more correct one, rather a tall man, with a military manner."

"I am not a land-agent," Mr. Tucker replied; "neither do I meddle with the lawyer's business. But at one time, from my knowledge of the county, and purchase of timber, and so on, I was frequently asked to obtain a purchaser for small outlying properties, perhaps belonging to the gentlemen who were selling me their timber. Of course the matter afterwards passed through the proper hands, and I never thought of making any charge for what I did. Still there were so many cases, that without particulars I cannot pretend to say anything."

"Still you must have known in almost every case, who the purchaser was, what made him buy, where he lived, what he did with himself, &c. Officers seldom turn farmers, I believe, and seldom have managed from their miserable pay to save money to buy land with."

"I am ready to oblige you, Mr. Gaston, if I can, without any breach of confidence. Your inquiry is unusual, as you must know; and unless you can manage to be more precise, I see no possibility of helping you. If you can supply me with the name and date, I may have some recollection of the matter you refer to. Also it is only fair to ask how you have heard of me, and my share in the business. You can scarcely consider that question rude."

"Certainly not, my dear sir;" replied the visitor; "everything is plain and above board here. I only regret that from my own ignorance I should have to give you so much trouble. But in your desire to do good you will excuse me. The case has some little peculiarities, which with your permission I will recount. Only let me ask you first if you are sure that a long tale will not weary you."

"Nothing will weary me about—I mean in a case of so much interest."

"How good of you to feel such interest without any knowledge of the people implicated. But alas, Mr. Tucker, I am suffering from thirst. I have ridden nearly fifty miles since noon; now all very pure air, such as that of Devon, contains saline particles; and in the distance I behold a pump. I would crave your hospitable leave to go and move the handle."

"Mr. Gaston, I humbly beg your pardon," said the ancient gentleman, arising with a sigh; "but my mind is not as present to me, as it used to be. We have not the name of inhospitality, as a rule, in Devonshire; but I give you my honour, sir, that it quite escaped me. And after your ride—what will my sister say? I beg you to come into our little parlour. It is getting rather cold out here, and not so comfortable. Perhaps you have never even dined? Oh dear!"

"I shall go to the pump, and that alone, if you say another syllable, my dear sir. But if you make a point of it, I will go in. But, nothing to eat, sir—not one morsel. My dinner is a trifle to a man like me, and I have made arrangements about it. Anything, anything—a glass of cold water, with a quarter of a knob of sugar suits me well."

However, like most men who speak thus, the traveller was better in his deed than word; so that three large tumblers of hot rum and water confessed him more capacious than themselves before he had much to say to them.

"It is a curious story. You misdoubted me out there;" he began, with a wave of his glass drumstick towards the garden. "But, Tucker, I have found you now to be a hearty fellow. The heart, after all, is the thing that matters most with all human beings. Hang it, I don't suppose one man in fifty thousand would have taken up this thing like me, from pure love of the specie."

"Of the human species;" his host amended gently; then, fearful of any rudeness, added—"no doubt you are right however; the two words are much the same, I do believe."

"To me no matter is of any moment," resumed the red-faced man, with his roses deepening into mulberries, "in comparison with the glow of heart produced by a noble action. And when we can benefit ourselves as well, what a poor heart it must be that hesitates! Look at the case which I have in hand. An amiable but eccentric man, a pattern of every virtue, except the rare one of common sense, takes a turn against all his family. He fancies that they are all set against him, that their views are sordid and his alone are large; that as he cannot alter them his best plan is to have nothing to do with them and keep out of their sight. Also he believes that a man's truest work is to earn his own living with his own hands, and wash them clean of all the vices of the world. In a word, he has crotchets about society, nature, and things of that sort, to put it clearly. Well, he disappears, without rhyme or reason, having lost the only link that retained him in society, a charming young wife, who was the goddess of the day. He buries himself in some outlandish region, although he belongs to a distinguished family, and has done a good deal to distinguish himself. No doubt he believes that he has acted for the best, that he is fulfilling what is called in the cant of the day, 'a lofty mission,' that he stood across the light of other people's prospects, and was bound in duty to obliterate himself; whereas in reality he is consulting his own tastes, which are out of all reason and fantastic.

"Let us say that his family have long looked upon him as an excellent but misguided fellow, not a black sheep, but a stray sheep, who will have his own way; and hoping for his happiness they make no fuss about him. But in the course of years, he becomes more needful, as a snug little property falls to him by succession, and his signature is needed, as a matter of formality in a settlement of importance. In such a case, he must abandon for a moment his hermitage, receive his dues, and perform his duty. Possibly he may be induced to return altogether to civilised existence. If so, he will be welcomed by enthusiastic friends, and his history shall appear in letters of pure gold. On the other hand, if he prefers the seclusion which must have become his second nature now, he may return to it with his wheels greased—excuse the coarseness of the allusion, my dear sir, what I mean is with more butter for his farmhouse bread. Now, what do you think of my proposal?"

"I do not appear to have quite understood," Mr. Tucker replied very quietly and slowly, "what proposal there is before me, or even that there is any at all. If not a rude question in my own house, I would venture to ask, sir, without offence, whether you are a solicitor?"

"Come now, my friend, you are a little too hard on me. When I have tried to make it clear to you that I desire to do good!"

"I am sure I beg your pardon, sir. But so they may sometimes; I do assure you I have known it. But since you are not in the law, I may speak freely. And to save you further trouble, I will own right out that I am pretty sure by this time of the gentleman you mean. I know of no great mystery in the matter; and such things are not at all in my line. He wished to be quiet and undisturbed, as a man might well do in a sad affliction, and as every man has a right to do, if he chooses. I felt the same feeling myself, Mr. Gaston, in the days when the Lord afflicted me."

The voice of the old man trembled slightly, for his affliction was life-long; and this had helped to draw him towards the man in like trouble, who had made up his mind to retire from the world.

"You too have lamented?" said the red-faced man. "It is the lot of us all, my dear sir. But the duty of the strong man is, to up, cast off, and gird himself."

"I will not deny it. But it takes a time to do it, as well as a clear view of the world. And for looking at the world there are quite as many hills, as there are men to stand on them. But I am keeping you long from your dinner, Mr. Gaston, which I believe you have ordered. You do not expect me to tell you, I suppose, all I know about the gentleman you ask of?"

"If there is anything that I avoid, Tucker," the visitor replied, as he compounded for himself a fourth instalment of rum-punch—"it is the barest semblance of a liberty. Your excellent health, my dear friend! I have never encountered a more harmonious soul. No, no; I only ask you for the gentleman's address, to do him a genuine and great kindness."

"It will give me real pleasure," said the host, who was standing, and bowing at the generous carousal in his honour, "to place you in communication with him, upon the receipt of his permission. That is a thing for him to give, and not for me to take as granted. Shall I write and inform him of your application? Or will you write yourself, Mr. Gaston, and leave it with me to be forwarded? You do not know the name, I think you say—the present name of the gentleman. But if you will use the name you know him by, I will answer for safe delivery. We may save the post, if you begin at once. Here is all you want, including sealing-wax; and I will leave the room while you write, if you think proper."

"Well!" cried the visitor, jumping up with a force that shook the room, and made the glasses rattle, while his face turned white, and its glow flew to his eyes; "is that all you mean to tell me?"

"I can tell you nothing more," the old man answered, looking at him firmly, but with great surprise; "nothing more, until I get permission. Surely you would not——"

"I forgot one little thing," the other interrupted, as he thrust his hand so violently into a breast-pocket that the host nearly made up his mind to see a pistol; "I forgot that nothing is to be had for nothing. My mind is so set upon discovering that man, that if fifty pounds—well then a hundred pounds—"

"Not a thousand, sir; no, nor fifty thousand;" Caleb Tucker broke in sternly. "You must be a bad man, whatever you may say about your heart, to insult me so. It is lucky for you that I am not a young man. Leave my house. I am not accustomed to entertain such visitors."

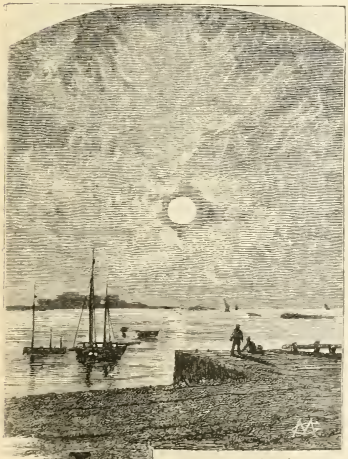
"Over-righteous Caleb," said the red-faced man, recovering his colour and his temper, or enough of it to supply cool insolence; "we have no faith in all this noble indignation. You know, my remarkably stingy host, upon which side your bread is buttered. And you think to make a good thing of what you have got out of me. Ta, ta, Master Dry-rot. Your very cheap rum has spoiled my appetite for dinner. I shall go to your cathedral, and pray to be delivered from the company of ancient hypocrites."

THE ROAD TO THE POLE.

A Yachting Cruise to Novaya Zemlya and Seas adjacent.

By Captain ALBERT HASTINGS MARKHAM, R.N.

FIRST PAPER



I WAS meditating over the large amount of interesting work which lies open to the explorer in the Arctic Seas, and deploring the inactivity of our own countrymen, who appeared to view with apathetic indifference the exertions of other nations in a field in which the British have so distinguished themselves in bygone days, when I received an invitation from a friend to accompany him on a sporting trip to Novaya Zemlya.

The object of the cruise was the pursuit of walruses, seals, polar bears, and other oil-yielding animals, the capture of which would afford more sport than profit.

My friend, in order to follow out his scheme, had hired a small Norwegian cutter, which was being prepared for his reception at Tromsö. She was to be ready early in May, and all he wanted was a companion for the voyage.

Although three days, all the time allotted me, was a short period in which to obtain my leave and make preparations for an Arctic cruise, I gladly accepted the offer to share his small cabin, only stipulating that when satisfied with the murder of unoffending animals, we might be engaged in the more useful employment of examining the edge of the pack ice supposed to exist between Novaya Zemlya and Spitzbergen. My friend, being quite as enthusiastic regarding the exploration of the unknown Arctic world as myself, at once agreed to my amendment, so, our preparations being hurriedly concluded, we left England on the 1st of May.

I will not weary my readers with an account of our passage across to Norway, or with the grand scenery enjoyed by us as we threaded our way up the fiords and inside the islands which fringe, and form such a protection from the sea to, the western Norwegian coast. Suffice it to say, that we reached Tromsö, the most northern city in the world —for it is a bishop's see and contains a population of over 7,000 people—on the 10th of May, and found the little vessel, that was destined to be our home for the succeeding five months, nearly ready to receive us.

Our yacht, the *Isbjorn*, had already acquired historical celebrity as an arctic voyager. She was of 43 tons burthen and, being fitted up essentially as a cargo-carrying ship and therefore with a large, commodious main hold, our accommodation was in proportion limited. The cabin, common both to my companion and myself, in which we lived, slept, and ate our meals, was slightly raised by a small deck house being built over it, but its dimensions were only 5½ feet by 5 feet 9 inches, with a height of 6 feet 4 inches. Our bunks were 1 foot 9 inches in breadth. A small caboose or deck galley served as our kitchen, and this was taken possession of by K., our general factotum, one of those useful sort of men so seldom met with, who are not only willing, but able, to turn their hands to almost anything that is required of them. He was our cook, and *did* for us generally during the cruise. Our crew consisted of the skipper, mate, two harponeers, cook, and four seamen, all Norwegians. They lived in a small place at the fore end of the vessel.

The captain's qualifications for the command were *nil*, for he was no navigator; but being the owner of the vessel, he naturally regarded himself, and we dubbed him, as skipper. The *Isbjorn* was well protected for ice navigation, and was 55 feet long, with a beam of 17 feet.

The interior of our cabin presented a very business-like appearance, for we had no less than eight guns and rifles, of different calibres, suspended in various parts of the cabin. Nor ought I to omit mentioning another of our messmates, namely, "Gouch," a collie dog belonging to my companion, to whose good nose we were repeatedly indebted for many a fine fat haunch of venison.

Calm weather or head winds was our lot for some days after leaving Tromsö, and our progress was therefore necessarily slow. Sometimes we would lie becalmed in a narrow channel, completely surrounded by hills from one to three thousand feet in height, their snow-covered slopes and summits being clearly reflected in the placid and unruffled water that nestled at their bases, whilst our own hull and sails as we gazed into the water appeared mirrored as in a looking-glass, a perfect illustration of Coleridge's "painted ship upon a painted ocean."

As a contrast to this, occasionally we would be assailed by strong and furious squalls, which, gathering in strength and velocity as they rushed through the mountain gaps and gorges, would burst upon us in uncontrolled fury, necessitating constant vigilance and caution on the part of our crew.

Passing through the fjords to the southward of North Cape, we emerged into the Barents Sea on the 28th, and shaped a course to the eastward.

It is certainly an undoubted fact, which has elsewhere been recorded, that wherever Englishmen have been they have left their mark! And although it is many years since English explorers sailed into the sea, now called after the celebrated Dutch navigator, the mark of our countrymen is there to be found; for the most northern point of Europe proper (as distinguished from the great continent comprising both Europe and Asia) was named the North Cape by an Englishman, and was, in all probability, first rounded by Sir Hugh Willoughby in 1553. It received its name from his second in command, Richard Chancellor. The name by which this headland was known to the Russians was Murmansky Noss, which means the Nose or Cape of the Normans!

A voyage in a small craft like the little *Isbjorn*, when continued for any length of time, must always be attended with a certain amount of monotony. It is almost impossible to settle down to any work of a serious nature, for the very liveliness of the little craft tosses and jumbles up all one's ideas into such an incongruous mass that it requires at least a day's perfect stillness to disentangle them from the unutterable confusion they have got into. As for walking, or taking any exercise, that is quite out of the question, for even if the afore-mentioned antics of the vessel would admit the possibility of walking, such a proceeding is rendered impossible by the way in which the deck is lumbered, for at sea we had to carry our two walrus boats, which are very little smaller than the vessel itself, inboard! We certainly found the *Isbjorn* the liveliest of little "ice-bears."

Birds indigenous to the Arctic regions soared over our heads, many of which were sacrificed in the interests of science as additions to our natural history collections. Sometimes we would watch, with eager interest, our sympathies being always on the side of the aggrieved party, the Pomatorhine Skua, or Robber Gull, as it is more commonly called, chasing the unfortunate Kittiwake, if it should be the fortunate possessor of a fish, and swooping down upon it in rapid fierce flight, attempt to rob it of its prey, both hunter and hunted screaming discordantly all the time. Well is it named the Robber Gull; for too lazy, or unable, to fish for itself, it relies for its food upon what it is able to steal from the harmless and graceful Kittiwake.

A falling thermometer and a sharp crispness of the air announced that we were rapidly approaching the neighbourhood of ice, and on the afternoon of June 4th, being some fifty miles off the south-west coast of Novaya Zemlya, we ran into a large quantity of loosely packed thin ice, existing in loose streams, through which we had little difficulty in penetrating.

During the time we were in the ice we experienced most changeable weather. At one moment the sun would shine upon us out of a clear, cloudless sky, and the next we would have to run for shelter from a heavy snowstorm, accompanied by a keen, cutting wind. There is hardly any region in the world where the weather is so uncertain and changeable as in the Arctic zone, and where the sun breaking forth, in one moment makes everything bright and joyous, which before was a dull, dreary scene, a vast and illimitable waste of snow and ice.

It was quite a relief that we experienced as we sailed from a rather rough tumbling sea into the smooth water invariably found in the vicinity of ice, the change from the boisterous tumult of the one to the remarkably quiescent state of the other being marvellously sudden and almost instantaneous. This first encounter of ours with the ice showed us, unmistakably, the extreme aversion evinced by our Norwegian crew to running any undue risks by forcing the ship into the pack.

When working through ice, or being anywhere in its vicinity, it was quite amusing to watch the doleful and anxious look which our skipper's face invariably assumed; but when at sea and clear of all dangers both of ice and land, no member of our little ship's company was merrier or apparently more happy than the captain. Although well advanced in years he was as active as a monkey, and would frequently go aloft for the express purpose of amusing himself by sliding down the boom topping lift or some other rope.

During his spell at the wheel he would beguile the time by singing Norwegian songs, and although unable to speak a word of English, he learnt, before our return, from our attendant, the famous Jingo song: and we would hear at all hours of the day old "Jog" or "Sindbad," as we used to call him, bawling out at the top of his voice, in a curious foreign accent—

"Don't want ter fecht,
By yingo ef I do,"
&c., &c., &c.

Our first visitor from the shores of Novaya Zemlya was a beautiful little "Sylvia," about the size of a wren, perhaps a little larger, possessing the most brilliant blue plumage about its neck and breast. This little warbler was blown off from the land during a south-easterly breeze, and fluttering around the ship for a few minutes, alighted upon the bulwarks, innocently imagining it would be allowed to rest after the fatigues incidental to its flight. But, alas! poor deluded little bird! Instead of receiving kind treatment and a warm welcome it was ruthlessly attacked and felled to the deck by a blow from a large broom, and soon deprived of its beautiful skin. It was too rare a specimen to be allowed to escape, and was therefore sacrificed in the interests of science.

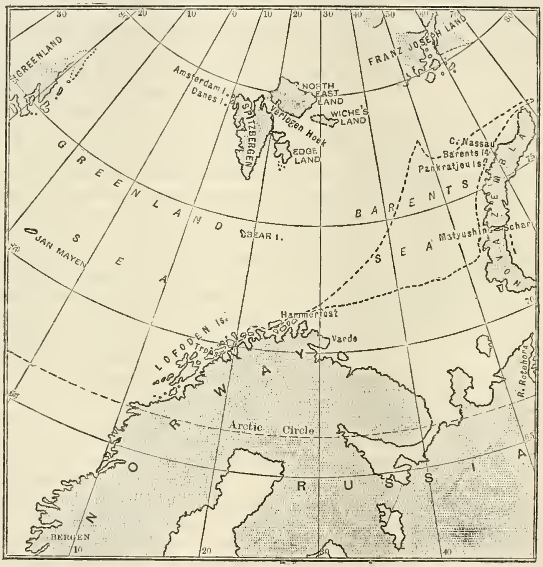
On the 9th of June we sighted, for the first time, the little-known land of Novaya Zemlya. A strong gale of wind was blowing from the south-east at the time, accompanied by a dense snowstorm, and it was only during a lull in the weather that we succeeded in obtaining a glimpse of it. In the afternoon of the same day we ran close in for shelter and smooth water, and eventually anchored for a few hours under the lee of Goose Land, as the low, flat, jutting-out peninsula is named, several of which are to be found along the west coast of the island.

I cannot say that our first view of the land prepossessed us very much in its favour; all that could be seen was a low snow-covered coast, whilst in the background were lofty snow-capped hills more or less uniform. The whole country was entirely wrapped in one impervious mantle of snow.

The next morning saw the little *Isbjorn* again under way and pursuing a northerly course.

On the same evening a little excitement was caused by suddenly observing a small boat bearing down upon us from the land, its occupants firing blank charges in order to attract our attention. Many were the conjectures as to what she could possibly be. The most plausible seemed to be that she contained the crew of a shipwrecked vessel; yet at the same time we knew that it was almost too early in the year for any vessel to have been destroyed by the ice *north* of us. We therefore concluded that the boat must contain the crew of a vessel that had been caught by the ice the previous year, and had therefore been compelled to pass the winter on the sterile and inhospitable coast of Novaya Zemlya. Our surmises were speedily set at rest, for on heaving-to and allowing her to come alongside, she proved to be a small open boat, containing five Samoyedes: two men, a woman, and a couple of children. They were clad in reindeer-skin coats, with hoods of the same material, and sealskin trousers and boots.

They appeared very merry and cheerful, and boarded us in a very unceremonious manner, entirely setting at rest any idea we might have had of their being in a semi-starved or famished condition. The lady (although it required a very keen observer to detect the difference of sex, so similar were they in their clothing) was handed up the side by our gallant skipper in true cavalier style. The children, however, were treated less ceremoniously, being summarily seized by the nape of the collar of their skin habiliments and thus dragged on board.


GREENLAND
Amsterdam I.
Danes I.
SPITZBERGEN
NORTH EAST LAND
WICHE'S LAND
Verlegen Hoek
EDGE LAND
FRANZ JOSEPH LAND
C. Nassau
Barents I.
Pankratjeu Is.
GREENLAND SEA
JAN MAYEN
BEAR I.
BARENTS SEA
Matyushin Schar
NOVAYA ZEMLYA
Hammerfest
Vardo
LOFODEN Is.
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They informed us that they had passed the winter in a hut not far from where they met us, and that they were then on their way to the Kostin Shar to visit their friends—a settlement of Samoyedes being established in that neighbourhood. A Russian had passed the winter with them, but had been left in charge of the hut. We also received the agreeable intelligence that we were the first vessel they had seen going north this year; which naturally elated us not a little, knowing that if we could get amongst game, by which term we alluded to walruses and seals, we should find them undisturbed by the visits of previous hunters, and therefore expect to reap a rich harvest. They also told us that the ice had broken up along the coast some eight weeks before. The Samoyedes were accompanied by four wretched-looking dogs, resembling Eskimo dogs, though perhaps not quite so large, all equipped with sledging harness, whilst the runners and framework of a sledge could be seen in the bottom of the boat.

Our visitors remained on board for upwards of an hour, when, supplying them with a small quantity of bread and water, and rejoicing their hearts with a glass of *aqua vitæ* each, they took their departure and sailed to the southward.

As the small stock of fresh meat we had brought with us from Tromsö was diminishing in a most alarming manner, it was decided to put into a harbour, called Nameless Bay, in order to replenish our provisions. This bay was reputed to be a famous place for "looms," as Brunnich's guillemots are invariably called; and well did it deserve the reputation it had acquired, for it was one vast loomery, teeming with birds. The bay was bounded on the three sides by high hills, terminating at the water in abrupt, precipitous cliffs, about one hundred feet in height. Frost and the action of the weather had formed narrow ledges on the faces of these limestone cliffs, rising in regular stratifications, tier over tier, from base to summit. These ledges were the loomeries, and on them were congregated myriads of birds. So thickly were they clustered together, that the combination of their black and white plumage made the face of the cliffs assume a "pepper and salt" hue.

Some idea may be gathered of the countless numbers of these birds by the fact that my companion and myself in less than two hours bagged six hundred, and, had we required it, many hundreds more could have been obtained in the same space of time. On the first discharge of our guns, a perfect cloud rose in front of us, completely obscuring the face of the cliff. The noise produced by the tremendous whirring and flapping of wings can only be compared to that made by the fall of water from a large cascade. As they flew seawards they struck us in the boats, whilst the killed and wounded fell upon us like hail. The incessant flight of these birds in different directions, during the days we remained at anchor in the bay, reminded me more of the swarming of hundreds of hives of bees than anything else; so continuous were their flights, that we used to find it almost impossible to sweep the land carefully with a telescope for game, in consequence of the rapid passage of these birds across the fields of our glasses.

The looms build their nests on the ledges of the cliffs, where their eggs, of which there is only one in each nest, are perfectly secure from the depredations of all thieves but the skuas and the Glaucus gulls. These latter birds breed on the summits of the cliffs, immediately over the loomeries, which they watch with a jealous and greedy eye. The male and female loom alternately guards the precious egg, and woe betide the unfortunate guillemot who should be tempted away, by food or otherwise, from its sacred treasure. The watchful skua or burgomaster quickly swoops down, and on the return of the loom its nest is empty.

We were, unfortunately, a few days too early to obtain any of the eggs for our breakfast table, but we revelled for some time in such delicacies as "loom soup," "stewed loom," "curried loom," and other ingenious methods of cooking those birds.

Under some of the cliffs were large caves, worn away by the action of the sea, the fronts of which were, in some instances, almost choked by heavy masses of pure white snow, whilst clusters of large transparent icicles, hanging pendant like stalactites from the top, formed a beautiful fringe or fret-work to the entrances, past which all was wrapped in sombre gloom.

It did not require a very great stretch of imagination to fancy one's self suddenly transported into fairyland, a feeling enhanced by the beautiful prismatic colours which were reflected, as the rays of the midnight sun, "bathing in deep joy" the snow-clad hills on the northern side of the bay, just caught the icicles that adorned the mouths of the caverns on the southern side. It was such a scene as might be imagined would be produced by a visit to the "Halls of Dazzling Light," or to "Aladdin's Cave."

Whilst pulling up in our boats to the head of the bay one beautiful still night, and enjoying the glorious scenery I have attempted to depict, we were aroused from our pleasing reverie, and called into active life, by seeing four reindeer quietly browsing on the few patches of vegetation which, here and there, appeared in the long stretches of snow-covered land. Fairyland had, for the time, to be forgotten, the peaceful beauties of the scene had to be ignored, and the more practical and cruel work of slaughter had to be considered.

They were the first reindeer we had seen, and although we had already well supplied ourselves with fresh provisions in the shape of "looms," a venison steak or haunch was not to be despised.

Quickly landing, although not without some difficulty on account of the ice-foot we had to scramble up, and which was about eight feet high, we started in pursuit; and so well were our precautions taken and arrangements carried out, that in little over two hours we had the satisfaction of pulling back to our ship with four fine bucks in our boat.

The reindeer, during the month of June, in consequence of their winter coats being so assimilated in colour to the snow, are by no means easy to see, and it requires a very quick and practised eye to distinguish them.

So covered is the land, in this month, with snow, that it is surprising that these animals can find sufficient food on which to subsist. Their scent, however, is so keen, that they quickly discover the presence of moss or other vegetation under the snow, which latter is soon displaced in order to get at it. The willow (*Salix arctica*) is the favourite food of the reindeer. Of course, in the early part of the season these animals are very lean and scraggy, but towards August and September they are in magnificent condition. The last reindeer shot by us had five inches of fat on its hind quarters.

Although Novaya Zemlya may be regarded as an uninhabited land, numerous vestiges of former visitors are everywhere to be found. These traces consist of ruined huts and circlets of stones, or old fire-places and fox-traps. The huts owe their existence to Russian walrus hunters, and others engaged in the like occupation, whilst the stones are evidently the sites of old Samoyede encampments. These migratory tribes frequently pass many years of their lives in the southern part of Novaya Zemlya, and wander northwards during the spring and summer in the pursuit of game.

Cairns, those essentially Arctic landmarks, abound along the coast, every prominent cape, headland, or hill, being ornamented with one or more. These cairns are erected by the Russian and Norwegian fishermen during their idle moments. A great many are also doubtless due to the Russian officers and men who were engaged in surveying the coast during the early part of the present century.

IS SOCIETY CHRISTIANIZED?

By the EDITOR.

WERE St. Paul to revisit the earth, and to contemplate the actual state of European society, we wonder how far he would recognise the characteristics of that Kingdom of God for which he laboured. Or, to put it on still higher ground, to what extent would our Lord, if He came among us, trace the influence of the religion He sought to establish? Without touching on what exists elsewhere there can be no doubt as to the power—on the whole, unspeakably beneficial—which Christianity visibly exercises in this kingdom. Its existence is felt everywhere, directly or indirectly. There is not a parish which does not betray some evidence of zeal for Church or creed. Everywhere Church or Dissent is busy. No rank escapes their activity. And yet the contrast betwixt existent Christianity and the spirit of Christ's religion may, in spite of all, be as marked as what He found betwixt the zeal for Moses and the Pentateuch which possessed the Jerusalem of His day, and the true requirements of the Mosaic law. "Did not Moses give you the law?" He asked, "and yet none of you keepeth the law." The assertion was extraordinary. If there was one object more than another to which they devoted thought and zeal it was the endeavour to keep the law with precision. Reverence for Moses and his holy books, and loyalty to the historic Church, were not merely the religion, but the very passion of the people. And yet it was to them Christ said, "None of you keepeth the law." Standing in the midst of a society, the very breath of whose life was theology and ecclesiasticism, He told them they "knew not the Father." He finds more of the spirit of true religion in Roman officers, in heathen women, even in publicans and harlots, who at all events were real in their conscious sinfulness, than among the Scribes, Pharisees, and lawyers who filled the synagogues.

Is there anything in the condition of society now which would lead us to suspect a similar condemnation at the hands of Christ? The question opens far too wide and difficult a field for adequate discussion in this brief paper. We can only suggest some thoughts in reply.

If we take The Sermon on the Mount as the best exposition of the spirit of the religion which Christ sought to establish, and making full allowance for the vivid style in which, after oriental fashion, the truth is there put, we cannot fail to notice the uncompromising nature of the demands He urges. Humility, meekness, an intense love of the right, mercy, peacefulness, sincerity form the elementary themes from which the full harmony of the discourse is sounded. Goodness, which is to be like a permeating salt; good works, that are to shine forth like light, from their intrinsic beauty; such love towards others as cannot brook causeless anger; forgiveness to the uttermost; purity, not merely of conduct, but desire; such high honour that no oath is requisite; unquestioning generosity, embracing the unthankful as well as the grateful; freedom from that rancour of party-spirit which salutes its sympathizers only; such an absence of ostentation that all is done in secret and before God alone; such unworldliness as cares primarily for what is right and godly, and treats money or success, and even the question of food and raiment, as of secondary importance; the honest charity which refuses to judge a brother—that tone of mind, in short, which Christ terms the spirit of both law and gospel, and the essence of all social religion :—" Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them." If these or suchlike principles express the will of Christ as manifested in the individual or society, how far do we find it realised now?

If we commence with the ecclesiastical world, we are free to acknowledge that there is great zeal and an extraordinary expenditure of energy by different parties on behalf of what each terms "the truth," or "the Church," thereby meaning those aspects of truth, or that branch of the Church, with which they have identified themselves. But if Christ's religion is in its spirit that which is described in the Sermon on the Mount, we may entertain some doubts as to whether it has been advanced or retarded by ecclesiasticism, as distinct from the beneficent work which all Churches more or less promote. When we estimate the bitter quarrelling about the mint and anise of government, combined with neglect of mutual fair play—the straining out of the gnats of observance and the swallowing of camel-loads of uncharity—the outrageous importance attached to Shibboleths, united with intolerance, jealousy, pride, and the petty trickeries of party politics, we wonder whether there is no ground for Christ addressing Priest and Presbyter now as He did the old Jewish ecclesiastics—"Have not I given you the law of humility, charity, and righteousness? whence this strife and evil-speaking in the name of the religion I founded? None of you keepeth my law."

Or if, passing to social life, and overlooking many immoralities and sins of luxury, we regard in the light of the Christian ideal the class separations which divide rank from rank, rich from poor, we must experience a sense of antithesis rather than of any approach to realisation. For the spirit of Christianity is essentially socialistic—not the socialism of the Nihilist assassin or the Communist *petroleuse*—but the socialism of the New Testament, which would have us, recognising the brotherhood of man, to come under the burdens of others in order to elevate and bless. We, however, have left it to Red Republicans and visionaries to preach in the name of atheism a wild travesty of the truth committed to us by Christ, and God is visiting the sin of our neglect by these outbursts of a slumbering social volcano.

Or again, taking a broad view of the commercial world, and assuming that it is composed chiefly of men professing to be governed by the principles which Christ inculcated, we may ask how far there is a proportionate importance attached by them, such as He attached, to that kingdom whose primary reward is righteousness, and that other kingdom whose primary rewards are success, money, and the power which wealth bestows? How far can it be said of the way in which so-called Christian men, as a whole, act in business, that they seek first the kingdom of God and its righteousness, not giving the foremost place in their hearts to profit but to what is just and true? Is there conformity in all things to what is honest, or conformity to "the custom of the trade," whether strictly honest or not? Is it first the claims of honour and then success, or is it first success and then as much honour as may be convenient or usual in the circumstances? Would it not in like manner be difficult to make Christ's precepts harmonize with the attitude in which employer and employed mutually stand?

Such a review, however brief, of some of the features which the worlds of ecclesiastical, social, and commercial life present, may suggest a few painful reflections. I do not deny that there are large exceptions to be made, or that the tone of society as a whole is in many respects becoming better. But the fault of the present time, as it has been the fault of other ages of the Church, is to forget the all-embracing character of the demand of Christ, and that the true measure of the advance of His kingdom, as distinct from any ecclesiasticism, is to be found in the extent in which the spirit of Christ is carried into every sphere of interest and duty. For while modern society is certainly to some extent chargeable with such breaches of Christ's law as have been sketched, yet were society resolved into its component parts, we would discover a great deal that is apparently sincerely religious in the individuals who so compose it. The ecclesiastic who leads the party warfare, who is a conscientious hater of the rival sect, and is as unscrupulous in the furtherance of his "side" as any wire-puller in secular politics, may be a man earnest in prayer, the subject of deep religious emotion, and really anxious to serve Christ. The man of wealth, and the lady of rank and fashion, who live as separate from those of a lower social scale, as the high-caste Brahmin does from the Pariah, may be full of a certain luxurious religious sentimentalism and zealous for the specialities of their favourite church or worship. The merchant whose mind is absorbed with gain, and whose transactions may not always be quite "regular" if tested by the standard of unblemished honour, would not only be indignant if any doubt were thrown on his Christian character, but, as the world has frequently seen, he may be a religious professor, famous for his long prayers and strict observances. These are not necessarily hypocrites, if it is thereby meant that they are consciously acting a part. The causes lie deeper. One of these causes may be found in the false distinction between the religious and the secular, which makes so many people act as if they were two departments, the one somehow connected with the next world, and having appropriate sentiments for certain occasions, and the other belonging to this life, with principles suitable for things as they are. They say, " Business is business, and religion is religion," or, " If the Church has its duties, it is also necessary to maintain one's position." And in this way religion becomes divorced from its true function as an influence which ought to elevate and consecrate all duties by the spirit which is carried into all.

There are other causes, chiefly theological, which may be touched on in a future paper.

A WINTER REVERIE.

NOW slowly fades and dies the light of day,
While over hill and plain steals twilight grey,
Shrouding both lowly cot and lordly hall
In sombre folds of Nature's funeral pall.

The wind moans sadly through the branches bare
Of sturdy oak and elm, whose boughs, so fair
And green erewhile, waved gaily in the breeze,—
Their rustling leaves making sweet harmonies.

The limpid brooks which watered hill and glade,
Whose murmuring music sweet accompaniment made
To love-song of the birds, make no glad sound,
For all are fast in icy fetters bound.

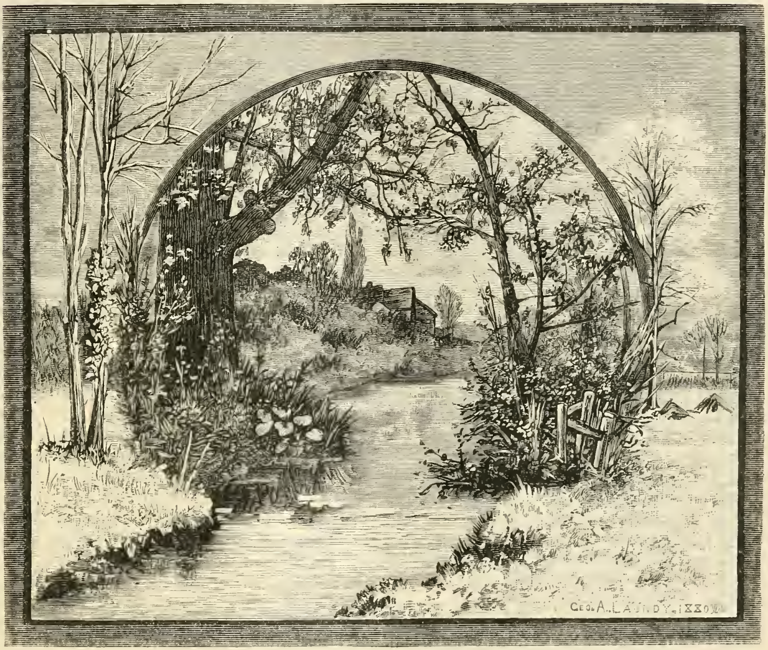
The meadows, once so gay with blossoms bright,
Look brown and dreary in the cold, grey light;
While o'er the hill-tops, which the sunlight kissed,
Comes creeping up the cold and wintry mist.

The blithesome birds who erst on joyous wing
Did thankful melodies in sweet notes sing,
Have ceased their song, and to a sunnier shore
Have flown, where they may still their glad notes pour.

The merry insects who in colours fair
Oft danced so lightly on the summer air,
Are seen no more; their little part they played
In life,—then sank in calm Oblivion's shade.

All things are hushed and still; vain strives the ear
To catch some mirthful sound—nought but the clear
And ringing tone of woodman's axe is heard,
Or far-off cry of some lone, startled bird.

But yet a little while, and once again
Nature shall chant in glad, exultant strain,
For all-obedient to Divine command,
Sweet Spring shall spread her brightness o'er the land.



Then shall be heard again in shady grove
And leafy dell glad symphonies of love,
Warbled by sweet-voiced songsters, and upborne
To realms celestial on the wings of morn.

The flowers upspringing from Earth's genial breast,
In all their gayest, brightest colours drest,
With rich luxuriance shall bedeck the ground,
And shed their fragrant perfume all around.

" Earth's many voices " shall harmonious blend
In one glad chorus, which shall e'en ascend
To highest skies, proclaiming far and near,
" Stern Winter's past, and merry Spring is here ! "

ELLA H. ROZIER.

REMINISCENCES OF THE HIGH CHURCH REVIVAL.

BY JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE, M.A.

LETTER II.—THE TRACTARIANS.

MY DEAR ——

I have told you that the Tractarians' object, so far as they understood themselves, was to raise up the Church to resist the revolutionary tendency which they conceived to have set in with the Reform Bill; that the effect of their work was to break the back of the resisting power which the Church already possessed, and to feed the fire which they hoped to extinguish. I go on to explain in detail what I mean.

When I went into residence at Oxford my brother was no longer alive. He had been abroad almost entirely for three or four years before his death; and although the atmosphere at home was full of the new opinions, and I heard startling things from time to time on Transubstantiation and such-like, he had little to do with my direct education. I had read at my own discretion in my father's library. My own small judgment had been satisfied by Newton that the Pope was the Man of Sin; and Davison, to whom I was sent for a correction, had not removed the impression. I knew the Fairy Queen pretty well, and had understood who and what was meant by the False Duessa. I read Sharon Turner carefully, and also Gibbon, and had thus unconsciously been swallowing antidotes to Catholic doctrine. Of evangelical books properly so-called I had seen nothing. Dissent in all its forms was a crime in our house. My father was too solid a man to be carried off his feet by the Oxford enthusiasm, but he was a High Churchman of the old school. The Church itself he regarded as part of the constitution; and the Prayer-book as an Act of Parliament which only folly or disloyalty could quarrel with. My brother's notion of the evangelical clergy in the Establishment must have been taken from some unfortunate specimens. He used to speak of them as "fellows who turned up the whites of their eyes, and said *Lawd*." We had no copy of the "Pilgrim's Progress" in the house. I never read it till after I had grown up, and I am sorry that I did not make earlier acquaintance with it. Speculations about the Church and the Sacraments went into my head, but never much into my heart; and I fancy, perhaps idly, that I might have escaped some trials and some misfortunes if my spiritual imagination had been allowed food which would have agreed with it.

In my first term at the university, the controversial fires were beginning to blaze, but not as yet hotly. The authorities had not taken the alarm, but there was much talk and excitement, and neither the education nor the discipline of the place was benefited by it. The attention of the heads and tutors was called off from their proper business. The serious undergraduates divided into parties, and the measure with which they estimated one another's abilities was not knowledge or industry, but the opinions which they severally held. The neo-Catholic youths thought themselves especially clever and regarded Low Churchmen and Liberals as fools. It was unfortunate, for the state of Oxford was crying out for reform of a different kind. The scheme of teaching for the higher class of men was essentially good; perhaps as good as it could be made, incomparably better than the universal knowledge methods which have taken its place. But the idle or dull man had no education at all. His three or four years were spent in forgetting what he had learnt at school. The degree examination was got over by a *memoria technica*, and three months' cram with a private tutor. We did pretty much what we liked. There was much dissipation, and the whole manner of life was needlessly extravagant. We were turned loose at eighteen, pleasures tempting us on all sides, the expense of indulgence being the only obstacle; and the expense for the first year or two was kept out of sight by the eagerness of the tradesmen to give us credit. No dean or tutor ever volunteered to help our inexperience. The prices which we paid for everything was preposterous. The cost of living might have been reduced to half what it was if the college authorities would have supplied the students on the co-operative system. But they would take no trouble, and their own charges were on the same extravagant scale. The wretched novice was an object of general plunder till he had learnt how to take care of himself. I remember calculating that I could have lived at a boarding-house on contract, with every luxury which I had in college, at a reduction of fifty per cent. In all this there was room and to spare for reforming energy, and it may be said that the administration of the university was the immediate business of the leading members—a business, indeed a duty, much more immediate than the un-Protestantizing of the Church of England. But there was no leisure, there was not even a visible desire to meddle with concerns so vulgar. Famous as the Tractarian leaders were to become, their names are not connected with a single effort to improve the teaching at Oxford or to mend its manners. Behind the larger conflict which they raised, that duty was left untouched for many years; it was taken up ultimately by the despised Liberals, who have not done it well, but have at least accomplished something, and have won the credit which was left imprudently within their reach.

The state of things which I found on coming up was, thus, not favourable to the proper work of the place. In general there was far too little intercourse between the elder and the younger men. The difference of age was not really very great, but they seldom met, except in lecture-rooms. If an undergraduate now and then breakfasted with his tutor, the undergraduate was shy, and the tutor was obliged to maintain by distance and dignity of manner the superiority which he might have forfeited if he allowed himself to be easy and natural. I myself, for my brother's sake, was in some degree an exception. I saw something from the first of the men of whom the world was talking. I might have seen more, but I did not make the most of my opportunities. I wished to be a disciple. I thought I was a disciple. But somehow I could never feel in my heart that what they were about was of the importance of which it seemed to be, and I was little more than a curious and interested spectator.

Nor, with two exceptions, were the chiefs of the movement personally impressive to me. Isaac Williams I had known as a boy. He was an early friend of my brother's, and spent a vacation or two at my father's house before I went to school. His black brilliant eyes, his genuine laugh, the skill and heartiness with which he threw himself into our childish amusements, the inexhaustible stock of stories with which he held us spell-bound for hours, had endeared him to every one of us; and at Oxford to dine now and then with four or five others in Williams's rooms was still one of the greatest pleasures which I had. He was serious, but never painfully so; and though his thoughts ran almost entirely in theological channels, they rose out of the soil of his own mind, pure and sparkling as the water from a mountain spring. He was a poet, too, and now and then could rise into airy sweeps of really high imagination. There is an image in the "Baptistery" describing the relations between the actions of men here in this world and the eternity which lies before them, grander than the finest of Keble's, or even of Wordsworth's:—

"Ice-chained in its headlong tract
Have I seen a cataract,
All throughout a wintry noon,
Hanging in the silent moon;
All throughout a sunbright even,
Like the sapphire gate of Heaven;
Spray and wave, and drippings froze,
For a hundred feet and more
Caught in air, there to remain
Bound in winter's crystal chain.
All above still silent sleeps,
While in the transparent deeps,
Far below the current creeps.
Thus, methought men's actions here,
In their headlong full career,
Were passing into adamant;
Hopes and fears, love, hate, and want.
And the thoughts, like shining spray,
Which above their pathway play,
Standing in the eye of day,
In the changeless Heavenly noon,
Things done here beneath the moon."

Fault may be found with the execution in this passage, but the conception is poetry of the very highest order. But Williams was of quiet, unobtrusive spirit. He had neither the confidence nor the commanding nature which could have formed or led a party. The triumvirs who became a national force, and gave its real character to the Oxford movement, were Keble, Pusey, and John Henry Newman. Newman himself was the moving power; the two others were powers also, but of inferior mental strength. Without the third, they would have been known as men of genius and learning. But their personal influence would have been limited to and have ended with themselves. Of Pusey I knew but little, and need not do more than mention him. Of Keble I can only venture to say a few words.

He had left residence at the time I speak of, but the "Christian Year" had made him famous. He was often in Oxford as Professor of Poetry, and I was allowed to see him. Cardinal Newman has alluded in his "Apologia" to the reverence which was felt for Keble. He is now an acknowledged Saint of the English Church, admired and respected even by those who disagree with his theology. A college has been founded in commemoration of him, which bears his name; and the "Christian Year" itself has passed through more than a hundred editions, and is a household word in every family of the Anglican Episcopal communion, both at home and in America. It seems presumptuous to raise a doubt about the fitness of a recognition so marked and so universal. But the question is not of Keble's piety or genuineness of character. Both are established beyond the reach of cavil, and it would be absurd and ungracious to depreciate them. The intellectual and literary quality of his work, however, is a fair subject of criticism; and I am heretical enough to believe that, although the "Christian Year" will always hold a high place in religious poetry, it owes its extraordinary popularity to temporary and accidental causes. Books which are immediately successful, are those which catch and reflect the passing tones of opinion—all-absorbing while they last, but from their nature subject to change. The mass of men know little of other times or other ways of thinking than their own. Their minds are formed by the conditions of the present hour. Their greatest man is he who for the moment expresses most completely their own sentiments, and represents human life to them from their own point of view. The point of view shifts, conditions alter, fashions succeed fashions, and opinions opinions; and having ourselves lost the clue, we read the writings which delighted our great-grandfathers with wonder at their taste. Each generation produces its own prophets, and great contemporary fame, except in a few extraordinary instances, is revenged by an undeserved completeness of neglect.

Very different in general is the reception of the works of true genius. A few persons appreciate them from the first. To the many they seem flavourless and colourless, deficient in all the qualities which for the moment are most admired. They pass unnoticed amidst the meteors by which they are surrounded and eclipsed. But the meteors pass and they remain, and are seen gradually to be no vanishing coruscations, but new fixed stars, sources of genuine light, shining serenely for ever in the intellectual sky. They link the ages one to another in a common humanity. Virgil and Horace lived nearly two thousand years ago, and belonged to a society of which the outward form and fashion have utterly perished. But Virgil and Horace do not grow old, because while society changes men continue, and we recognise in reading them that the same heart beat under the toga which we feel in our own breasts. In the Roman Empire, too, there were contemporary popularities; men who were worshipped as gods, whose lightest word was treasured as a precious jewel—on whose breath millions hung expectant, who had temples built in their honour, who in their day were a power in the world. These are gone, while Horace remains—gone, dwindled into shadows. They were men, perhaps, of real worth, though of less than their admirers supposed, and they are now laughed at and moralized over in history as detected idols. As it was then, so it is now, and always will be. More copies of Pickwick were sold in five years than of Hamlet in two hundred. Yet Hamlet will last as long as the Iliad; Pickwick, delightful as it is to us, will be unreadable to our great-grandchildren. The most genial caricature ceases to interest when the thing caricatured has ceased to be.

I am not comparing the "Christian Year" to Pickwick, but there are fashions in religion as there are fashions in other things. The Puritans would have found in it the savour of the mystic Babylon. We cannot tell what English thought will be on these subjects in another century, but we may know if we are modest that it will not be identical with ours. Keble has made himself a name in history which will not be forgotten, and he will be remembered always as a person of singular piety, of inflexible integrity, and entire indifference to what is called fame or worldly advantages. He possessed besides, in an exceptional degree, the gift of expressing himself in the musical form which is called poetical. It is a form into which human thought naturally throws itself when it becomes emotional. It is the only form adequate to the expression of high intellectual passions. However powerful the intellect, however generous the heart, this particular faculty can alone convey to others what is passing in them, or give to spiritual beauty a body which is beautiful also. The poetic faculty thus secures to those who have it the admiration of every person; but it is to be remembered also that if the highest things can alone be fitly spoken of in poetry, all poetry is not necessarily of the highest things; and if it can rise to the grandest subjects, it can lend its beauty also to the most commonplace. The prima donna wields the spell of an enchantress, though the words which she utters are nonsense; and poetry can make diamonds out of glass and gold out of ordinary metal. Keble was a representative of the devout mind of England. Religion as he grew to manhood was becoming self-conscious. It was passing out of its normal and healthy condition as the authoritative teacher of obedience to the commandments, into active anxiety about the speculative doctrines on which its graces were held to depend. Here, as in all other directions, the mental activity of the age was making itself felt. The evangelical movement was one symptom of it. The revival of sacramentalism was another, and found a voice in Keble. But this is all. We look in vain to him for any insight into the complicated problems of humanity, or for any sympathy with the passions which are the pulses of human life. With the Prayer-book for his guide, he has provided us with a manual of religious sentiment corresponding to the Christian theory as taught by the Church of England Prayer-book, beautifully expressed in language which every one can understand and remember. High Churchmanship had been hitherto dry and formal; Keble carried into it the emotions of Evangelicalism, while he avoided angry collision with Evangelical opinions. Thus all parties could find much to admire in him, and little to suspect. English religious poetry was generally weak —was not, indeed, poetry at all. Here was something which in its kind was excellent; and every one who was really religious, or wished to be religious, or even outwardly and from habit professed himself and believed himself to be a Christian, found Keble's verses chime in his heart like church bells.

The "Christian Year," however, could be all this, and yet notwithstanding it could be poetry of a particular period, and not for all time. Human nature remains the same; but religion alters. Christianity has taken many forms. In the early Church it had the hues of a hundred heresies. It developed in the successive councils. It has been Roman, it has been Greek, it has been Anglican, Lutheran, Calvinist, Arminian. It has adjusted itself to national characteristics; it has grown with the growth of general knowledge. Keble himself in his latest edition is found keeping pace with the progress of the times, and announcing that the hand as well as the heart receives the mystic presence in the Eucharist. He began to write for Church people as they were sixty years ago. The Church of England has travelled far since 1820. The "Highest" rector then alive would have gone into convulsions if his curate had spoken to him about "celebrating" mass. The most advanced Biblical critic would have closed the Speaker's commentary with dismay or indignation. Changed opinions will bring change of feelings, and fresh poets to set the feelings to music. The "Christian Year" has reigned without a rival through two generations, but "the rhymes" are not of the powerful sort which will "outlive the Pyramids," and the qualities which have given them their immediate influence will equally forbid their immortality.

The limitations of Keble's poetry were visible in a still higher degree in himself. He was not far-seeing, his mind moved in the groove of a single order of ideas. He could not place himself in the position of persons who disagreed with him, and thus he could never see the strong points of their arguments. Particular ways of thinking he dismissed as wicked, although in his summary condemnation he might be striking some of the ablest and most honest men in Europe. If he had not been Keble he would have been called (treason though it be to write the words) narrow-minded. Circumstances independent of himself could alone have raised him into a leader of a party. For the more delicate functions of such an office he was constitutionally unfit, and when appealed to for advice and assistance by disciples who were in difficulties his answers were beside the purpose. He could not give to others what he did not himself possess. Plato, in the Dialogue of the Io, describes an ingenious young Athenian searching desperately for some one who would teach him to be wise. Failing elsewhere he goes to the poets. Those he thought who could say such fine things in their verses would be able to tell him in prose what wisdom consisted in. Their conversation unfortunately proved as profitless as that of the philosophers; and the youth concluded that the poetry came from divine inspiration, and that when off the sacred tripod they were but common men. Disappointment could not chill the admiration which the inquirer would continue to feel for so venerable a teacher as Keble, but of practical light that would be useful to him he often gathered as little as the Athenian. Even as a poet Keble was subjective only. He had no variety of note, and nothing which was not in harmony with his own theological school had intellectual interest for him.

To his immediate friends he was genial, affectionate, and possibly instructive, but he had no faculty for winning the unconverted. If he was not bigoted he was intensely prejudiced. If you did not agree with him, there was something morally wrong with you, and your "natural man" was provoked into resistance. To speak habitually with authority does not necessarily indicate an absence of humility, but does not encourage the growth of that quality. If there had been no "movement," as it was called, if Keble had remained a quiet country clergyman, unconscious that he was a great man, and uncalled on to guide the opinions of his age, he would have commanded perhaps more enduring admiration. The knot of followers who specially attached themselves to him, show traces of his influence in a disposition not only to think the views which they hold sound in themselves, but to regard those who think differently as their intellectual inferiors. Keble was incapable of vanity in the vulgar sense. But there was a subtle self-sufficiency in him which has come out more distinctly in his school.

I remember an instance of Keble's narrowness extremely characteristic of him. A member of a family with which he had been intimate had adopted Liberal opinions in theology. Keble probably did not know what those opinions were, but regarded this person as an apostate who had sinned against light. He came to call one day when the erring brother happened to be at home; and learning that he was in the house, he refused to enter, and remained sitting in the porch. St. John is reported to have fled out of a bath at Ephesus on hearing that the heretic Cerinthus was under the roof. Keble, I presume, remembered the story, and acted like the apostle.

The inability to appreciate the form of arguments which he did not like, saved him from Rome, but did not save him from Roman doctrine. It would, perhaps, have been better if he had left the Church of England, instead of remaining there to shelter behind his high authority a revolution in its teaching. The mass has crept back among us, with which we thought we had done for ever, and the honourable name of Protestant, once our proudest distinction, has been made over to the Church of Scotland and the Dissenters.

Far different from Keble, from my brother, from Dr. Pusey, from all the rest, was the true chief of the Catholic revival—John Henry Newman. Compared with him, they all were but as ciphers, and he the indicating number. The times I speak of are far distant; the actors and the stormy passions which bubbled round them are long dead and forgotten among new excitements. Newman, too, for many years had dropped silent, and disappeared from the world's eyes. He came out again in a conflict with a dear friend of mine, who, on my account partly, (at least, in reviewing a book which I had written,) provoked a contest with him, and *impar congressus Achilli* seemed to have been foiled. Charles Kingsley is gone from us. English readers know now what he was, and from me or from any one he needs no further panegyric. In that one instance he conducted his case unskilfully. He was wrong in his estimate of the character of his antagonist, whose integrity was as unblemished as his own. But the last word has still to be spoken on the essential question which was at issue between them. The immediate result was the publication of the famous "Apologia," a defence personally of Newman's own life and actions, and next of the Catholic cause. The writer of it is again a power in modern society, a prince of the Church; surrounded, if he appears in public, with adoring crowds, fine ladies going on their knees before him, in London salons. Himself of most modest nature, he never sought greatness, but greatness found him in spite of himself. To him, if to any one man, the world owes the intellectual recovery of Romanism. Fifty years ago it was in England a dying creed, lingering in retirement in the halls and chapels of a few half-forgotten families. A shy Oxford student has come out on its behalf into the field of controversy, armed with the keenest weapons of modern learning and philosophy; and wins illustrious converts, and has kindled hopes that England herself, the England of Elizabeth and Cromwell, will kneel for absolution again before the Father of Christendom. Mr. Buckle questioned whether any great work has ever been done in this world by an individual man. Newman, by the solitary force of his own mind, has produced this extraordinary change. What he has done we all see; what will come of it our children will see. Of the magnitude of the phenomenon itself no reasonable person can doubt. Two writers have affected powerfully the present generation of Englishmen. Newman is one, Thomas Carlyle is the other. But Carlyle has been at issue with all the tendencies of his age. Like a John the Baptist, he has stood alone preaching repentance in a world which is to him a wilderness: Newman has been the voice of the intellectual reaction of Europe, which was alarmed by an era of revolutions, and is looking for safety in the forsaken beliefs of the ages which it had been tempted to despise.

The "Apologia" is the most beautiful of autobiographies, but it tells us only how the writer appeared to himself. We who were his contemporaries can alone say how he appeared to us in the old days at Oxford.

J. A. FROUDE.

THE FIRST ENGLISH NEW TESTAMENT.

THE first English New Testament was printed in Worms, in the years 1525-6. The story of its origin is of deep and abiding interest, and the book itself has strong claims upon the attention of Englishmen, and of the whole English-speaking peoples of the world. It was the basis of all subsequent English versions; and our present authorised New Testament is simply a revision of it. It is deserving of notice, moreover, because its publication forms an era in the history of English literature. It showed, for the first time, the wonderful scope and expressiveness of our language; and it served, probably more than any other book, to make that language popular in the widest sense. It fixed the grammatical structure, idiom, and diction of our tongue once for all, having carried it to the homes and hearts of all classes, and having constituted it the language of common life and the instrument for developing the most profound truths of theology and science.

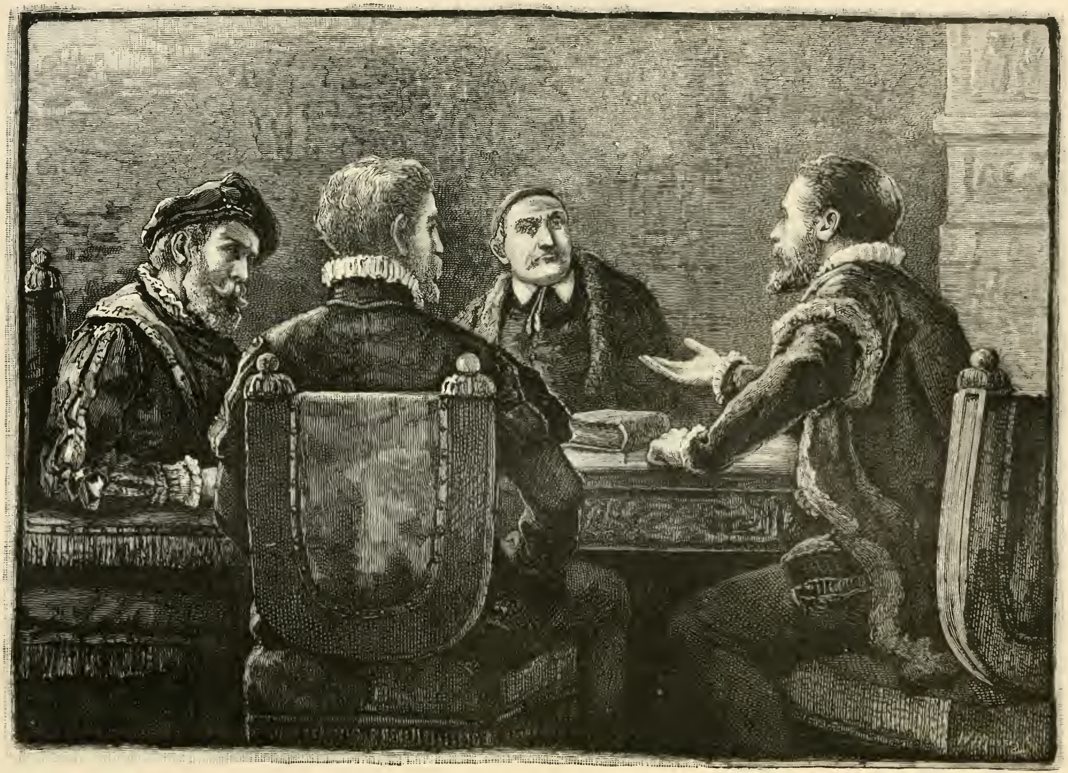
The author of the version was William Tyndale, and the reward he got for his noble work was the crown of martyrdom. Strange to say, historians have hitherto been unable satisfactorily to discover either the place or date of Tyndale's birth. Foxe, his first biographer, tells us somewhat vaguely, that "he was born about the borders of Wales." An old tradition makes the picturesque village of Nibley, in Gloucestershire, his birth-place; and on a little hill above it a monument has recently been erected in his honour. The date of his birth was probably about the year 1484, just a century after the death of Wycliffe. We know nothing of his parents, or his boyhood, or his early training. His name would seem to favour the tradition that his ancestors came from Tynedale, in Northumberland, where there were barons of that name in the reign of King John. It has been said that some members of that noble family fled from their home during the wars of the Roses, took the plebeian name Hitchins, and settled at Hunt's Court, near Nibley. Be this as it may, the preface to Tyndale's first avowed work commences thus:—"William Tyndale, otherwise called Hitchins, to the Reder." Our first authentic information is what Foxe says, that he "was brought up from a child in the University of Oxford," and that he remained there a long time studying successfully the Greek and Latin languages, "and other liberal arts." Another important fact is mentioned by the same historian; that Tyndale was specially noted for his knowledge of Scripture, and gave private lessons in theology to students and fellows of Magdalen College. At that period there was a marked revival of learning, and especially of the study of Greek, in Oxford. John Colet, afterwards Dean of St. Paul's, began, in 1496, to lecture on the Epistles of St. Paul, and created a great sensation in the University. Among his pupils were Sir Thomas More and Erasmus, of Rotterdam; and it is probable that before leaving Oxford in 1505, Colet kindled in the mind of Tyndale that zeal for Scripture knowledge and the study of New Testament Greek, which afterwards bore such fruit.

Tyndale, it would seem, took the degree of Master in Oxford, and then, in the quaint but suggestive words of Foxe, "spying his time, he removed to the University of Cambridge, where he made his abode for a certain space." Erasmus was probably the great attraction there, as he was then lecturing on the Greek language in the University, and maintaining, at the same time, with boldness and power, the supreme authority of Scripture. Erasmus remained at Cambridge from 1509 till 1514, and his scathing exposures of the absurd theories of the schoolmen, and of the ignorance of the clergy, must have made a deep impression on the mind of Tyndale. In 1516 Erasmus published the first edition of the Greek Testament; and its publication, coupled with the strongly expressed opinion of its author that it should be translated into all languages, may have induced Tyndale to undertake his English version. About the close of 1521, Tyndale left Cambridge and became tutor or chaplain in the family of Sir John Walsh, of Sudbury Manor, near Nibley. Here he had frequent opportunities of meeting many of the more influential clergy and laity of Gloucestershire, and he found them so ignorant of Scripture that he became more and more impressed with the necessity of preparing an English translation. "I perceive," he says, "how that it is impossible to establish the lay people in any truth, except the Scripture were plainly laid before their eyes in their mother tongue, that they might see the process, order, and meaning of the text." He could not conceal his great project; and so, on one occasion, as Foxe tells us, when disputing with a learned dignitary at the table of Sir John, upon the relative authority of Scripture and the Pope, the ecclesiastic lost his temper, and exclaimed indignantly, "We were better be without God's law than the Pope's." Tyndale was also excited, and rashly replied: "I defy the Pope and all his laws. If God spare my life, ere many years I will cause a boy that driveth the plough to know more of the Scripture than thou dost." They were bold words and they cost Tyndale his place, for Sir John, though strongly sympathizing with his views, could no longer protect him from the powerful antagonists he had so much offended.

Tyndale went to London in the hope that its new bishop, Tunstal, a man of learning and a friend of More and Erasmus, would become his patron. He was disappointed, for a short interview was sufficient to show that there was no hope in that quarter. He found a temporary home in the house of a generous London merchant, Humphrey Monmouth, who had heard, and was impressed by, his earnest preaching. There he remained about a year working at his translation. The Reformation was then progressing on the Continent of Europe. It had reached England also, and men eminent for learning were propagating the new doctrines in Oxford and Cambridge. The King, with that strange inconsistency which characterized his acts, ordered that the study of Scripture in the original languages should be prosecuted as a regular branch of study in Oxford; and in 1519, Wolsey founded a Greek professorship in the University. But though free inquiry and free thought were thus apparently encouraged, those who ventured to think for themselves on religious matters were persecuted to the death. Tyndale was soon forced sorrowfully to say, "Not only that there was no room in my Lord of London's palace to translate the New Testament, but, also, that there was no place to do it in all England." So he left England and went to Hamburg, Monmouth providing him with the necessary funds. This was in 1524, and in the following year we find him at Cologne. It would seem that during the interval he took a journey to Wittemberg to see Luther, who had published in that city, in 1522, the first edition of his German Testament.

Tyndale's New Testament was now ready for the press. It was the first English version translated from the Greek. There is evidence to show that the text chiefly used was the third edition of Erasmus's Greek Testament, published in 1522; but the author uniformly consulted the Latin version of Erasmus, the Vulgate, and the German of Luther, from each of which he adopted not a few renderings. He followed Luther's order also in the arrangement of the Epistles, placing those of Peter and John before, and those of James and Jude after, the Epistle to the Hebrews. Careful comparative criticism shows that Tyndale's version was thoroughly independent. While taking advantage, as any judicious scholar would do, of all aids, he exercised his own judgment on the meaning of each Greek word. In his brief "Epistle to the Reder," he says: "My conscience beareth me record that of a pure intent, singly and faithfully, I have interpreted it as far forth as God gave me the gift of knowledge and understanding . . . that I had no man to counterfeit (imitate), neither was helped with English of any that had interpreted the same or such like thing in the Scripture before time." The assertions, therefore, which have often been made, even by scholars who ought to know better, that Tyndale's New Testament was not translated from the Greek, are opposed to all evidence, external and internal. He had not, it is true, the literary apparatus which modern scholars possess; he was exposed, besides, during his work to the most harassing difficulties, and yet his translation is a marvel of success. It fixed substantially and permanently the general character of the English version. Eighty-five years intervened between its publication and the issue of the authorised version, and many other so-called versions were printed in the interval, but they were mere revisions of Tyndale's.

The Testament was put to press in the establishment of Peter Quentel, Cologne. It was arranged to print three thousand copies of a quarto edition, with prologue and notes, taken largely from Luther's version. But when only a few sheets had been printed fresh difficulties arose which frustrated the plans of Tyndale. It so happened that a certain ecclesiastic, called Cochloeus, an inveterate adversary of Luther, was then an exile in Cologne, and engaged in passing a work through Quentel's press. Two of the printers were Lutherans, and given to controversy; they were also, unfortunately, given to wine. Cochloeus, being a keen controversialist, discussed with them the theological questions which were then convulsing Germany; and they, in the heat of discussion, threw out dark hints of a revolution that would soon take place in England. Cochloeus resolved to discover their secret. He invited them to his house, plied them freely with wine, and at length got from them the whole story of Tyndale's New Testament. Cochloeus himself narrates the incident with



"I defy the Pope and all his laws."

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amusing simplicity, evidently charmed with his own ingenuity. He took immediate steps to have the printing interdicted and Tyndale arrested; but he was only partially successful, for Tyndale, receiving timely notice, perhaps from the penitent printers, collected his manuscripts and printed sheets, entered a boat, and escaped up the Rhine to Worms. There he was safe, because it was a Lutheran city; and there, too, he found a skilful and sympathizing printer in the person of the celebrated Peter Shöffer. This occurred about the month of September, 1525, when the printing was at once resumed. Now, however, a change was made, the reason of which has never been satisfactorily explained. The edition begun at Cologne was, as has been said, in quarto, with a long doctrinal prologue and marginal notes. The completion of this book was delayed, and three thousand copies of another in octavo, without preface or notes, were struck off. Then followed the quarto, the remaining sheets of which were passed through the press. The exact time when the printing was finished is not known, but there is evidence that the Testaments were for sale in England in the spring of 1526.

The story of the introduction of the Testaments to England, and of their reception there, is as strange and exciting as that of their translation and publication. Cochloeus had warned the King and Cardinal of the terrible danger which threatened the realm, and every precaution was taken to avert it. The ports were watched, ships were searched, suspected agents were seized. Still the books came in thousands, transmitted, it is said, partly by Jewish merchants of Antwerp and Frankfort in the heart of bales of flax, and partly by a society called the Christian Brothers. The agents of Wolsey searched everywhere. During the summer a conclave of bishops appointed Tunstal to preach at St. Paul's Cross, London, and denounce the English Testament. He did so, and after the sermon a fire was kindled, and the sacred volume publicly cast into the flames. The efforts then made to destroy the work must have been largely effectual, for of the octavo edition only two copies are now extant—one in the Baptist Museum, Bristol; the other, imperfect, in the Library of St. Paul's. Both want the title-page. Of the quarto edition only eight of the sheets printed at Cologne, containing the prologue and twenty-two chapters of St. Matthew, remain. The title-page is here also gone.

Widely different opinions having been expressed regarding the merits of Tyndale's New Testament and its relation to our authorised version, I think it well to give one or two short passages, that the reader may judge for himself. I take the first from Arber's fac-simile reprint of the quarto fragment, and the second from Bagster's, without any change beyond modernising the spelling.

Matt. v. "When he saw the people, he went up into a mountain, and when he was set his disciples came unto him, and he opened his mouth, and taught them saying: Blessed are the poor in spirit; for theirs is the kingdom of heaven. Blessed are they that mourn; for they shall be comforted. Blessed are the meek; for they shall inherit the earth. Blessed are they which hunger and thirst for righteousness; for they shall be filled. Blessed are the merciful; for they shall obtain mercy. Blessed are the pure in heart; for they shall see God. Blessed are the maintainers of peace; for they shall be called the children of God. Blessed are they which suffer persecution for righteousness' sake; for theirs is the kingdom of heaven."

John xv. "I am the true vine, and my father is an husbandman. Every branch that beareth not fruit in me, he will take away. And every branch that beareth fruit will he purge that it may bring more fruit. Now are ye clean by the means of the words which I have spoken unto you. Abide in me, and I in you. As the branch cannot bear fruit of itself, except it abide in the vine; no more can ye except ye abide in me. I am the vine, ye are the branches. He that abideth in me, and I in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit. For without me ye can do nothing."

These passages show the character of the version, and larger extracts would confirm the statement I have already made, that our authorised version is in substance, and frequently in exact words, that of Tyndale.

Mr. Demaus, in his admirable biography of Tyndale, says:—"It has been found by actual examination that nine-tenths of the first Epistle of St. John as we now have it are retained from Tyndale; and even in the difficult Epistle to the Ephesians, five-sixths are Tyndale's; and similar proportions obtain throughout the whole volume.

So great was the demand for the book, that a large edition was published in Antwerp in 1526, without Tyndale's sanction. Four other editions followed in the same place in successive years; but, having been printed without due supervision, they were full of errors. Gigantic efforts were made in

England—not so much by the King and Wolsey as by a fanatical section of the hierarchy—to suppress the work. The Christian Brethren, who were chiefly instrumental in introducing it, were seized and imprisoned. The English ambassador in Holland was instructed to endeavour to have the Antwerp printer punished; and when this failed, he was commissioned to buy up all the copies, and he actually did thus secure and burn about a thousand in the Low Countries. Another large collection was purchased from Jews in Frankfort, and consigned to the flames. But the ready sale only encouraged the printers, and thousands issued from the Dutch press. In 1534, George Joye undertook, at the request of the printer, to correct for the press a new edition, and received the handsome remuneration of fourpence-halfpenny per sheet! He made some alterations in the text, for which he was sharply reproved by Tyndale. One of these led to a bitter controversy. In Matt. xxii. 30, 31, in place of Tyndale's rendering, "resurrection," Joye has "the life after this;" his object being to set forth his own view regarding the state of the soul between death and judgment, as opposed to Tyndale's, who held that the soul remains in a state of sleep.

While Joye's Testament was passing through the press, Tyndale was engaged in a thorough revision of his own, which was published in November, 1534, by Martin Emperour, of Antwerp. "The corrections may be reckoned by thousands, and in the great majority of cases their obvious tendency is to bring the English version into closer correspondence with the Greek." Yet in the general characteristics and style nothing is changed.

Westcott rightly says that Tyndale established at the first a standard of translation which he himself and all his successors followed. To the edition of 1534 were added marginal notes, chiefly of an expository character, and a special introduction to each of the books except the Acts and Revelation. In the following year Tyndale made another and final revision, which he published without note or comment in 1536. Like the previous edition, it had appended to it "The Epistles taken out of the Old Testament which are read in the Church after the use of Salsbury."

While Tyndale was thus labouring to perfect his translation of the New Testament he was basely betrayed by an English emissary in Antwerp, and on the 23rd of May, 1535, taken prisoner to the Castle of Vilvorde, near Brussels. There can be no doubt that this act of treachery was planned in England. His crime was, that he gave the Word of God to the English people in their own tongue, and thus laid the foundation of civil and religious liberty. The services he rendered to English literature were great, but his services to the cause of freedom were greater still. He was persecuted, but he bore his persecutions with a heroism never surpassed. Having been driven from position and prospects in England, he was for twelve years a homeless exile. He had one grand object in view, and one only; and in an appeal to Henry VIII. he stated it with singular pathos and power:—

"I assure you if it would stand with the King's most gracious pleasure to grant only a bare text of the Scripture to be put forth among his people, like as is put forth among the subjects of the Emperor in these parts, and of other Christian princes, be it of the translation of what person soever shall please his Majesty, I shall immediately make faithful promise never to write more, nor abide two days in these parts after the same; but immediately repair into his realm, and there most humbly submit myself at the feet of his royal Majesty, offering my body to suffer what pain or torture, yea, what death, his Grace will, so that this be attained."

It was in vain. Henry would not move to save him. He was tried, condemned, and sentenced to be strangled and burnt at the stake. His death was an everlasting disgrace to both England and the German Empire, but it was also a grand termination of a heroic and devoted life. His last words were, "Lord, open the King of England's eyes."

Tyndale died on the 6th of October, 1536, and even then the cause for which he suffered was triumphant. In that very year his New Testament was published in London. In that very year also a royal injunction was issued, "That every parson or proprietary of any parish church throughout this realm shall, on this side the feast of St. Peter next coming, provide a book of the whole Bible in Latin, *and also in English*, and lay the same in the quire for every man that will to look and read therein." "In this act," says Froude, "was laid the foundation-stone on which the whole later history of England, civil as well as ecclesiastical, has been reared; and the most minute incidents become interesting connected with an event of so mighty moment."

J. L. PORTER.

"TALITHA CUMI."

A Sermon to Children preached on Innocents' Day, Dec. 28, 1880, in Westminster Abbey.

By A. P. STANLEY, D.D., DEAN OF WESTMINSTER.

LET me take this evening the story of our Saviour's kindness to a little girl. There was in Capernaum a well-known house where lived one of the chief officers of the Synagogue. His name was Jairus. In that house was one only child, a little daughter of twelve years old—just at the age when a child has had time to endear itself to its parents—when its character first becomes to be seen and known. The child was thought to be dying. The father heard that the Great Healer had just crossed the lake. He was feasting in the house of Levi, the publican. The father rushes in—he falls at His feet—he entreats Him to come and save his daughter. The Lord arose; that little life was as precious in His sight as the souls of those whom He was convincing by His divine wisdom. He who said, "Suffer the little children to come unto Me," was as eager, if one may so say, to soothe the sick bed of this small Galilean maiden as though He had nothing else to do. For Him the thought of human sickness, the call of a suffering parent, was the most sacred of human duties. He came at once. All along the shore and all through the streets He had to force His way through the dense crowd, thronging even more and more closely round Him. Whilst He thus struggled with the crowd, a messenger broke through the press with the sad tidings that it was too late. "Thy daughter is dead." Amidst the surging of the crowd, and above the hum of many voices, the Master's wakeful ear heard the whisper of the messenger. He bade the father still keep up his heart. "Fear not," He said, "only believe." "Fear not," He says to all anxious mourners. "Fear not the dark and dreary void into which thy loved one has passed. Fear not that God will desert thee in thine hour of need. Fear not but thou wilt once more see the child, the parent, the brother, the sister thou hast lost. Only believe in the loving-kindness of God our Saviour. Only believe that He who makes the flowers to spring and the buds to come forth again, will raise that little flower, will help that bursting blossom of the human soul." He reaches the house. The hired mourners of Eastern countries are already there. They are wailing and shrieking, as is their wont. He said to the parents, "She is not dead, but sleepeth"—words that have often brought comfort to parents who have hung over the face of their dead child, in the hope of the general resurrection—words that are written in this church, on the pedestal of one of the children of the great family of Russell, who died in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. He touched the hand of the child, as she lay on her couch as if in the sleep of death. He addressed her in words which have been handed down literally. It is doubtful, in His discourses generally, what language our Saviour spoke—whether Greek or Syriac; but here, at any rate, the Syriac words are given. They are, "Talitha cumi;" that is, "My little lamb, my little pet lamb, rise up." By these endearing appellations He roused the sleeping soul. By this He showed to the parents that He was one with them in their parental love, in their domestic joy as well as in their domestic sorrow. And she came again to life, and was to them as before.

Now let me apply this both to parents and children. Parents, remember what a gift, what an inestimable gift, is given to you in the gift of the soul of a little child, how its playful ways are to you the special gift of God. Think what a sight it is to see an innocent little girl; reflect how, to any one except the most brutal of mankind, such a sight banishes all thoughts of filthy language or foul deeds; remember that the tenderness and gentleness which the sight of such a little girl awakens is one of the best parts of your nature. If any of you doubt whether it is in you to be self-controlled and masters of yourselves, remember that, unless you are very bad indeed, you must be so in the presence of such a little being. Sir William Napier describes, in his "History of the Peninsular War," how affecting it was to see, at the battle of Busaco, in Portugal, a beautiful Portuguese orphan girl coming down the mountains, driving an ass loaded with all her property through the midst of the armies. She passed over the field of battle with a childish simplicity, scarcely understanding which were French and which were English, and no one on either side was so hard-hearted as to touch her. And let me give two stories which show how the strongest men are open to those kindly feelings which little children are given by our heavenly Father to promote in all of us. That same Sir William Napier once in his walks met with a little girl of five years old sobbing over a pitcher she had broken. She, in her innocence, asked him to mend it. He told her that he could not mend it, but that he would meet her trouble by giving her sixpence to buy a new one, if she would meet him there at the same hour the next evening, as he had no money in his purse that day. When he returned home he found that there was an invitation waiting for him, which he particularly wished to accept. But he could not then have met the little girl at the time stated, and he gave up the invitation, saying, "I could not disappoint her; she trusted in me so implicitly." That was the true Christian English gentleman and soldier. Another example is that of Martin Luther, one of the fiercest and most courageous men that ever lived. But when he thought of his little children, especially of his little daughter, he was as gentle and kind as any woman. His daughter Magdalen died when she was thirteen years of age, and it is most affecting to read his grief, and, at the same time, his resignation. "Magdalen, my little daughter, thou wouldst gladly stay with thy father here, and thou wouldst also gladly go to thy Father yonder." "Ah! thou dear little thing, thou shalt rise again, and shine like a star; yea, like the sun." "Her face, her words cleave to our heart, remain fixed in its depths, living and dying, the words and looks of that most dutiful child. Blessed be the Lord Jesus Christ who called, chose, and magnified her. I would for myself, and all of us, that we might attain to such a death, yea, rather, to such a life."

And you, children, these words are also addressed to you. "My little lamb," the very word tells to you how precious you are to the Good Shepherd. Arise, get up, bestir yourself; get up from any slothful habit, from any idle, selfish habit you have formed. Let His voice reach your innermost heart, and raise you from the deepest sleep.

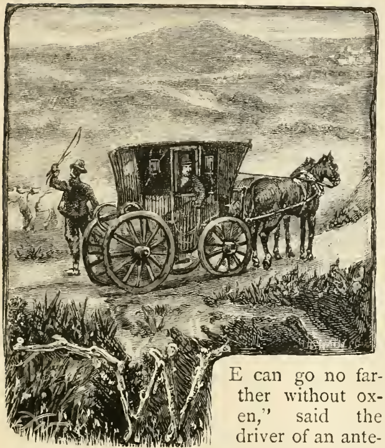
There was a little boy who used to carry parcels from a bookseller to his customers. He went every day trudging through the streets with a heavy parcel of books under his arm, and one day he was sent to the house of a great duke with three folio volumes of Clarendon's "History of England." The parcel was so heavy, his shoulders were so tired, that as he passed through Broad Sanctuary, opposite Westminster Abbey, he laid down the load, and sobbed at the thought that there was nothing higher in life for him to look forward to than being a bookseller's porter. Suddenly he looked up at the great building which towered above him. He thought of the high thoughts and great men who were enshrined within it. He brushed away his tears, replaced the load on his shoulders, and walked on with a light heart, determined to bide his time. And his time came at last. He became one of the best and most learned of our Indian missionaries.

There was a little girl living with her old grandfather. She was a good child, but he was not a very good man, and one day when the little child came back from school he put in writing over her bed, "*God is nowhere*," for he did not believe in the good God, and he tried to make the little child believe the same. What did the little girl do? She had no eyes to see, no ears to hear, what her grandfather tried to teach her. She was very small; she could only read words of one syllable at the time; she rose above the bad meaning which he tried to put into her mind; she rose as we ought all to rise, above the temptation of our time; she rose into a higher and better world; she rose because her little mind could not do otherwise, and she read the words, not "*God is nowhere*," but "*God is now here*." That is what we all should strive to do. Out of words which have no sense, or which have bad sense, our eyes, our minds, ought to be able to read a better sense. The old grandfather was touched, and made serious, and we ought all of us to be made serious in like manner by the innocent questions and answers of our little children. *God is now here*. God is now, at this moment, watching over them and us. God is here, in this very Abbey, watching over the little children here assembled. God is here, in your homes, in your play, in your prayers, listening to you, as He is in this church, and He says to each one of us, "Talitha cumi"—My little lamb, rise, mount up, be better this year than you were last year. Mount up, become better and wiser; mount up, rise up, as if you are climbing a long ladder; mount up, rise up, as if you are climbing a high mountain, and then you will be able to read those words, "*God is nowhere*," in their truest sense. They mean that God is in no particular place. That is true; but it is not the whole truth—it is only half the truth, or, rather, it is, when taken by itself, the reverse of the truth. But when we make it, "*God is now here*," it becomes a great truth, for it tells us that it is because God is in no particular place, therefore He is in all places. God is now here, for God is always everywhere—your help in ages past, your hope in years to come.

THE CAMORRISTI.

By Madame GALLETTI.

CHAPTER I.



We can go no farther without oxen,” said the driver of an antediluvian-looking vehicle, drawn by a pair of famished and jaded horses, which had been for the last three hours struggling up a steep ascent winding from the dreary shores of the Adriatic to the more picturesque heights above, and had now come to a halt at the last and most precipitous turn of the road. “He! la retta,” he shouted, as a plough came in sight at the end of a long furrow, drawn by a pair of gigantic oxen and guided by a peasant in a white smock.

The peasant made no reply until the driver had exhausted himself in mingled threats and entreaties. At last he stopped his plough and appeared to ruminate for a second on the promise of “mezza lira” for his trouble. Having come to the conclusion that such recompense was insufficient for leaving his work in order to draw a coach up the hill, he merely shook his head and went on with his occupation.

“Una lira,” shouted the driver, “wicked, unfeeling, good-for-nothing cheat that you are!”

Another shake of the head was the only reply.

The traveller now interfered. “Give him anything he asks, but let us get on, or we shall not be in Oliveto before nightfall.”

“No, certainly we shall not,” grumbled the vetturino.

“Then I will pass the night at that village I see on the top of the hill.”

“What, up there! Well, I should not advise you. You could scarcely choose a worse halting-place. Monte Brigida it was called after the saint, but we've altered the name a little. Monte dei Briccone we call it now, for there's scarce an honest man in it.”

“There is an inn, I suppose?”

“Inn! no; but there's the house of Marotti. They're good folk. Yes, you can go there;” and that point being settled, old Pasquaré, as our driver was called, again apostrophized the heartless ploughman.

“Maledetto porco birbante! Two francs, and come directly. May a bad accident overtake you!”

Thus bribed, and noways discomposed by the abusive epithets showered upon him, the stolid contadino detached his oxen from the plough and fastened them to the travelling-carriage in front of the jaded horses. Then the procession moved slowly on—the two drivers walking by the side of their respective animals.

“Why has yonder village got such a bad name?” inquired the inmate of the carriage.

“It would take too long to tell you,” replied Pasquaré shortly; “and now that we are nearing it, I prefer being silent on the subject; but this much I *will* say” (putting his head in at the carriage window, and speaking low and impressively): “This world is made for thieves. The law favours them, the Church favours them, and fortune favours them; and the honest ones must wait for their rights until they go to Paradise.”

So saying, good Pasquaré took his head back with a sigh, as if regretting his own unfortunate bias in the direction of honesty. The bias was not so very strong but that he had succeeded in overcoming it now and then, still Pasquaré was as times went a worthy enough soul.

The stranger hazarded another remark.

“You content yourself with philosophy. It does not occur to you when you see things go wrong to try and put them right?”

Pasquaré shook his head and shrugged his shoulders. “I mind my own concerns,” he said. “I never found any good come of meddling with other people's—especially with *theirs*,” pointing with his whip to the village. Then, again poking his wizen face far into the carriage window. “Ask no questions, make no remarks once you get there, as you value your life!"

"As I value my life!" repeated the traveller with a little scornful laugh. "How often have I risked it, and to so little purpose," he murmured, as to himself, whilst his thin pale lips shaped themselves into a bitter curve that seemed habitual to them. His eyes, deep sunk in his head, had that subdued fire in them only seen in the eyes of people who have suffered a great wrong. It was a *painful* countenance; one on which so much was written, and so clearly, that the most casual observer could scarcely fail to read something. Pasquaré's active mind had soon been made up on the subject of his new fare.

"A galantuomo; but one of those who has found honesty doesn't pay; and he feels angry—no wonder!"

They had arrived at the archway in the high massive wall built centuries ago as a protection against the pirate hordes, who had once been the terror and the scourge of all that coast, until the frightened population fled to the hilltops and built and fortified villages as far above the sea as they could get. All around this wall outside was the public promenade, shaded by acacias, and adorned here and there with a rustic bench; and through the archway the principal street, paved unevenly and sloping upwards, was visible. Here the oxen were unloosed, and the rickety vehicle was brought to a standstill at the door of the biggest house in the street.

Such an important event as the arrival of a carriage at Monte Brigida excited an immense sensation. All the windows were blocked with eager faces, and a dense crowd quickly surrounded the travelling-carriage. Many were the lean hands stretched out for "un soldo," and the shrill voices demanding "Carità! Signor Conte! Marchese!! Principe!!!" Pasquaré showered down upon the beggars a torrent of oaths, bade them leave the "forestiere" alone, and struck about with his whip.

The stranger noticed, and with a pang, their sharp and hungry faces, their dirt and their rags; but the encouragement of beggary was against his principles, and instead of the expected coins he bestowed a lecture stranger and more unwelcome to their ears than the driver's oaths.

Meantime Pasquaré had responded "Amici" to a demand of "Chi è?" from within the house, this being the customary formula. The door was opened by an old gentleman (for, in spite of the meanness and shabbiness of his attire, a gentleman he evidently was), to whom the vetturino explained he and his fare were afraid of being benighted, and had resolved to remain at Monte Brigida instead of prosecuting their journey to Oliveto. The forestiere was confided to Marotti's care, whilst Pasquaré himself repaired to the osteria.

"You are welcome, most welcome," said the old man, bowing courteously, "to what poor shelter my house affords."

"I hope I am not inconveniencing you," said the traveller.

"No, no; but I am afraid you will be incommoded yourself. You do not look," glancing at the neat travelling-suit, "as if you were accustomed to such rough ways as ours."

The new-comer smiled rather strangely. "My life has been passed amongst such various scenes," he replied, "that nothing comes amiss to me. You can scarcely imagine rougher experiences than some which have fallen to my lot."

He was led up the stone staircase to a large and lofty room, on the ceiling of which many fat and rosy Cupids disported themselves with garlands in an azure sky. The imaginative genius of the painter had been exercised too upon the walls, whereon flights of steps and colonnades innumerable were suggested, with more display of fancy than knowledge of perspective. The actual furniture of the room was scanty. It consisted of a large, and certainly a handsome, carved oaken table and benches covered with faded silk against the walls. The floor was of brick, and carpetless. There were one or two wooden chairs and an arm-chair in the window recess, in which sat an old lady intent on elaborate embroidery. On a stool at her feet sat a girl knitting. The ladies were poorly but cleanly dressed. Both wore white linen aprons embroidered by their own hands—as is the custom with notable housewives in that primitive part of Italy. Signor Marotti introduced his wife and daughter, bidding them make haste and see what there was for supper. "Little enough, I am afraid," he added with a sigh. The signora proceeded to spread a clean tablecloth, and from a cupboard in the wall took some slices of ham, a cheese made of ewe's milk, and a loaf of maize bread.

"That is all there is," she said.

The guest vowed it was plenty.

"And wine?" demanded the host. "Is there none? Here, Tetella," to his daughter, "run to the osteria. Nay" (with another glance at his guest), "the wine there is not fit for such as you. Wife! get a bottle of that Sicilian wine the grandfather brought back from his travels so many years ago."

"What! the grandfather's!" exclaimed the old lady with horror, as if asked to commit some act of sacrilege.

"Yes, certainly. What is wine for but to drink? and stay, it is cold—what are fireplaces for but to light fires in?"

So saying the old man, in his eager hospitality, let down a board which concealed an open hearth, thereby making a notable change in the fictitious landscape.

"Figlia mia, run and fetch some wood. Let us make the best of our poor resources. Lascia fare," as the stranger began again to apologize for the trouble he was causing; "it is not often that we have the chance of entertaining so distinguished a guest."

What was there about the new-comer that inspired at once so much respect and deference? By his clothes, his manners, his carriage, he would appear to be one who rather avoided than invited attention. He had not an imposing presence. He was a little man, bent, yellow, and somewhat shrunken. Yet instinctively his hosts treated him with a homage that his outward circumstances scarcely warranted; for what did they know of him, except that he was a benighted wayfarer, who had come from the seaport in Pasquaré's lumbering old carriage? He did justice to the homely meal, praised the wine, and as he warmed his hands before the cheerful blaze of the oak logs a genial smile lighted up his cadaverous face, and he looked round on his friendly hosts as if their kindly welcome had warmed his frozen heart.

Looking more attentively at the girl, who had returned to her position on the low stool, he fell to wondering what the something strange, almost uncanny, about her was. She had a way of jerking her head round, as if afraid of some one behind her, and her eyes had a fixed, scared look. "She has had some nervous shock," thought the guest. There had been a time when even he, brave man though he was, had been afflicted with nervous terrors. Even now he would shudder and tremble like a frightened child at any sound which resembled the clanking of a chain.

"You come from far?" inquired Teresa hastily, to hide her confusion, as she suddenly encountered the penetrating gaze of the guest's hazel eyes.

"I come immediately from Rome."

"And you go to Oliveto to-morrow?"

"Just so." The stranger's answers were curt; but the tone was not unpleasant nor unfriendly in which he put a stop to the further indulgence of curiosity by saying, "To tell you the truth, signori, I am fonder of asking than of answering questions. You have a great many beggars in this village of yours. It does not seem to be in a highly flourishing condition."

The old man sighed.

"Twenty years ago," he said, "when my father was sindaco, it was as well-to-do a place as you could see, and the old babbo's favourite joke was that he was the only poor man in it; for never a wayfarer asked hospitality in vain, never a beggar was turned from his door, and the good father's hospitality was out of proportion to his means, which were but moderate. Now things are reversed. The only rich and prosperous man in all this village is his worship the present sindaco, who drives his carriage and eats and drinks of the best, while the villagers starve, and the roads go unmended, the church unrepaired, and the taxes augment annually. These are curious coincidences, are they not?" with a bitter laugh.

"Most curious," returned the guest drily.

"Hush!" exclaimed the old lady in a frightened whisper, putting her finger to her lips, as she saw her husband showing symptoms of growing excitement. "Take care what you say."

The girl, too, looked round in that startled way which had been noticeable in her before.

"Walls have no ears," observed the guest reassuringly, "and you may trust me." Then, with a certain hesitation, he added, "I might even be able to help you—a little—perhaps."

Signor Marotti looked at the stranger keenly, half suspiciously. "It was so it all began," he murmured, "through being too trustful and simple." And as he scrutinised he gave a sudden start, for his eye fell on the hand which the guest had stretched forth to warm at the fire. A little of the wrist was visible; there was an ugly dark ring round it. Marotti knew the meaning of such a mark, for he had seen it on another wrist. It was the mark of a *fetter*. Yes, and the iron had eaten not only into the flesh, but into the very soul of the man. Five years in a Neapolitan dungeon! Chained, not to a stake or a stone, but worse—a thousand times worse—linked in horrible companionship with a criminal of the worst order, whilst *he* had committed no crime but that of having loved his country with a too unbounded devotion. In a moment he saw it all. He saw that he was now confounded with that criminal, or others such as he. It was too much. He sprang to his feet, and stood confronting the three awe-struck hosts with flashing eyes; but it was not to *them* that he spoke.

"Oh, Italia! patria mia!" he exclaimed, as if addressing some spectre invisible to all eyes but his. "Is this my reward for my long devotion? To be branded with eternal ignominy! Bracketed with thy worst enemies! with the very dregs of the earth! I—I——" And covering his face with his hands, he wept.

The Marottis were simple folk, naturally inclined to believe and trust. Only the bitterest experience could have taught them suspicion, and that they had had; but they were not proof against strong and terrible emotion such as this. The man must be a consummate actor indeed, were he feigning now. The women wept from sympathy, and the old man, placing his hand on the guest's shoulder, said, "Forgive me, you are a galantuomo, or there is not one on this earth. I believe it; nothing shall make me doubt it, and I will give you my entire confidence."

CHAPTER II.

"Now, listen," said Marotti, when they had all recovered their composure, "and you shall hear how our troubles came about. The babbo was getting old, and somewhat failing in his intellect. The regulation of the municipal affairs was becoming a task beyond his strength. I, at that time, was a man in the prime of life, and too much occupied with la caccia, which was my passion, to care to sit poring over accounts. Our municipal secretary, although he just knew how to read and write, was no hand at complex arithmetic. One evening—just such an evening as this—I remember there came a stranger asking for hospitality. He was on foot, unshorn and in rags, presenting altogether a most miserable appearance. From one of his wrists dangled part of a chain, and he told a piteous story of how he had escaped from a dungeon in Naples, where he had been immured only for a political offence."

The guest started.

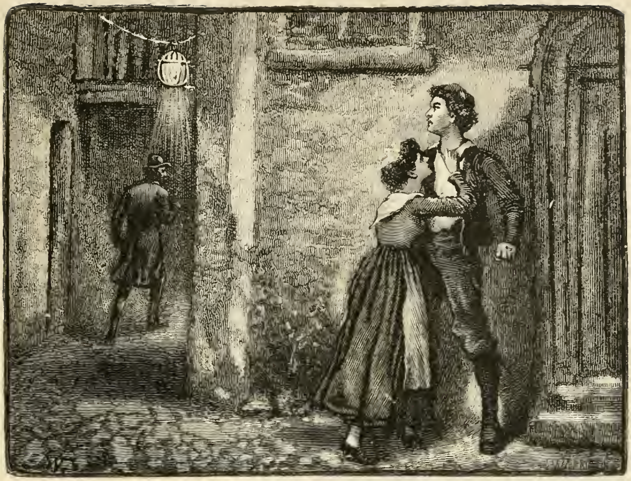
"You will understand by-and-by," continued the old man apologetically, "why these tales make us suspicious."

"Yes, indeed," returned the stranger with a sigh; "and why should I expect you to believe in *me*?"

"Nevertheless I do," said Marotti; "whilst, to do me justice, I never quite believed the other, in spite of his plausible story and his insinuating manner. There was something in his eye which belied his voice. He made out that he was a gentleman of some old family (he hinted at a title), and he certainly gave proof of education, for, quickly taking my father's accounts in hand, he soon made order, or what seemed like order, out of chaos. The babbo, delighted to see the figures added up in such neat columns, immediately began to think of how he might find his poor stupid secretary another employment, and give the new-comer his place. My faint objections that we knew nothing of the man, except that he had escaped from prison, and that a person should not be admitted to a place of public trust without credentials, were overruled; and in a very few days the ragged stranger was installed as municipal secretary, being lodged and boarded in the house. Nicolai—that was the name by which he called himself, hinting, however, that his real name was one too celebrated to give——"

"Very likely," interpolated the guest, "it is that probably of some notorious thief or swindler."

"Well, he was full of advice and suggestions, which sounded most plausible and sensible. It is true that there was room for improvement in the babbo's way of administering affairs. Yet the village prospered under his merciful rule. If he were occasionally too lenient to the vicious, his good example excited the honest and virtuous to further efforts. Nicolai soon put down indiscriminate charity, was always discovering new rights and perquisites of the municipality which we had never even thought of. Then he was quite shocked at the way in which my father had allowed the villagers, by one excuse or other, to evade the taxes. 'It was cheating the government,' he said with an air of virtuous indignation. The 'giudice conciliatore' was pronounced incompetent, and the old 'curato' imbecile. No one could deny the justice of these remarks; but somehow Nicolai's reforms seemed to benefit none but himself and friends. He soon grew fat and ruddy, his rags gave place to smart new clothes, and he was quite the dandy of the village. The inefficient magistrate was replaced by a man from the 'Regno.' When the good old curate died, our secretary found out that he had a particular friend just ready to step into the vacant place, and so gradually every office of importance in



"Nicolai managed to slip away, or he would probably not be alive at this moment."

the village was filled by some new-comer who started up like magic no one knew from whence."

"Good heavens!" exclaimed the guest impatiently. "And you were so blind as not to see the trap that was being laid for you."

"You may well be surprised, signor, at our simplicity. We swallowed down every lie, fell into every snare, until our oppressors no longer cared to wear a disguise. But I am anticipating. When the poor father died, Nicolai had already ruled everything for some time past; but he did not let the poor old man die in peace. Babbo was told that his former negligence had got the municipality into debt and difficulties from which Nicolai had been trying in vain to extricate it; and the dying man was induced to alter his will, leaving all his little fortune in the secretary's hands for the payment of this supposed debt. I was thus disinherited, left with nothing but this house and the patch of ground attached to it, which I have to cultivate with my own hands. My wife and daughter earn what they can by embroidery, and so we eke out a miserable existence. When my father was in his grave, and I came to know the mean trick that had been played me, you may imagine my fury—but it was all in vain. The man who had ruined me laughed in my face when I told him he was a cheat and a scoundrel. 'Prove it!' he said mockingly. There were no proofs; and if there had been I had no money wherewith to go to law. He had already gathered round him a strong party, and he was made sindaco in spite of growing murmurs. Then the reign of terror began. The whole machinery was complete. Our oppressors played into each other's hands with a skill which showed they were accustomed to the game. When at last, goaded to desperation, we drew up and signed a petition to the prefect, and sent it to Oliveto, the petition never reached. How should it, when the postman was a creature of the sindaco's, who peruses every letter which leaves or which enters this village! Our simple minds at last convinced of this fact, we sent a messenger, one whom we could trust, with another petition, drawn up with great caution by a secret committee, to be delivered into the prefect's own hands. That messenger was found dead by the roadside mysteriously murdered. And that is not the only mysterious murder that has been committed since Nicolai became sindaco. We cannot prove, but we all know perfectly well, that the two 'guardie' kept ostensibly for our protection are *paid assassins.*"

"In a word," said the guest with deep solemnity, "you are in the clutches of a powerful, and probably a very extensive, camorra."

"Yes, that is the word," replied Marotti. "And how should we poor villagers attempt to struggle against an institution which the Government is unable to put down?"

"Unable to put down! That shall not be said. Great God! I will disprove that," cried the stranger, pacing the room in great agitation.

"But I have not told you all our particular troubles yet," pursued Marotti, who, once set off, seemed unable to stop in his eager narration. "You see my daughter there?"

"Yes!" said the stranger more gently, and fixing his eyes on Teresa with a pitying look. "Is she peculiarly a victim?"

"One of the greatest victims. Our sindaco did her the honour to admire her; and, although he had no intention of proposing to marry her—for a penniless girl would never suit him for a wife—he so persecuted her with his odious attentions that she was at last afraid to leave the house. One day he got drunk at a 'fiera,' and returning late, as ill luck would have it, just as Tetella had run out on a commission—for you see we keep no servant—he met and frightened her so much that she never recovered from the shock. She ran as for her life, and making good her escape from the drunken wretch, she rushed sobbing into the arms of Pietro Fontana, her betrothed. It was dark. Nicolai managed to slip away, or he would probably not be alive at this moment, for Pietro's blood runs hot in his veins. The next day, as our plunderers were holding what they are pleased to call a municipal council, they were astonished by the sudden appearance of Pietro, who, going straight up to the mayor, dealt him such a blow as sent him reeling off his chair.

"Pietro was, of course, prosecuted for having struck a public officer during the exercise of his functions. You know, sir, the leniency with which the sort of offence of which he had been guilty is usually dealt, in this country. Even murderers, when they show just cause for anger, frequently get off scot free. But in this case the extenuating circumstances were not admitted, and the offender was sentenced to undergo the utmost penalty of the law.

"My future son-in-law has languished for more than a year in prison at Oliveto, and his term is not half out. He was a carpenter by profession, but with a name as good as our own, and a title to boot, if he chose to claim it, which was all that his father left him. His business, which was prospering, has passed into other hands; and when at length he emerges from prison, he will have to begin life over again with a blot upon his name."

"But, surely," exclaimed the stranger, "the pernicious influence of this mayor, this escaped criminal, does not extend to the chief town of the district! The young man surely had a fair trial!"

"That is just what he did not have. How could there be a fair trial when the previous instruction was entirely falsified? For is not our worthy magistrate one of the coalition? They have their accomplices, their nest of thieves, in every quarter. In the army, the Church, the law, the nobility. It is all wheel within wheel of intrigue; but where it begins and where it ends is a problem which simple folk like you and me cannot hope to solve."

The guest smiled a little at being counted amongst the simple folk—he, who owed his high position to a head clear and acute—who had foiled lawyers at their own game when they tried to draw secrets out of him by cross-examination. It was amusing. Suppressing the smile quickly he pleaded fatigue, and bade his host good night; but even in his sleep he murmured at intervals, "Povera Italia!"

JACK CHIDDY.

A True Incident of the Rail.

BRAVE Jack Chiddy! Oh, well you may sneer,
For the name isn't one that sounds nice in the ear;
But a name is a sound—nothing more—deeds are best,
And Jack had the soul of a man in his breast.

Now, I heard you say that you're fond of a tale
If it bears upon railway men and the rail.
Well, here is one that will suit you, I know,
Though it happened a good many years ago.

Jack Chiddy—there you are smiling again
At the name, which I own is both common and plain—
Jack Chiddy, I say, wrought along with his mates,
Year in and year out, on a section of plates.

Simple enough was the work, with no change
But to see that both lines were in gauge and range;
Fasten a key there, and tighten a bolt,
All to keep fast trains from giving a jolt.

Strange when one thinks where a hero may rise,
Say at times, in a moment, before our eyes,
Or right from our side ere we know it, and do
The work of a giant and pass from our view.

But the story? you say. Well, I'm coming to that,
Though I wander a little—now, where was I at?
Let me see. Can you catch, shining round and clear,
The mouth of the Breslington tunnel from here?

You see it? Well, right on the bank at the top,
When stacking some blocks, all at once, down the slope
A huge slab of stone from the rest shore its way,
And fell down on the up-line of metals and lay.

One sharp cry of terror burst forth from us all,
As we saw the huge mass topple over and fall.
We stood as if bound to the spot, dumb of speech,
Reading horror and doubt in the faces of each.

Then one of our mates snatched a glance at his watch,
Gave a start and a look that made each of us catch
At our breath, then a cry, that thrill'd our hearts through—
"My God! the 'Flying Dutchman' is overdue!"

Hark, straight from over the hill we could hear
A dull, dead sound coming faint to the ear,
Then a short, sharp whistle that told with its blast
That the "Dutchman" was into the tunnel at last.

And there on the rail lay that huge mass of stone,
And the "Dutchman" behind coming thundering on;
In a minute or less he would come with a dash,
And a hundred lives would be lost in the crash.

"Now, for your life, Jack!" for Chiddy had flown
Down the bank, and three leaps brought him close to the stone.
Not of his own life, for wife and child's sake,
Thought he, but the hundreds that now were at stake.

'Twas the work of a moment. With terrible strength
And a heave of the shoulder the slab moved at length—
Slipp'd clear of the rail—when, half-muffled in smoke,
From the mouth of the tunnel the "Dutchman" broke.

There was one sharp whistle, a roar, and a crash
Of wheels ringing clear on the rail, and a flash
Of coiling smoke, and a glitter and gleam
Of iron and steel, and then down fell the steam.

Not a breath could we draw, but stood blank with dismay
As the train tore along, making up for delay;
Till at last from us all burst a shout and a cheer,
When we knew that the "Dutchman" had pass'd and was clear.

And Chiddy? Ah me! you will pardon these tears,
For he was my mate on the rails many years.
When we found him, one look was enough to reveal
That Jack's life-blood was red on the engine-wheel.

Brave Jack Chiddy! Now you don't sneer
At the name which I own is but harsh to the ear;
But a name is a sound—nothing more—deeds are best,
And Jack had the soul of a man in his breast.

ALEXANDER ANDERSON.

LITTLE MARY.

By ELLICE HOPKINS, Author of "Work among Working Men."

IT was raining with the soft, warm, straight rain of spring. The golden eave-drops of the laburnums in the cottage gardens dripped upon me as I passed; the delicate plumes of lilac were hung with momentary jewels, and all around were—

> "Cool whispers rippling round the eaves,
> And soft sweet pipings by the hour
> Of chilly birds in dim wet lanes,
> And glades all haunted with grey rains,
> And footfalls of the falling shower."

I was just thinking what a lovely world it was, as lovely in this soft floating grey veil as it was the day before in its spring sunshine, when a sweep passed me. I do not know that I should have noticed the man particularly had he not been followed by two children, a boy and a girl. I simply stood aghast in the middle of a puddle and stared stupidly at them. The boy looked degraded enough, and evidently belonged to that class of homeless "gamins" whom, in revolutionary France, Victor Hugo describes as possessed with two unattainable ideals—"to upset the government and mend their own trousers"—but who in our more peaceful and matter-of-fact England are chiefly associated with pitch and toss, of coppers, not governments, much cadgering and general "up to no good." But the little girl—how shall I describe her? She was clad in an old greatcoat; a piece of faded print was tied with a bit of tape round her to do duty for a skirt; her feet were bare; shadowing her little impish face she wore an old wideawake, and she was literally as black as a coal. Evidently she had been used for sweeping chimneys. There they stood, that outcome of the great human world and of nineteenth-century civilisation, in the midst of all that blossom and verdure, their degradation standing out all the more painfully in that pure, sweet, sacred setting.

Seeing me stand still gazing at them, the father stopped and said ironically, "She's a nice-looking girl, ain't she?" Whilst I was saying a few grave words to him about the child, and receiving the excuse that his wife had left him, and he had no home and no one to take care of her, the child pulled him by the coat and said, "Show the lady the pretty picture." This was at once produced and displayed to me, "the pretty picture" being a photograph of the father lying dead drunk, the man taking off his cap and displaying his bald head, from which every atom of hair had been singed in some fire, to show me how very like it was.

I passed on with a saddened heart, but I suppose, like the hundreds who had passed those two children by on the other side, it would not have occurred to me that I could do anything, and I should have forgotten all about them, had I not belonged to an "Association for the Care of Friendless Girls."* Would to God that every educated woman with a happy home and well-cared-for children of her own would belong to such an association, and our degraded children would soon cease out of the land! In vain I tried to escape the thought of that child, in vain I pleaded that I had come to U—— for perfect rest; "Thy vows were upon me, O Lord," and I felt I must care for those friendless children.

I was just making up my mind to go round to all the low public-houses and inquire for them, when, to my joy, the very next morning I caught sight of the boy just outside my garden gate. It rained harder than ever; the lad was so wet and grimy I dared not have him inside the passage, and I can see the poor little forlorn object as I stood talking with him just outside the doorway, every now and then tilting his head side-ways to let the pouring rain run off the gutter of his old wideawake.

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* See "Preventive Work among Girls," "Ladies' Associations for the Care of Friendless Girls," and "Work in Brighton," 15th Thousand, 6d. Hatchards, Piccadilly.

His story was much what I expected. His father was a confirmed drunkard, and his mother had been so knocked about that she had herself taken to drinking, and had finally deserted them, and now they tramped about the country, their father, when intoxicated, often cruelly ill using them. I found the boy could not read or write, never went to any school or place of worship, and was literally in heathen ignorance. He was most anxious to escape from his awful slavery, and when I suggested sending him to a school, where he would be apprenticed to a trade, he exclaimed, "Ma'am, it would make a gentleman of me!" I had concluded from his size that he was about twelve, but, on asking his age, he told me he was sixteen. I exclaimed in dismay, "Oh, you are a little one!"

"Well, ma'am," he said apologetically, "I ain't big; but you see I have had a deal agin me."

I gave him my address, and told him to ask for a letter at Burwash, as they were going to sweep chimneys for the next week in that neighbourhood.

I was then just leaving U——, and my last sight of my son, as I proudly called him, was lying in the mud on his stomach, with his arms behind him, picking up a halfpenny with his lips out of a puddle, the admired of all beholders.

I at once wrote to the Hon. Thomas Pelham and to Dr. Barnardo about the children, stating that I had no funds to pay for the boy, but that our Association would give a donation with the girl. Dr. Barnardo most kindly consented to take the boy free; the little girl was to be sent to the Ilford Village Homes under Mr. and Mrs. Saltau, which we had already had good reason to think very highly of.

But by the time all arrangements were made and the papers procured to be filled up, it was long past the time when I had told the boy to call at the Burwash post-office. They were tramps, they had no settled home, they could none of them read, and there was all England to wander over for stray jobs in the way of chimney-sweeping. How was I to find them? It was much like setting out in search of two flies that had stung one and flown away.

If there is one thing I have learned more than another in these sceptical days, it is the omnipotency of faith. "All things are possible to him that believeth." I knew that the great Shepherd of the sheep knew where his lost lambs were, and would guide me to them. "God has love, and I have faith," in David Grey's lovely dying words; and that was enough.

I first wrote to an uncle, whose address I had got from the boy, their only self-supporting relation. I received a scarcely decipherable letter back, to say that he could do nothing for the poor children as his wife was ill, and no one could do anything with the little girl. He did not even know where they were to be found, and felt sure the father would refuse to part with them. Evidently the man was very poor and ignorant.

I then wrote to the neighbouring clergy, and asked them to keep watch for me, which they kindly promised to do. Before two weeks were passed I received a letter from the Vicar of Burwash stating that in his parish visitations he had observed two miserable children sitting on a bag of soot by the wayside, and feeling sure from the looks of them they were the children I was in search of, he had at once accosted them, and found they were. He then hunted up the father in a public-house, and found that he was willing to part with the girl if I would come over to U—— and fetch her, but he refused to give up the boy.

Owing to a mistake in the arrangements, I again lost sight of them for a time, but my indefatigable vicar again caught them, and with a thankful heart I started off to U——, an hour's rail from Brighton, to claim the little girl, and with faith that I should get the boy too.

On arriving I found the sweep and the two children waiting for me. The sight of the poor little degraded mite to be handed over into my keeping made my eyes fill with tears, and, as much to ease the ache of my own heart as anything else, I stooped down and said, "You are God's little girl; will you come with me and be taught to love God and be a good, happy little girl?" At once, with the touching trustfulness of childhood, she thrust her little black hand into mine, and, lifting her queer little gipsy face up to mine, said, "Shall I have a doll and little gals to play with? Boys do knock one about so. I should like a little gal to play with."

We had to turn into a public-house to fill in the papers. "I am so black, them there won't have me; they like the clean sort," said the man, pointing with his thumb to the coffee-shed which I had suggested as preferable. A hint that, I thought, to our teetotal friends. All sorts are welcome at the gin-shop.

All the while that I was filling in the papers the publican, regardless of my presence, was addressing "God's little girl" as, "You young devil you, can't you keep still?" Evidently she was held in small estimation.

But in vain I made any approaches to getting the boy. He swore I should not have the lad, and got so angry that I had to leave and go back to the station, waiting the arrival of the train. I have, however, great faith in friendly talk, and I sat down and entered into chat with the man. Once or twice the boy broke in with a piteous entreaty to his father to let him go with the lady, and was shut up with an angry word and a threatened cuff. No, nothing but death should ever part him from the lad.

Suddenly, in the middle of a talk about the wet season and the state of the crops, the man turned round and said, "You shall have him for ten shillings."

"Done!" I exclaimed. "Quick, let us fill in the papers before the train starts."

So I bought my son for ten shillings.

And yet the man, bad as he was, touched me. I don't think it was only the ten shillings, but also a lingering sense of all that I had been saying about the lad's good, that made him give him up. I wondered whether he, too, had been a degraded lad with none to have pity on him. He kept pacing up and down on the opposite side of the station, whilst I and the children were waiting for the train, the tears making pink wormy channels down his poor sooty cheeks, evidently in sore trouble at parting with the lad.

As ill-luck would have it, the train was half an hour late. I thought it would never come. To the last, I did not know whether that imp of a child would not be off. Her brother and I were perpetually making forlorn darts after her. Never did I so sympathize with the man whose pig bolted in a crowded London thoroughfare just as it had been driven with much labour to its destination, while the man stood stock still, and, clutching at his hair in a frenzy of despair, exclaimed, "Blowed if it won't run all up Cheapside!"

But when at length the train did draw up never did I find myself such an unpopular character with my black following. Looks of loathing turned me from all doors, and it was not till, at last, I got a guard to lock me up in an empty compartment with my two "wild beasties" that I began to draw a free breath. They roared, they danced, they hullaballo'd, they punched one another, they behaved like young savages, but I knew I had got them safe.

But my difficulties were renewed at the other end of my journey. They were so dirty not a fly would take them, and my house was some distance from the station, and I was far too tired to walk. At length I bribed a broken-down fly to convey us, and arrived at my own door feeling much aged, but still cheered at the beaming faces of my two servants and fellow-helpers in my work, who rushed out to greet my two jewels, "rejected of man and despised," but exquisitely precious to our hearts.

When, however, they got the little girl into her bath she cursed and swore so awfully and used her teeth so freely, that cleanliness on that occasion did not come next to godliness. Their clothes had to be burned then and there; the state of living filth they were in was indescribable. They ate with their hands, having no notion of using a knife and fork; and on being asked how she had broken one of her front teeth, at first the child said, "Jack did it."

"That's a lie!" retorted poor Jack. "You know you did it yourself, Polly, when you were tight the other day and fell down."

"Oh yes, so I did," she answered affably. "I was so drunk I couldn't stand!"

Only nine years old, this child of our Christian civilisation!

By the afternoon we had got them rigged out in decent clothing, and looking quite clean and respectable, and they started, under the care of my own servant, for London. Alas! it was only the outside of the platter we had cleaned. The little girl's behaviour was such that every one had to leave the carriage, and my unfortunate servant heaved no slight sigh of relief when, at length, she handed them over to the agent, who was in waiting for them at the London station.

My heart sank at the very thought of them. Surely it was a task beyond any human power to reclaim them: the boy was too old, and the girl too utterly wild and savage. Could anything be done with such waste and cruelly misused material?

To my surprise and joy, I heard from time to time that both were doing well, and were very happy!

Only lately have I had a simple and unpretending record from little Mary's cottage mother of all that lay behind that brief report.

One immense advantage of the cottage system adopted at Ilford over the old-fashioned, detestable barrack system, is that it admits of classification, not only of the children, but also of the "mothers." Little Mary was put with the cottage mother who was most likely to be able to manage her, and was always under one loving, firm hand, not under half-a-dozen.

For the first eight days it was as if a little wild savage had been admitted into the peaceful home. She bit and pinched the children, till the youngest, called "the baby," a little three-year-old child, was ill from sheer fright of her. Her skin was as hard and tanned as leather from constant exposure, and bore the scars of ill treatment. She would turn the tap and splash the water all about, and on being rebuked would say, "Oh, but I want to get white like the other little gals." She had never slept in a bed, and it was impossible to get her to lie straight in one. The instant the mother's eye and hand were removed she would curl herself up in a little brown heap on the pillow, or she would pull all the bed-clothes off her own and the other children's beds and sleep on the floor. It was impossible to make her keep on her clothes. She would be dressed in the morning, and half an hour after would appear in the same state as—

> "When wild in woods the noble savage ran."

Her shoes were the greatest offence of all, and she was in the habit of running out on the wet veranda with her shoeless feet, and then pattering up the clean stairs and jumping on her white counterpaned bed with her muddy stockings.

She had apparently no knowledge of God or sense of His presence. The only thing she had any reverence for was the moon. On one occasion, when the children were going to evening service, and a beautiful moon was shining, one of them pointed to it, exclaiming, "Oh, mother, look what a beautiful moon!" Little Mary caught hold of her hand and cried, "Yer mustn't point at the blessed moon like that, and yer mustn't talk about it!" Was it from constantly sleeping under hedges and in barns, and waking up and seeing that bright calm eye looking at her, that some sense of a mysterious Presence had come upon the child?

Her only idea of prayer was a sort of heathen incantation of unmeaning words jumbled together; her "form of prayer" was generally, "Our Father chart in heaven: Hollered by thy name: Kingdom come. Amen: Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John, four angels round my bed: Good night father, good night mother, good night uncles, and good night everyboby. Amen." This curious spiritual exercise was accompanied with other exercises in the shape of pinching the child next her, pulling the blind tassel to pieces, dabbing at a passing fly, &c. On one occasion, when the poor, much-tired cottage mother was pouring out her heart in prayer for the poor child, and asking God to change her heart, and telling Him how very naughty she was, and how she liked to do wrong things rather than right, the child exclaimed quite out loud, "Yes, that I do; it's *iver* so much nicer to do wrong things than right!"

At last things came to a crisis. The mother heard the child go out on the veranda, and then with her little wet feet, as usual, run pattering up-stairs into her bedroom. She had a sort of human affection for her bed, and would be found cuddling it, and saying, "Oh, my dear, dear bed!" The mother went up-stairs, and said—

"Now, Mary, you must put on some dry stockings and keep on your slippers."

Her large dark eyes flashed fire, and, doubling her little brown fists, she said—

"I won't!"

"Mary, you will."

One of the elder girls advanced with the clean stockings; but with a well-planted blow she knocked her backward. Another came forward to take the post of danger; but the mother interfered, and said—

"No, Mary, I will not let you ill-treat the children. I will put the stockings on myself."

The child struggled with all her strength, but did not offer to strike her; and having gained the victory, the mother left the room, feeling utterly done.

One of the elder children came to the child, and began talking to her in sweet childish fashion, how it made them all so unhappy to see her so rude to their mother, and then began telling her about our Lord, how He loved us, and how He came on the earth, and "was poor just like us," and hadn't a nice bed to lie on when He was tired, and how He died for us, because He loved us so very, very much.

The child looked up in her face and said—

"Yer don't believe that now, do yer?"

"Yes, I do; and oh, Mary, to please Jesus, will you ask mother's forgiveness?"

"Well, yes, I will." And the child flew down-stairs and burst like a November squib into mother's room.

Suddenly she stood transfixed. The mother's tea stood untouched; her eyes were very red. She had, in truth, been having a good cry over the child.

"Yer've been crying!" Mary exclaimed.

"Yes, dear, because I am so very, very sorry for you, and fear I shall have to tell Mr. Saltau how naughty you have been."

"I wouldn't cry, I wouldn't. You've not got to be punished. You have nothin' to cry for."

The mother proceeded to butter her a bit of toast, as she generally gave the child something from her own tea. "This is for a little girl who is going to ask mother to forgive her."

"That ain't me," said Mary conclusively.

"Very well, then, I will give it to Brenda."

Out she flew, and said to the eldest girl—

"What do yer think? That 'ere mother has been cryin'; it's all to make me cry; but I ain't a-goin' to."

Then she ran back. Suddenly, in the middle of their talk, she fixed her impish brown eyes on the mother's face. "I dare say yer a-wishin' that I'd ask yer forgiveness?"

"Yes, Mary."

"But I ain't a-goin' to."

Conversation was again resumed. Then suddenly the child again broke in. "I dare say yer still thinkin' that 'ere wish?"

"Yes, Mary."

"But I ain't a-goin' to."

"Very well, my child. I shall have to tell Mr. Saltau."

"But yer won't tell him, and yer won't cry no more if I do?"

"No, there'll be no need."

The child then insisted that the mother should turn her chair away from the table, and sit straight upright; and hereupon, the ground being clear in front, and all things properly prepared, she fell down on her knees, looking a most miserable object, and implored her forgiveness. At once the mother caught her in her arms, and they had a good hug and cry together.

From that moment little Mary was conquered.

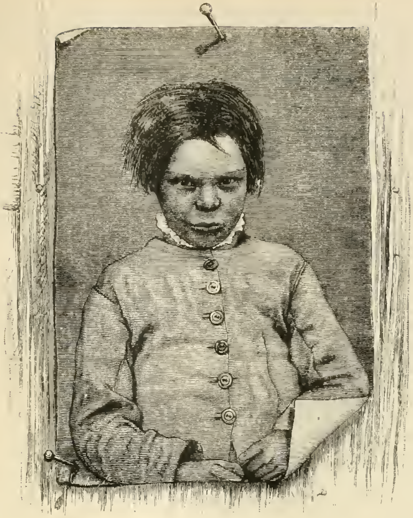
"It was the tears that did it," as the dear cottage mother exclaims. The child had known beating enough, but she had never known the "grief of the Spirit" in the heart of one who loved her. From that time her devotion to her cottage mother knew no bounds. She poured out her forgotten heart upon her with the divine wastefulness of a child who had none to love her. She never had to be punished. Of course, the mother had to be constantly correcting her, but she never had to speak twice; she never forgot what the mother told her.

One of the first signs of change was that Mary wanted to learn to pray like the others. The mother had sent her to bed with the other children to see if she could undress herself. Soon after she peeped into the room to see what was happening. There was little Mary properly clad in her little night-dress, kneeling by the bedside, while "the baby" was sitting up in bed like a doctor of divinity teaching Mary to pray, while Mary was reverently repeating the words after her.

And so little Mary learned to pray much as the dear birds learn to sing from one another; only since in man we ever touch on mysteries, it was the callow nestling that taught the full-grown song. And native as song to a bird was prayer to little Mary's heart. It was literally with her the beautiful child-definition of prayer—"the heart talking with God." She prayed for every one, but especially for her brother, to whom she was fondly attached, the tie between them being very close. If ever she thought that the cottage mother in their morning prayers was going to forget to pray for him, she would whisper very low as a reminder, "*My poor little brother!*"

At length, in the spring, poor little Mary fell ill of bronchitis. Her cottage mother suspected that there was something more amiss, as whenever she caught the least cold she had a most dreadful cough; and, alas! but too truly, the exposure and ill-treatment of her past life had sown the seeds of consumption, which rapidly developed. She clung intensely to her cottage mother, and with that reverence for a child's heart which seems to me so profoundly Christ-like, Mr. and Mrs. Saltau managed that she should be nursed through all the first months of her illness at the cottage, and only quite towards the end was she removed to the school infirmary. She showed a most sweet patience in her sufferings; sometimes when the terrible fit of bleeding came on she would look up and say, "Don't cry, dear mother; Jesus helps me, and I will try to bear it." And once, when the cottage mother said she feared she would not get about again, she replied simply and brightly, "I don't know, mother, what Jesus will do; perhaps He will make me better. He is inside me, you know, and He can do it." But later on the dear child seemed to have a longing to depart and be with her Lord. "If I die now I shall go to Jesus, and He will take care of me till you come. But, mother," she added wistfully, "don't you think if we ask Him He will let you come with me?"

Once in the first part of her illness she said to the mother, who was sitting by her, "I know what makes me ill like this. My father was so unkind to me; he would often pay for a bed for himself and leave me to sleep outside on the doorstep, or anywhere. I never had a nice bed like this, or I shouldn't be ill like as I am now." Then they prayed for the poor father; and when the prayer was done, the child said, "Now I should like to be quiet and pray too." And, putting her hands together, she prayed by name for every one who had shown her kindness.



"Who taught you to pray like that, Mary?" said the mother in secret amazement.

"Mother, I like praying," she answered simply, "and I used to get behind the cottage with"—naming a particularly tiresome child—"and pray with her, and try to help her to be better."

On another occasion the mother had attended a mission service among the pea-pickers, and was speaking of the little barefoot children and the untidy, drinking mothers. It evidently recalled her own past, and she said, "Oh, that's just like my poor mother. She did drink awful!"

"And what did you do?"

"Oh, I used to look out for a p'liceman, and when I saw one I used to run up to him and say, 'Mister, just come and take this woman off; she's drunk and can't take care on us.'"

"And did he take her?"

"Yes, mother, he took her off."

"And what became of you?"

"Oh, Johnny and me we used to give ourselves up at the Union to get a night's lodging."

"Well, dear, which would you rather be, back in the old life or with me and like you are now?"

"Never," says the cottage mother, "shall I forget the beautiful soft expression that came into her eyes as she said in a low voice, 'Oh, mother, don't ask me that!'"

She was the pet of the whole village. "Every one loves little Mary," Mrs. Saltau wrote to me.

On my return from a short absence abroad, I wrote to say that if sea air would do the child any good she had better be sent down to me; but I received the answer that little Mary was rapidly fading away. Only a few weeks after, she was taken home to sing more fully in heaven the little hymn she was always singing on earth:—

"I am Jesu's little lamb;
Happy all the day I am."

What can I add to this narrative of facts for the accuracy of which I can vouch, and which are so much more touching and powerful than any poor words of ours? This, and this only.

Hundreds had passed that poor child, and some had even done her little kindnesses, but not one seemed to have asked themselves, "What will this child be as a woman? Drunken, swearing, dissolute, it will be impossible to save her then; cannot I save her now?" We all know it is the girl, and not the boy, that is most likely to become a social outcast. Once let her fall over that fearful moral precipice which skirts her path, and it is hard indeed to recover her. Were it not better, then, to fence the precipice at the top, rather than to confine ourselves to providing ambulances in the shape of penitentiaries, rescue societies, &c., at the bottom? Yet how systematically preventive work among girls has been neglected (in England) is shown by the proportionate number of girls to boys in the London Industrial Schools—200 girls to 1,300 boys. In Ireland, on the contrary, where the standard of female honour is high, and the Roman Catholic sisters look after the girls, the proportion is 2,039 boys to 3,171 girls. At one of our large seaports 500 boys are in careful industrial training to 0 girls. Is it any wonder that all our large towns swarm with outcast girls? Till within the last few months the Industrial Schools Act refused to take any cognisance of what I may call the representative danger in a girl's life; and now that, through the instrumentality of Colonel Alexander, M.P., to whom my most grateful thanks are due, I have got an amended clause passed to the 14th Section, by which we can save a little girl who is in peril,* the parents being compelled to pay towards her support, where are the schools to work it? Dr. Barnardo would, I believe, open and certify a cottage for girls far more degraded than little Mary, children who are being deliberately brought up for a life of shame and misery, who will come under the operation of the amended clause; but where are the funds? I appeal especially to the women of England. Surely we nineteenth-century women have influence enough to procure sufficient industrial training for our girls to save our own womanhood from utter degradation?

And may I not plead for the loving Ilford Home, with its wise and tender Christian influence, that in a few months could tame the child that bit and swore and drank and told lies into sweet obedience, and thus show the power of the grace of God in a child's heart? Cannot we send a thank-offering for little Mary to Mr. and Mrs. Saltau, Ilford Village Homes, Barkingside, Essex? And might we not make such a home a valuable adjunct in educating our own children? Is not James Hinton right in saying that the great basic evil of all is the sort of unconscious selfishness and individualism on which our life is founded, that the two great factors of our Christianity have been God and our own soul; the third and equally vital factor, the world, humanity, has either been left out or come in by the way as an afterthought?* Cannot we, I ask, bring up our children with the motto of the Heir-Apparent—certainly the motto of every heir-apparent of the kingdom of heaven—"I serve?" Cannot we get into their very bones that all they have, all their advantages, are not theirs by right, but only as a trust for the good of others, to give them a vantage ground for helping and serving? And might not one way be to get children to help children, and so from their earliest years bring them up in the true human attitude of "looking up and lifting up?" Why should they not have their little "children's sale of work" for Ilford? The making the things would be an endless delight to both girls and boys, and few of our own circle of friends would grudge the expenditure of a few shillings in purchases. In this way two little girls I know made £9. Why should not they have one dear child to keep clothed out of their own cast-off clothing, and occasionally to get something pretty for her, instead of for themselves? Again, they might sort and tear up the waste paper and old books of the house and get 6s. a sack at a paper-mill. In many ways they might really work and deny themselves to help other children, and taste the joy of service.

May little Mary, being dead, yet speak to our hearts, and may the mother in us rise up in the power of Christ, and unite with our children in making such sacrifices of money, of time, of labour, that there may be no longer in our midst hundreds and hundreds of degraded children being brought up to a life of shame and misery for the want of industrial schools to train them to better things, and make them "God's little girls."

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* The Amendment of the Industrial Schools Act, 1880, can be had of the Queen's Printers, Eyre & Spottiswoode.

* "Life and Letters of James Hinton." Third edition. (Kegan Paul.)

CONIES.

A Sermon out of Church.

By the Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman."

"The conies are but a feeble folk."—Proverbs.

LISTENING of late to the above text, it struck me, what a number of people there are in this world who may be termed "conies;"—very sleek, mild, amiable souls, quite harmless too (or apparently so), who go pottering about on their pretty little feet, and hiding themselves in holes and corners, coming out every now and then in the sunshine—only in the sunshine—and escaping everything unpleasant as much as they can.

For they like brightness, and smoothness, and easiness of living; they are but "a feeble folk" after all.

And yet——

Long ago I planned an article—"On the Tyranny of Weakness;" for a tyranny it truly is, the sight of which often makes one's blood boil with indignation. But indignation against what? Against creatures so feeble that attacking them feels like "hitting a man that is down." And chivalry—the pitying protection of the weak by the strong—is a thing so right and noble, besides being so rare, that one fears to make it one whit the rarer. Besides, in dealing with the feeble, should we not rather try and put strength into them than abuse them for their want of it?

These "conies," they are pretty, innocent-looking, peaceful folk, passing their mild lives in a hole in a rock, and desirous of troubling nobody—or at least they say so. Yet the extent to which they do trouble people, the torment they are to their affectionate friends, and to the world at large, by their weakness, indecision, and general incapacity, is something incalculable. A wicked person one can meet and battle with—and some forms of wickedness are only energy turned into a wrong channel, and capable of being turned back again—but with the weak one has no chance. To have to do with them is like walking along shifting sands, slipping at every step, and dragged down continually by a weight not one's own. No wonder that we at last cry out, and learn to hate amiable fools with a rancour almost more than that we feel towards absolute villains. The latter are ravening wolves, but these our wolves in sheep's clothing—nay, clothed in the wool of the very mildest of lambs—creep beside us and gnaw out our vitals before we are aware.

Well do we know them, these dear "conies," who have the character of being so very amiable; who are always deferring to other people, who never know their own minds—perhaps, indeed, they have not got any to know—who are always hanging the burthen of their existence upon friends and relatives; asking advice but seldom following it, making endless plans which are never carried out. They are full of the best intentions, have the most ardent desire to do right; they put forth that desire and those intentions in the most voluminous and exemplary form, yet somehow nothing seems to come of either. They are always getting into muddles, and if they ever succeed in doing anything, the chances are they do it wrong. In fact most things seem to go wrong with them. Why? They are not wild beasts, they are not reptiles, they are simply "conies." The worst we can accuse them of is that they are "a feeble folk," and yet they aggravate us to the limit of endurance.

Ay, even in small things. We all know sometimes what it is to have a cony at the head of a pleasure party—which is sure soon or late to become a party of pain. Not through any intentional badness; in fact, the cony is the most yielding creature possible, always giving in to everybody, and asking the opinion of everybody. But of that quick yet firm decision which, taking in unselfishly and wisely "the greatest good of the greatest number," has sense to act upon it, and, without troubling anybody, does the best for all—of this the cony, male or female, is absolutely incapable. Consequently arise all kinds of mistakes and mismanagements; some lose head, others temper, and the government, or autocracy, drifts into a feeble, muddling, wrangling democracy, which is the worst form of rule for either a picnic or a kingdom. For, not to speak it profanely, the doctrine of "Every man for himself and God for us all," very often ends in "every man against himself and God for nobody."

It is a still more unfortunate circumstance when a cony happens to be the master or mistress of a family. Especially the latter, since soon or late a household must fall into the hands of its women, and sink or swim according to their capacities. I have seen more than one creditable well-managed family, in which all the world—except himself—recognised that the head of it was a mere goose—happy if only a goose! Yet he kept up the delusion that he was the head of it, and under his imaginary guidance—and some one else's real control—all went well. But I never yet saw a household in which the mistress was a fool, or even a cony, which did not soon or late crumble into hopeless decay. She who is exactly the opposite of Solomon's "virtuous woman;" who does *not* "work willingly with her hands;" who rises up late in the morning and dislikes the trouble of taking care of her children and guiding her servants; who, so far from "considering a field and buying it," knows little or nothing about money, except spending it; who has no will of her own, or opinion either, but appeals in everything to her husband or whoever chances to be near her—for these sweet climbing plants will hang on to any sort of stick—such a woman may be very charming, very pretty, very amiable, but woe betide the man who marries her! He will soon learn to sicken at her sweetness, to care nothing for her charms, nay, perhaps even to despise her affection, which probably expends itself in words and demonstrations instead of being the silent love of deeds, which make the rest and comfort of a man's home.

It is bad enough for a man to marry a bad woman; but still, if she is not too bad, he can sometimes reason with and control her, or, at the worst, he can get rid of her. But for the man who marries a feeble woman there is no hope. She can neither take care of him nor of herself; he cannot rule her, for the hardest thing possible to manage is a fool—and, saddest thought of all, what hope has he for the future? A bad man's children often turn out very good—perhaps, as said the temperance lecturer who led about a drunken brother, in consequence of his "shocking example." But what chance, either by inheritance or upbringing, have the children of a foolish, feeble mother, who, however sweet she may be, has no notion of the firmness which is as necessary as tenderness, and of the wise authority which results from truest love?

Glance at the inner life of a household like this, and we know at once what to expect. There is a general sense of doubtfulness and confusion. Meals never appear at the fixed time; arrangements are always liable to be altered or put off; servants call you a little after the right hour, and carriages drive round to the door just in time to let you miss your train. Children hang about, and get in your way; poor lambs! they have no notion of obedience, because, in truth, there is nothing to obey; domestics are disorderly, because the orders given are often so irregular and contradictory that it is impossible to carry them out. There hangs about the whole family a kind of haziness—a sense of being out of focus—which to clear-eyed, accurate people is simply maddening. One feels it would be pardonable to relinquish the most charming friends in the world, if they will not give us our "meals reg'lar,"—if they are late at night and equally late in a morning—and add to all their plans and intentions the modification which a sarcastic friend of mine once suggested should be put up as the motto of a very amiable family, "If please Heaven we remain in the same mind to-morrow."

Poor dear "conies!" they have little enough mind to remain in. But for all that they are very aggravating. They always listen to the advice of the last adviser; you may leave them on Monday, quite satisfied that they will follow yours—after you have taken an immensity of trouble to plan and to act for them; and, coming back on Tuesday, you may find that somebody else has persuaded them to a contrary course; that they now see everything in a quite different light, and are prepared to act diametrically opposite to their declared intentions of yesterday. Of course you have nothing to say; all your labour has been thrown away. But they are so kind, so sweet, so grateful; so desirous of acting for the best, and pleasing everybody;—what can you do but "grin and bear it"?

This faculty, or non-faculty, of never knowing one's own mind, sometimes passes for wisdom. The gift of "seeing a subject on all sides" is supposed to be very valuable; prudence and caution are always ranked among the virtues, and with reason. Yet I doubt if in the long run a habit of rapid decision—even though it occasionally becomes rashness—is not less harmful than that fatal indecision which is the curse and misery of life. The people who do something—even though they may now and then do it hastily and amiss—are certainly more useful than the people who only talk and do nothing; and they who have the blessed quality of being able to make up their minds—even though they may make it up in a hard bundle and throw it at their neighbours' heads—are, on the whole, less harmful to society than those who never know their own minds at all. The shrillest clarion, if in tune, is more tolerable than those feeble trumpets giving an uncertain sound, which are the torment and irritation of life.

Especially in one phase of life, to which "conies" of both sexes are particularly liable, are they particularly objectionable—I mean the amatory phase. Of course they fall in love—everybody does—and being conies, that is, a smooth, soft, pliable, and attractive race, are specially prone to give and take the universal complaint in a mild sort of way. Then, the trouble they give to their friends and relations is endless.

If there is a question to which man or woman ought to be able to give a simple and direct answer, and in which not to be able to give it is something worse than ridiculous, it is the question whether they do or do not prefer one to all others as a companion for life; or whether, having chosen, they will hold fast to him or her, through life. One would imagine this was the very easiest question to ask or answer, the very plainest point of right and wrong; in which, whatever difficulties presented themselves outside, there could be none in the mind of the persons concerned, who are, in truth, the only persons concerned. If there is one thing in life which people ought to decide for themselves, it is their choice in marriage.

Yet this is the thing in which everybody interferes, appeals for or listens to interference; so that what ought to be the happiest bit of life becomes the most unhappy. I hope, to the end of my days, to be able to sympathize with an honest and hearty love, whether happy or unhappy; but I own that the "bother" some young people and their love affairs cause to their friends and the public in general, is quite intolerable.

Sneerers at our sex have said that "any man can succeed in marrying any woman;" and really when one looks round on the sort of men some women do condescend to marry, one is tempted to believe this. Persistency, patience, and courage are such rare qualities that they almost deserve to win—and do win with certain kinds of women. Though it seems strange that any true man, truly loving, should stoop to be loved in that sort of way—being asked by his idol for "a month's time to think it over;" or, "till she has consulted her friends;" or, lowest degradation of all, "till she can inquire into his income, and whether he can make good settlements." Of course exceptions will occur. Some men will make offers—especially to conies—before the girl has ever seriously thought of them. And some girls, of timid nature, require long thinking before they love. Persistency is so attractive, that it often attains its end, and happy marriages are not unknown, in which the lover has been refused several times and accepted at last. Still, the safest marriage is certainly that in which the momentous question needs only a Yes or No, absolute and final. Nay, perhaps the ideal of marriage is that which I once heard expressed, or implied, by an old lady, looking with a smile at her old husband, and talking to a newly-affianced grand-daughter, "Asked me, did you say? Why, my dear, he never asked me at all! We both knew our own minds, and so we married."

But the cony never knows her own mind, either before the offer or after it. It has been the fashion to abuse faithless men—"deceivers ever"—yet quite as much woe has been worked by women, not intentionally faithless, and by no means meaning to deceive. A point-blank refusal kills no man. Often it does his character real good; teaches him his own failings, and shows him—a rather desirable thing for modern youths—that he has not merely to ask and to have. No tender-hearted maiden need fear her discarded lover's breaking his heart; many a masculine heart is "caught at the rebound," and the chances are that the second woman will do quite as well as the first. But terrible harm is done to men by feeble women, who play fast and loose—making and breaking engagements with equal facility, and with such exceeding sweetness that they still get credit for that "amiability" which is counted the utmost charm of our sex. How far it is so, whether a creature who can neither take care of herself nor anybody else, neither decide for herself nor anyone else, is fit to be a wife and mother, I will not attempt to argue. All I can say is, I would rather see a son of mine engaged or married to the "strongest-minded" woman alive, than to a cony. Not that strength consists in never changing one's mind, in the mulish theory, "I've said it and I'll stick to it;" or in that other most amusing characteristic of weak people, the "contrariness" of the Irish pig, which, when you want it to go one way, obliges you to pull it by the tail in another direction. Strong people are seldom obstinate, and never feel it the least humiliation rationally to change their minds. The courage which can frankly say, "I retract; I was mistaken," and act upon it — what worlds of misery does it not often save, especially in the matter of marriage! How many unions, rashly planned, are as madly carried out, when a few plain words would have prevented the wreck of two lives! Far be it from me to defend infidelity; but I do say, seeing we are all liable to err—liable, alas! even to change—that an honest broken engagement is more honourable, either to man or woman, than the false honour of a deceitful, loveless marriage.

The most trying thing about weak people is, that they are often such exceedingly good people, in a negative way. You never can "pick a hole" in them; they are most self-devoting and self-sacrificing; that is, they will let themselves be killed by inches, when a little wholesome resistance would have saved them for long and useful lives. They are ready to "go on till they drop," when by stopping in time they need never have dropped at all. Stronger natures, who have to stand by powerless and see all this, would often prefer a little honest badness to that inane goodness which results in the good being altogether a prey to the wicked. Still, often the tables are turned. There is no victimiser like your amiable friend, who, without having the strength or the courage to be happy, has yet the power to make you, and many others, most thoroughly miserable.

How is this to be remedied? for a fault-finder without a remedy is like a doctor who can diagnose but not heal.

So many co-agents, of fate or circumstance, so many qualities mental and physical, inherent or hereditary, combine to produce what we call weakness of character, that wholesale condemnation of it is as useless as it is cruel; besides, we have always to fight against the old superstition that strength is a dangerous quality, except in men. A child "with a will of its own" was the horror of our forefathers; and "to break the will" of their little ones was considered one of the first duties of parents.

Things are changing now; yet what a load of scorn, vituperation, and ominous warning has been heaped upon the devoted head of at least one parent I know, who persists in *not* exacting from her child blind obedience, and in believing that to whip a child degrades equally itself and its punisher. "A rod for the fool's back," if you will; but let it be the grown-up fool, who has so misused his authority that he needs to enforce it by whipping. Exceptional instances may arise, impossible to judge, but as a rule I never hear of flogging being the established system of a family without feeling that it ought previously to be administered to the parents.

The rule of fear and the restraint it induces, destroying all individuality of character, is the primary cause of that numerous race which I have termed conies. Having never been accustomed to think or decide for themselves, they never attempt decision. It is so much less trouble to lean on other people, to get other people to decide and act for them. And then dependence is so charming—especially in women. Thus the "feeble race" begin their career, and grow gradually feebler year by year, causing more and more trouble to all about them, until at length a sigh of relief mingles with the tear of due regret as their affectionate friends shovel the mould over them. At least they will burthen nobody any more.

But why should they ever have done it? "A will of one's own" is not a curse but a great blessing to every human being; that is, a defensive rather than an aggressive will. To think, and act for one's self, without interfering with others, saves a world of trouble to one's neighbours, and is a faculty which far from being repressed, ought to be cultivated as much as possible. A year-old infant, who, if you hold out to it a handful of toys, knows exactly which toy it wants, snatches at it, grasps it, and, if losing, weeps after it, is a far more hopeful specimen of humanity than the irresolute child who never knows what it wants, nor how to keep what it has.

True, you will need to teach the small creature not to snatch and not to cry. You must help it to govern its own will, and even to learn the last lesson of true bravery, to resign its own will, should necessity arise. And there is always a transition stage, when the will is strong and the reason weak, during which your child will give you a good deal of trouble, and you will have to exercise not only great patience, but that wise authority which superiors must always have over inferiors, for the inferiors' good—a very different thing from mere tyranny. But wait, and you will have your reward. If, instead of merely controlling a child you can teach it to control itself, you will have made it into a higher human being, and benefited both it and yourself for the rest of its life.

It may be heresy—many old-fashioned people will think it so—but I believe we ought to encourage in all children, from the first dawn of reason, a reasonable free will; which should be exercised, whenever possible, in all unimportant things, gradually becoming more and more important as reason and common sense increase. Under due supervision I would allow a child to choose its own clothes, pursuits, companions; subject to advice, suggestion, or a veto if necessary; but still made to understand that to guide and control itself, to act and decide for itself, is not a crime to be punished, but a duty of life to be fulfilled every year more perfectly and more wisely. And above all, I would teach children never to lean where they can stand upright, never to ask another person to decide for them what they can decide for themselves, or to do for them what they are able to do for themselves. At all ages, and in all crises, if we must act, let us act without troubling other people; if we must suffer—alas! it is hard to teach a child this, and yet we ought—let us, as much as possible, learn to suffer alone without inflicting needless pain upon other people.

Sharp discipline this. It is even more difficult to guide a will than to break it; but what a different result we shall find if we succeed! Instead of feeble, helpless, useless creatures—conies, in short—we shall have made our children into capable human beings, whom we can rely on and trust in, who will be a help to us, and not us only, through the thorny paths of life; whom if it be God's will, we may even leave without fear to fight the world without us. That sharpest agony of parents—to die and leave our children helpless—is greatly lessened if in our life-time we are able to make them helpful, by urging them to independence, not dependence, to decision instead of indecision, and brave action rather than passive endurance. They may make a few mistakes—we all do—and some enemies; the weak often secretly hate the strong, even while making use of them; but in the long run they will have the best of it.

Still, let us not curtail our text. "The conies are but a feeble folk, yet they make their nests in the rock."

So they do. They always find somebody or other to help them, and very comfortable "nests" do they sometimes make, chiefly at other people's expense. No matter. It is to the credit of human nature, and perhaps for the education of human nature, that this should be so. Let us not grudge it them, poor things! Let us rather rejoice that there are some "stony rocks" which will serve as "a refuge for the conies."

Still, one would prefer not to be—and above all one would try to save one's child, nay, every child with whom one had to do, from being—a cony. For we must never forget, it will be our "child" only for a few years: and an independent human being, for, we hope, many years more, when we are sleeping in dust. Better even than teaching it to obey us, is to put into it that obedience to absolute right which is in truth obedience to God: safer even than the wisest habit of deciding for it, is to give it strength and courage to decide for itself.

LUCCA.

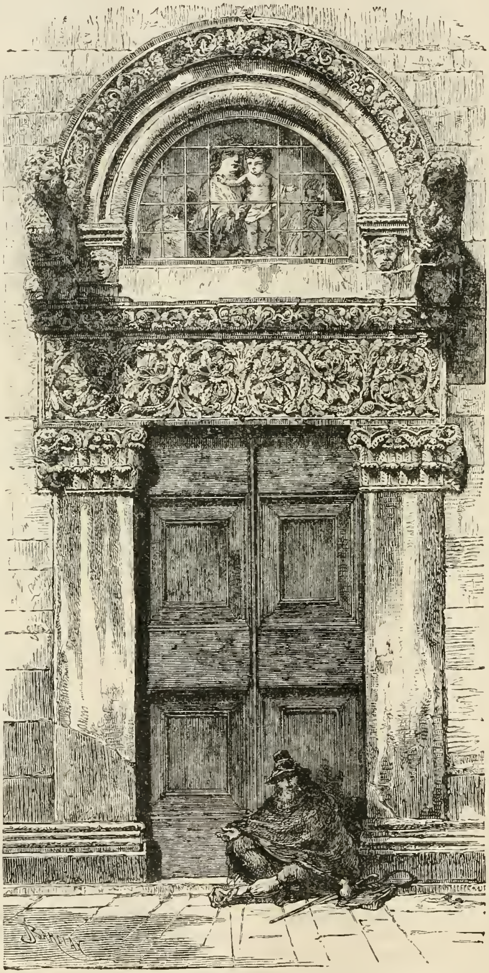
By AUGUSTUS J. C. HARE, Author of "Walks in Rome."

II.

IT is pleasant when the whole country is scorched under the noonday summer sun to saunter through Lucca, where the stately houses with their overhanging roofs always throw a delicious shade upon the streets, which are kept as clean as the floor of any drawing-room, and where the air and the senses are refreshed by the constant splash of fountains. Everywhere in these quiet old streets, where carriage wheels are seldom heard, there is a stealthy sound of church music and a whiff of incense from behind the heavy crimson curtains which hang under Gothic archways encrusted with sculpture. Strangers are welcomed and kindly treated alike by noble and peasant; they may linger unmolested to sketch the cressets and other ironwork on the many old palaces, where the descendants of the historic families of the Middle Ages—Guinigi, Possenti, Trenta, Farnese, Orsini, Manzi, da Gia, dal Portico, Manfredi, Bernardini, Boccella, are still to be found; they may loiter on the ramparts, to gaze on the Apennines, or on the hill of San Giuliano, which, as Dante observes, prevents the Pisans from seeing Lucca, and may rest under the remnant of the great old avenues, for centuries the pride of Lucca, which have been so terribly mutilated under the Sardinian government; or, if they love churches, they may have a surfeit of them here, for there are fifty churches in Lucca, and few without interest.

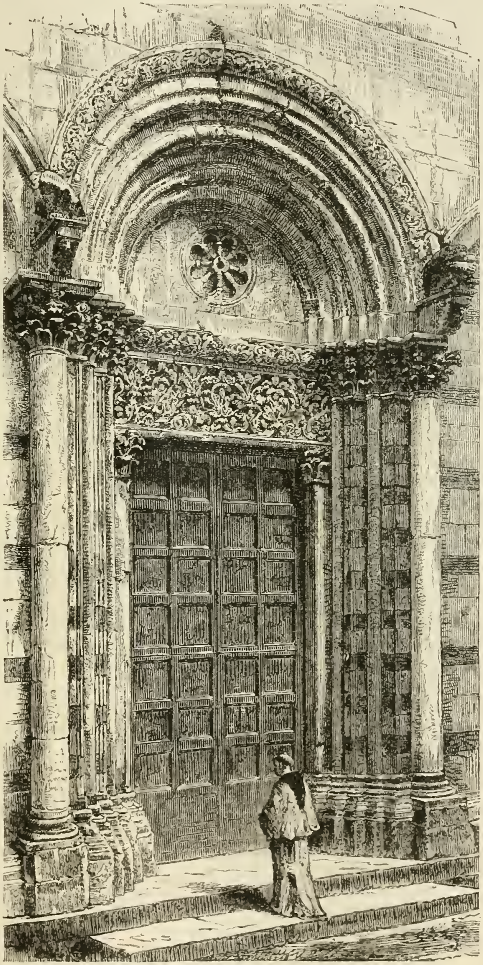
Of the smaller churches San Giusto with its rich portal is a good specimen. But at least three of the larger churches must not be left unvisited. Of these San Michele, founded in 764, when the worship of the Archangel spread over the whole north of Italy from Monte S. Archangelo, has a noble façade of 1188, by Guidetto, the architect of the cathedral, copied from the west front of Pisa, the successive tiers of its delicate round headed arches leading up to a statue of St. Michael on the summit of the gable, with great gilt bronze wings glittering against the sky. In San Francesco the dearest associations of the Lucchese linger round the tomb of Castruccio Castracani, though the Sardinian government has turned this noble church into a military magazine. But the most curious of the churches is San Frediano—"Basilica Longobardorum," founded in 685, and dedicated to an Irish Saint who emigrated to Italy and became Bishop of Lucca in the sixth century. He obtained great veneration by his miracles, especially by turning the Serchio away from the town during a flood, having marked out its new bed with a harrow, and by his enormous strength lifting a gigantic stone, which is still to be seen in the church, from its quarry, and placing it in a cart drawn by wild cows, who drew it to its present resting-place.

San Frediano stands just beneath the shady ramparts, and in all distant views of the town its tall square Lombard campanile is a conspicuous feature. Close by are the remains of a Roman amphitheatre now used as a market and generally known as "Il Parlascio," from its having been employed as a place of political assembly. The excessive simplicity of the front of the church is intended to concentrate attention upon its one ornament, a glorious mosaic of Christ adored by angels and apostles. Its font of 1151, for baptism by immersion, is inscribed with the name of its artist, Magister Robertus, and is covered with quaint sculpture, the Israelites being represented as passing through the Red Sea in chain armour; and there is an inexhaustible wealth of pictures and monuments.



Entrance to San Giusto, Lucca.

Like the cathedral, San Frediano has its famous shrine, to which a festa annually attracts thousands of pilgrims. Every domestic servant in Lucca and its neighbourhood comes on the 27th of April to visit and bring a fresh nosegay to Santa Zita, the faithful servant, who, entering the Fantinelli family in her twelfth year, served them faithfully and affectionately for forty-eight years. The crowd is so great upon her festival that armed soldiers with drawn swords are placed at every entrance of the church to prevent the pilgrims from crushing each other to death. The ancient mummy of Santa Zita is then dressed up in green satin and lace, and the streets are full of men selling medals in her honour and her memoirs, which have little except her faithful servitude to record. It is characteristic that while the tombs of the great chieftains of the fourteenth century, Uguccione della Faggiola and Castruccio Castracani, who in turn have knelt at her shrine, are dishonoured, the tomb of the poor servant should remain; that she should be honoured as the patroness of Lucca, as Santa Rosalia is of Palermo; and that her name should be immortalised by Dante.


Porch of San Cristoforo, Lucca.

The streets of Lucca are full of old palazzi, of which the most interesting are the two palaces of the Guinigi, which have remained for five centuries in the hands of the same family, perhaps the proudest in Italy, and one of whose members, Francesco di Lazzaro, bore, like Cosmo de' Medici, the title of Father of his country. The larger palace, built in 1384 by Michele, Francesco, and Niccola Guinigi, has a noble machicolated tower, frequently used as a prison in early times, and two ranges of windows, each formed by four beautiful trefoil Gothic arches enclosed in a circular arch. The walls retain their cressets and iron rings and coats of arms in coloured marbles let into the walls. Many are the deeds of blood which the palace has witnessed, especially the murder of Lazzaro Guinigi by his younger brother, who was seduced to the crime by a promise of the lordship of Lucca from the Duke of Milan, and who was beheaded for it by his cousin, Michele Guinigi, the Gonfaloniere. The family archives contain four hundred and fifty-three parchments, of which five are of the tenth, and nine of the eleventh century.

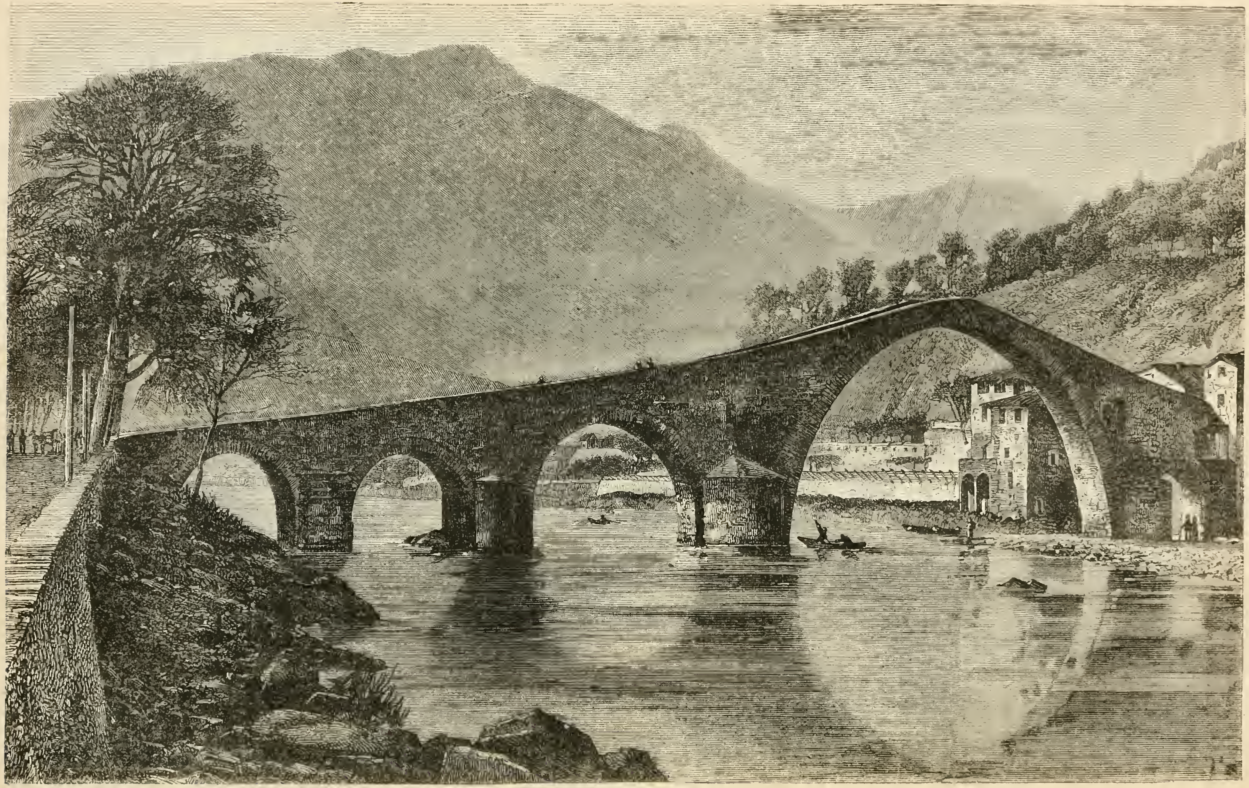
A large house of the sixteenth century in the Via San Paolino is interesting as having been the house of Francesco Burlamacchi, famous in Italian history for his project which was to secure at once the reform of the Church and the union of Tuscany into one great republic, for which he was executed by the intrigues of Paul III. and the Medici in 1546. He was the first leader of the Reformation in Italy, for which twenty years after his family were exiled, including his son Michele with his wife Clara Calandrini, his father-in-law Giuliano Calandrini, his sister-in-law Laura, and her husband Pompeo Diodati, one of whose descendants was the well-known translator of the Bible. After having been driven from town to town through France, all these exiles found a refuge in Geneva, where their descendants are still numerous and honoured.

In the Via Fillungo is the façade of San Cristoforo, a noble work of the great architect Diotisalvi, with a beautiful porch.

The modern Palace of the Dukes of Lucca, due for the most part to the Baciocchi, occupies the site of the fortress of Castruccio Castracani for which Giotto furnished designs, and which was pulled down when the Pisans were driven out of the city. During the reign of the Grand Dukes of Tuscany it was the home of a brilliant little court which formed the centre of the happiest society in Italy. Since the annexation to Sardinia, the palace has been a desert; but strangers must still turn to it to visit the pictures which the present government has plundered from the churches and convents, in many cases doing grievous injury to the history of art, especially in the case of the grand works of Fra Bartolommeo, which have been stolen from the Church of San Romano in characteristic violation of the law that as long as a church is kept open and used for public worship, its works of art are to be respected. For the reception of one of these, the famous Madonna della Misericordia, a chapel was expressly built and its lights purposely arranged. Ill seen and crudely lighted in the gallery of the palace, this picture is still one of the grandest in the world. It exhibits all the peculiar powers of Fra Bartolommeo, who was the greatest of the religious painters, possessing a thorough knowledge of form and anatomy, and who always drew his figures in the nude before he draped them, as may be seen by his original sketches in the Uffizi at Florence. Here the Virgin is represented as extending her mantle, sustained by angels, to shelter the people of Lucca—old men, maidens, and little children, who are scattered over the steps in front of her, some seated, some standing, but all gazing anxiously at the figure of Christ in the clouds, who is showering lightnings and thunderbolts upon them. Even more noble still, also taken from San Romano, is the picture of St. Mary Magdalen and St. Catherine of Siena in adoration of God the Father, being one of the pictures which have often been mistaken for a work of Raffaelle, from whom the artist had received instruction in perspective, while imparting information on his own wonderful richness and harmony of colour. The lovely figure of the Magdalen is of the same type as many a peasant girl who may still be seen in the streets of Lucca, and, as Ampère suggests, when we gaze upon her beauty we may imagine the charms of Gentucca when she captivated Dante. Vasari declares that it is impossible for anything in art to exceed the beauty of the figure of St. Catherine in her ecstasy of adoration.

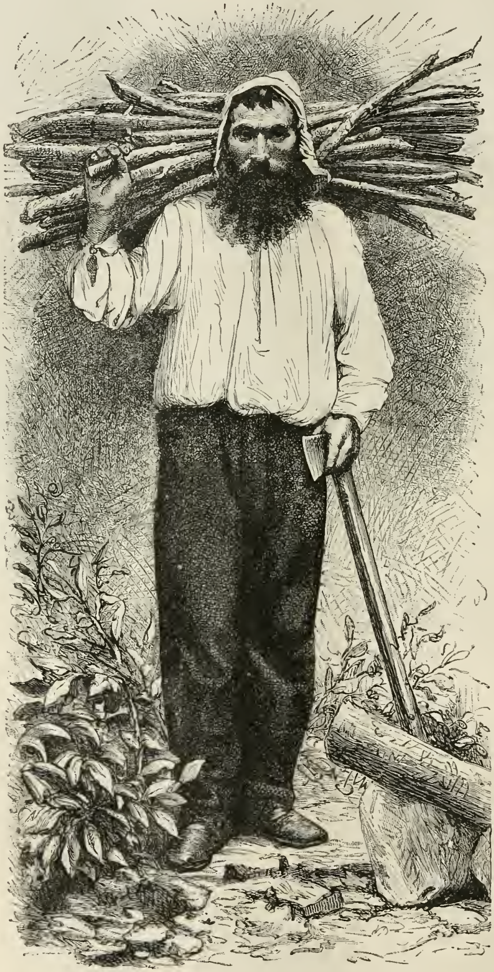
It is an enchanting drive from the town to the Baths of Lucca. The white road, dazzling and dusty, first runs across the flowery plain to the foot of the hills, and then follows the Serchio far into their recesses. Picturesque villages with widely overhanging roofs and pergolas of vines bowed with their purple grape clusters cling to the sides of the hills. Roses, especially our common China roses, are formed into hedges amidst which a little shrine with a picture or an image of a saint peeps out here and there. The corn-fields are red with gladiolus and poppies or blue with cornflowers. High above the olives, tall cypresses shoot up into the sky. At length, in the narrowest part of the valley, we come upon the old bridge, the Ponte della Maddalena, built by Castruccio more than five hundred years ago, with one of the highest and widest arches in Italy, raised even far higher than the roofs of the neighbouring houses to be out of the way of the sudden floods which characterize the river. So high is it that the peasants believe it impossible that it can have been built by human hands, and it is often known by the name of Ponte del Diavolo. When the builder was in despair, they say, the devil came by night to help him, but demanded the first passenger across the bridge as his reward. In the morning the bridge was finished, but the man outwitted the fiend by making a dog cross the bridge first. So furious was the devil at his disappointment, that he seized the animal and dashed it with such force upon the ground that it went through the central arch, and was carried away by the flood, "in proof of which," say the contadini, "the hole which the dog fell through might be seen under the present pavement to this day."

Three miles beyond the bridge are the three villages of the Bagni with their many hotels and lodging-houses, which are crowded in summer with visitors, attracted less by the



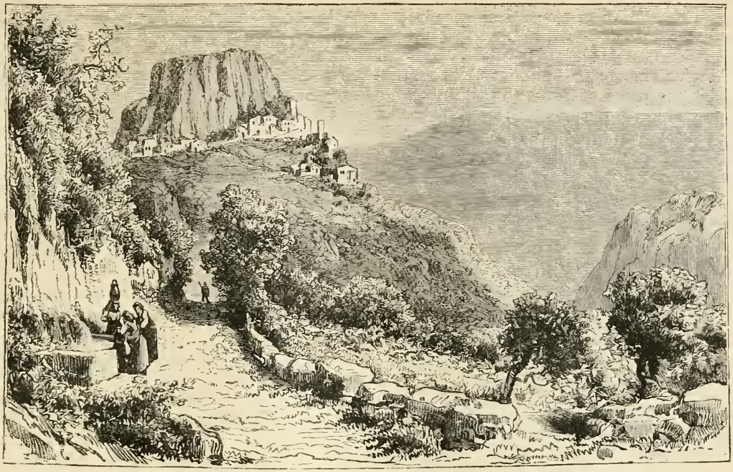
Ponte della Maddalena. Bagni di Lucca.

mineral qualities of the baths than by the charm of their chestnut-covered hills. The village of Ponte a Serraglio is close to the bed of the river, in a narrow and confined situation, but contains the club and the principal shops, and is the busiest part of the place during the summer months. High on the hill behind are the Bagni Caldi, a picturesque group of houses buried in chestnut woods, with delightful paths leading down to the Bagni alla Villa, the most fashionable of the three villages, in the highest part of the valley.



Contadino of Lucca.

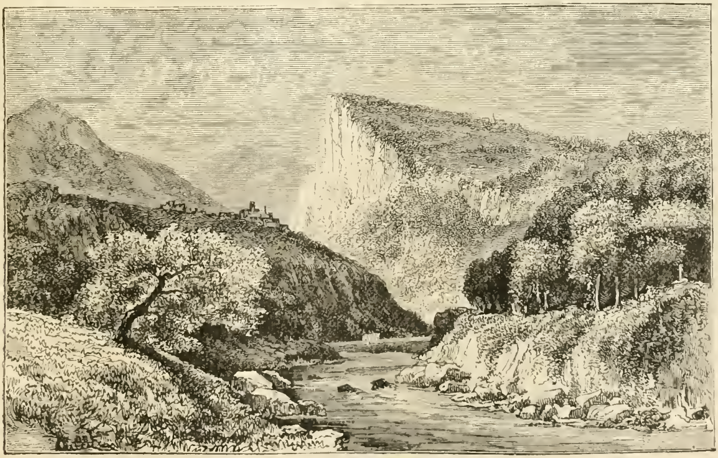
Without possessing any claim to grandeur of scenery, nothing can be more attractive during the summer heat in Italy than the fresh green valleys and thickly wooded hills at Lucca Baths. No words can paint the richness of the vegetation, the vines dancing from tree to tree, the luxuriance of the corn and flax, or the splendour of the oleander blossoms in the little gardens. Every evening it seems as if each blade of grass, each ear of corn was illuminated, so great is the glory of the fire-flies, and, though the heat is very great at mid-day, there is a delightful freshness on the shady hill-sides in the morning and evening. All through the hot hours of the day the Bagni seem to be asleep, but by five o'clock the lanes through the chestnut woods are alive with pleasure-seekers in carriages or on horseback. Till the fall of Tuscany, the Grand Dukes always spent their summers here in a quiet old palace at the Bagni alla Villa, taking a more than friendly interest in the welfare of the people. It was the happiest part of their lives. In the mornings the Grand Duchess Dowager would walk with her Lady in Waiting to the little schools or cottages to teach the children or inquire after the sick poor. In the evening, the Grand Ducal pair, with their two sons and the lovely Austrian daughter-in-law who was snatched from them by an early death, would ride quite unattended upon the hills,



Lucchio.

exchanging friendly greetings with the foreigners staying in the place, many of whom were invited to join their family circle in the evening.

Very delightful are many of the excursions from the Bagni—to Lucchio, Lugliano, and Cocciglia, in the hills where the sole food of the peasants is the heavy bread made of chestnut flour; to Barga, with its splendid reliefs of Della Robbia and its deserted rose-covered cloisters; to Galicano, with its rift overhung by many bridges in the midst of the town and its curious rock-perched hermitage; and to the Prato Fiorito, a lovely meadow with exquisitely beautiful alpine flowers high above the forests in the mountains.



Cocciglia.

PRINCIPAL CANDLISH.

By ALEXANDER MACLEOD SYMINGTON.

IT seems strange to find ourselves searching the pages of Burns to find, in one of the poet's minor effusions, a link between him and the distinguished evangelical preacher and theologian who forms the subject of this paper; the contrast is pronounced enough, and significant in more ways than one. It wants yet some years of a century since the poet sang,—

> In Mauchline there dwells six proper young Belles,
> The pride of the place and its neighbourhood a';
> Their carriage and dress, a stranger would guess,
> In Lon'on or Paris they'd gotten it a':
> Miss Miller is fine, Miss Markland's divine,
> *Miss Smith she has wit*, and Miss Betty is braw;
> There's beauty and fortune to get wi' Miss Morton,
> But Armour's the jewel for me o' them a'.

What a world of thought might be gathered around the one half-line when we know where to find the other end of the slender thread. The Miss Smith whom Burns sang in 1784 died at the age of eighty-six (January, 1854), beloved and honoured, in the house of her son, Dr. Candlish, which had been for many years her home. James Candlish, also, her husband, was addressed by Burns as "My ever dear old acquaintance" in a letter craving help toward a collection of Scottish songs. Mr. Candlish was then (1787) studying medicine in Glasgow, and it appears from his answer that he was at the same time teaching "no less than ten hours a day." It is something to know that he was thus diligent—a student, and an intelligent lover of the national muse—but we know more. James Candlish's reason for preferring the medical to the clerical profession was thus expressed by himself:—

> "By nature I hate hypocrisy, and consequently feel great reluctance to preach doctrines I do not believe. I have never felt it possible to dissemble my opinions for one day when I had any need to express myself in religious matters, and from this have concluded that should I ever put myself into an employment which will make it necessary for me to dissemble, my own internal happiness must be lost by it."

His son inherited in abundant measure all this courageous fidelity to conviction, and although the development in his case was in the other direction, he was not less careful to keep his utterances within the mark of what he believed and felt. But the son owed nothing directly to his father's influence, for James Candlish, after a successful career of seventeen years as a teacher of medicine in Edinburgh, died suddenly when Robert was six weeks old. He was born on the 23rd of March, 1806.

To his mother Candlish owed much. The wit which Burns ascribed to her was, Dr. Wilson says,* "strong common sense and sagacity." Such at least was her character, as developed under the trials of early widowhood. All who knew this lady, first and last, were impressed by the dignity of her bearing, always combined with courtesy and kindness; and behind that there lay a faithfulness of love nobly severe. She refused to put crape on her widow's dress, feeling she would best honour her husband by not taking bread out of his children's mouths. By teaching a school in Glasgow she maintained her four children, and found means to give her two sons a classical education. Both sons did her honour, the elder having attained considerable success as a physician when he was suddenly cut off by fever. "Fratrem unicum optimum!" wrote his brother (in that domestic register which he sometimes sought to make the more sacred by using the Latin or the Greek tongue), and well he might. Being four or five years older, James did much for Robert at a period of life when four or five years make all the difference, for Robert was singular in appearance as well as precocious in mind from the first. A lady who knew him when herself a pupil in Mrs. Candlish's school, says:—

> "When I first came to be associated with Dr. C. he was a little boy of about eight years of age. We were at that time very much together, both at lessons and play. While the girls were engaged at needlework little Robert always sat on a low stool beside his mother doing sums of arithmetic, of which occupation he seemed never to tire. He was never sent to a public school. His mother and eldest sister gave him all the instruction he required until he was too far advanced for them to carry on. His eldest sister's love for her little brother was very tender. She watched over and took an interest in everything he did and said. I remember her often saying how much she felt hurt at the remarks people made about him when she went out with him and an old nurse, Jenny, who came with his mother and young family to Glasgow. He was a peculiar and interesting-looking child. His delicate, fair complexion, his large forehead, and eyes with very long eyelashes, and the rest of his body being so small, made him so peculiar-looking that people often stopped and asked whose child he was. One day a lady gave him a penny, which he carried home and showed to his mother, and asked if she thought the lady took him for a

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* "Memorials of R. S. Candlish, D.D." By Wm. Wilson, D.D. Edinburgh: Adam and Charles Black, 1880. A book of which it may be said that, while necessarily travelling over forty years of recent ecclesiastical warfare, it does not contain one hard word.

beggar; he was so early trained to abhor everything that was mean and selfish. His brother James took his education entirely on himself after his mother's training."

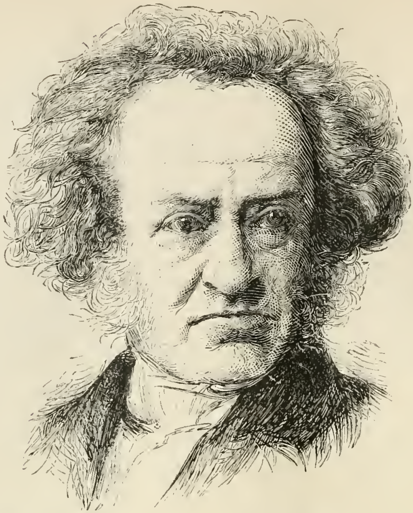
That was only, however, till the boy was twelve years old, when he entered the University. James had himself worn clothes made by his mother at home; but now he went to her and "insisted that Robert should have his clothes made by a regular tailor, and so be spared the ridicule and discomfort which he himself had undergone." We would not omit on any account these pathetic touches of the *res angustæ domi:* the straitness is all gain where there is so much sterling principle and love. Home became the safe refuge of Dr. Candlish in days of severe public toil. and the presence of his children would often, we have been told, dispel the hysteria induced by the strain of long and exciting debate.

The college course was run with marked success. He got many prizes, some of them the highest, and was a favourite with both professors and fellow-students. "In disposition he was impatient yet persevering; versatile yet persistent; sensitive and sometimes irritable, but always kind, manly, generous. I have seen him playing football on the college green with all the intense energy, keenness, and activity which characterized him in later years."

So says the late Lord Armillan, his lifelong friend. Another class-fellow, now the rector of Wood Ditton, tells us something still better. Speaking of young Candlish and a cousin, he says, "There was in them, without a trace of effeminacy, a purity of thought, an unconscious sanctity of character, that could not be forgotten even amidst the most boisterous excitement of boyish sports. Not the most coarse and reckless of their comrades would have uttered in their ears a lewd or profane word." The same friend tells of earnest discussions in which he took part with both brothers a few years later, and records a very remarkable prophecy. He is writing to the present Professor Candlish: "Your father, though firm as a rock in all his own opinions, was as incapable as his brother of ill-temper, intolerance or bitterness. Yet, James's intellectual sympathies were more fully, I think, on my side, at least in our theological discussions. I remember how, after one of them, in which your father had insisted on a fuller adherence to the spirit in which the Westminster divines had framed their confession than we were disposed to yield, your uncle, when left alone with me, said, 'Bob will one day cause the Church a deal of trouble,' or words as nearly as possible to that effect."

When the professors at Glasgow were asked to recommend a tutor for a young Scotch baronet at Eton, they named Robert Candlish, and he thus had the opportunity of becoming somewhat acquainted with English scholastic life between his twenty-first and twenty-third years. At Eton he learned to play fives, and became proficient in rowing and swimming. There also took place, so far as there is any record of it at all, his decisive spiritual crisis. It was characteristic of the man to the last that he was most reticent about his personal religion, a reticence which arose from very genuine humility; but his mother once spoke of the matter to an intimate friend. Far from home, he had fallen into deep spiritual anxiety, and wrote to her for guidance. Mrs. Candlish's answer is memorable: "I just told him, 'Robert, I cannot venture to solve the doubts and difficulties that occur to a mind like yours. My advice is to go to your Bible, and pray to the Lord for light, and you will get it.'"

Robert Candlish came to his life-work as a preacher of the gospel in 1829, being twenty-three years of age. For about four years he was an assistant (*Anglicè,* curate) in St. Andrew's parish, Glasgow, and in Bonhill, about which period the most significant fact recorded is that, in the latter place, he prevailed on the old minister to allow him to preach on behalf of the mission to India. The thing was till then unheard of in the vale of Leven; but the old man was afterwards proud that the collection from his parish was the largest in the Presbytery. There are signs that he felt the subordinate place irksome as the years went on. He longed for a quiet parish of his own, and when there seemed little hope of that he applied for work in Canada. But all the time he went on composing sermons that afterwards told mightily on other audiences, and painfully toiling to make his work as perfect as he knew how. At college he had studied oratory under Sheridan Knowles, and had been taken to the theatre when any well-known actor was there (getting up an imitation at home on the first opportunity); and great pains had been taken to overcome a defect in his articulation. He had made a careful study of Barrow, "with the desire of attaining to something like his copiousness and facility of speech." Of living men, he had been influenced by the writings and the fame of the elder M'Crie and Andrew Thomson,



From a photograph by Messrs. Elliott and Fry.

and by the preaching of Chalmers and Edward Irving in Glasgow, preferring the latter. And now, with so high an ideal, he strove to make himself a preacher, all unconscious of the sphere awaiting him. In the beginning of 1834 he became assistant to the minister of St. George's, Edinburgh, then abroad in failing health. Andrew Thomson, entering on that charge as its first minister in 1814, had given to it the ripeness of his splendid gifts, laying deep and broad foundations for congregational efficiency. His successor, Mr. Martin, after a single year's service, was forced abroad in search of health; and now, on his death, the man was already there who proved himself, during the next forty years, so worthy to enter on the labours of the most distinguished man, next to Chalmers, in the Scottish Church during the early part of this century.

It was only by the more intelligent, indeed, that Robert Candlish was appreciated just at first. Look and manner were not winning. Two sisters of Isaac Taylor went to his church twenty years after this time, and one of them, who was deaf, says: "M. heard and I saw him—a short man, with broad shoulders and a head large enough for his diploma. But, oh! such nervous varieties. If I were his wife I should make his waistcoat and his gown fit better; they were never doing their duty to his satisfaction." But had Mrs. Gilbert been his wife she would have known that all sartorial skill in this matter was vain. Mr. Benjamin Bell describes his first hearing thus:—

> "Returning after an absence of three years from Edinburgh, I found him minister of St. George's, where I had been a hearer from boyhood of Dr. Andrew Thomson, and whom, with most others who enjoyed that privilege, I regarded as a very great man whose place no successor could be expected to fill. My first impressions, therefore, were unfavourable. The minister looked so young; he had an awkward way of habitually shrugging up one shoulder, which gave him almost a deformed look; his voice often passed into a scream, or even screech, and his gesticulations were sometimes almost extravagant. But these peculiarities speedily ceased to be regarded, and very soon I felt with everybody else that a great preacher had appeared, and that a new era was coming in for the Scottish pulpit."

Here we cease to take note of the events of Dr. Candlish's life in their order. His life was very public indeed, and is well known; what we did not know before and what it is instructive to learn, is the root from which such a life grew. During the first four or five years of his residence in Edinburgh, the work of the congregation—in preaching, visiting, organizing—was his only work, and on to the end, in 1873, it continued to be the chief. This will surprise many, and deserves to be said with emphasis. When Dr. Robert Buchanan urged him to be ready to take part in the Assembly debates of 1839, he declined, saying with all sincerity, that "he was no speaker, and could be of no use in a debate." He did speak, however, as all men know, and from that time rode high on the crest of no mean battle; indeed, during the next thirty years he must have uttered as many speeches as sermons, every one of which told, some of them with very large and abiding effect. None the less is it strictly true that he laboured earnestly as a minister and a philanthropist all through this time, and that he did so not out of fidelity merely, but obeying the most constraining impulses of his heart. Becoming at a leap the prince of debaters, obtaining and keeping an immense influence over the opinions of thousands of his countrymen, he never lost but always increased his hold upon the warm affections of his congregation. This is the congregation to which Norman Macleod used generously to point as putting others to the blush in the matter of giving and working for Christ. No fewer than five congregations were formed from it during Candlish's day, all of them thriving; and its last report shows the parent congregation as giving over £10,000 a year for the support and spread of the gospel. Health did begin to give way about 1860 under the double toil, and he was relieved by such colleagues as Dr. Dykes and Mr. Whyte; but he never ceased to preach so long as it was possible, and remained the head and heart of his congregation to the last. When Chalmers died in 1847 he was appointed professor in his room, and accepted the office because judging it even higher than the preacher's: but he never did more than deliver his inaugural lecture, for the successor whom the congregation chose died before he could be inducted, and Dr. Candlish quietly went back to his place. Made Principal of the New College in 1862, he did no class-work, refusing to be sundered from his flock. Wherein lay the secret of so vast labour and so unquestionable success?

For one thing, there pertained to Candlish's intellect, in addition to its general robustness, an attribute which is imperfectly described as acuteness: it had a most uncommon power of swift and decisive penetration. The crow is said to have a sensitive nerve between the eyes which enables it to discern a grub two inches under the clod, and to pounce on it with unerring precision. Dr. Candlish was gifted with such a faculty for discerning the root of a matter with astonishing quickness and certainty. I sat for three years in a large committee, in the proceedings of which he took the keenest interest.* When his deafness made him unable to hear the speaker, he would come nearer him, take a seat for a minute or two, then rise and go back to his place. The few sentences heard were quite enough to enable him to apprehend fairly, and to answer, all the man had said. And with this there went a faculty of splendid exposition. What scarcely any one else would have seen, at least till he had found time for calm reflection, Dr. Candlish saw at once; and on the spot he would make it so luminous that men thought it quite self-evident. Herein his facility in copious and accurate utterance stood the orator in good stead. He did not believe himself possessed of that facility at first, and he never leaned on it to save himself. Speeches could not be written, but sermons were always written, and read. On one occasion the hotel in which he was living in London took fire, and he escaped with bare life—his sermons burned. He preached none the worse; and his sermon, printed in a newspaper, he found so correct in form and substance that he afterwards preached it from the type. Far above any exceptional powers of mind and readiness of utterance was the play of Candlish's heart. Like the Baptist, this man burned and therefore shone. The things about which he spoke were great, and had fully possessed themselves of his soul; therefore all obstacles must give way that the torrent of passionate convictions might flow out. The readers of his sermons, if they never heard him, can scarcely understand this. Dr. Addison Alexander, of Princeton, a very competent judge, went once to hear Candlish with small expectations, and describes himself as electrified and moved beyond all that he would have thought possible. Like all true men, his first care was to burn rather than to shine. Those who neglect this sacred order and are only concerned about their shining, verily they have their reward.

His highly nervous temperament gave to Dr. Candlish's manner a certain abruptness and pungency; but those who knew him even a little way under this surface knew him to be singularly childlike, generous, noble. "I have written Mr. Whyte, taking him to my heart," he wrote on receiving the tidings that a colleague had been found. Rumour had it that he was pocketing a thousand a year during the first years of his astonishing activity at the time of the Disruption; but the facts were these. His congregation, thinking £400 "a very moderate and reasonable stipend," paid the half of that sum to his account at the bank, which he only consented to receive on the understanding that he should draw nothing from the central fund; and when the other half was paid he informed his deacons of his resolution not to accept more than £300 a year until time should reveal what was in store for his brethren throughout the Church. At the same time he quietly sent the sixth part of his stipend to the central fund.

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* It was the joint committee on Union. Ah! the pathos with which he said, in 1873, when announcing the suspension of these negotiations, "There is sin somewhere."

A very painful alienation occurred between Dr. Cunningham and Dr. Candlish about college matters, bitter and sad in proportion to the warmth and cordiality of their previous brotherhood. It does seem that Candlish was the least to be blamed, but that is of little matter. When he heard that his old friend was likely to lose the sight of one eye, he wrote to "My dear Cunningham" in the warmest sympathy, totally ignoring the quarrel and making no explanations. Restless till he knew how the letter was taken, he begged Dr. Guthrie to go to Cunningham the next morning and discover for him. Great was the joy on learning that the estrangement was swept away. A month or two later, discovering that his friend was hindered from visiting a German oculist by want of means, he wrote thus to Dr. Robert Buchanan:—"Now really something should be done. It would not do for you or me to originate a movement. It would be misunderstood. But it occurs to me that, if you approve, you might write to Robert Paul, sending him this letter if you like, and urge something immediate and decisive being done. A few hundred pounds ought to be raised at once and put into Cunningham's hands. Not a day should be lost. Of course it should be done very privately as well as promptly." The few hundreds soon became £7,000.

Dr. Candlish was eminently domestic. The fruit of his mother's noble love and the benediction of the first commandment with promise were found in his house. His friend and biographer says:—

> "To see him in the bosom of his family, sustaining at once, as he long did, the relation of son and husband, and brother and father, one would have said that his home was the peculiar sphere in which, not only his greatest happiness was found, but in which the rich endowments of his nature were unfolded with singular grace and attractiveness. The entire simplicity of his nature drew children to him, and he was among them as a child."

Death came on a Sabbath night in October, in 1873, not suddenly. Unlike Chalmers and Arnot and Buchanan, he was called to show how a Christian can die. When Lord Ardmillan came to see him, he threw his arms about his neck and said, "Oh, James Crawford, we have been friends for fifty years!" He asked the doctors only three questions—"Would it be long? Would it be painful? Would it affect his head?"—and was thankful when they answered No to each. His grandchildren were lifted up on the bed and sang "Rock of Ages;" he kissed them and said, "Love Jesus and meet me in heaven," sending the same words as a message to one not present. Mr. Bell told him his arms were weaker than Guthrie's had been to the last. "Ah," said he, "but my arms are not so weak as my legs. I was just saying to Jeanie that if you set me in the pulpit I still could make you all hear on the deafest side of your heads." One expressed a hope that he was enjoying the comfort of the gospel, and asked if he had much of the sensible presence of Christ: his answer was, "No; my experience is more objective than subjective. I would not wish it to be higher or lower than it is. I have a deep sense of sin, but a sure confidence in my Saviour." At another time, "This is the beginning of the end, and we must look it in the face. And I can look forward to it, not with rapture—no, not anything like that; but I know whom I have believed." He thought of others—his congregation, his colleague, his friends—and spoke kind, manly words, fully knowing that they would be remembered; especially he gave thanks for the blessing his wife had been to him, and for the support she was now enjoying. He would not leave any but friends behind him so far as lay in his power. The housemaid being in the room, he said, "Is that Elizabeth? Come here. I have often been sharp to you about my study fire. I am sorry. Will you forgive me?" Then he shook hands with her and said, "I pray that when, like me, you come to lie on your death-bed, you may have the same peace I enjoy through my Saviour Jesus Christ." No art less than divine could have given us a closing picture like that—so suggestive, so full of the best things of earth and of heaven together.

THE PHOTOPHONE.

NOT many years ago it was thought wonderful that messages could be sent by electricity, and very various were the popular notions as to how it was done. To some persons it still is probably a bit of a mystery, for we hear now and then of doubts as to the "genuineness of the handwriting." Yet more wonderful was the announcement that persons could speak to one another, even if separated by distances of one or two hundred miles. This has now been fully realised, and the telephone is not only employed in conjunction with the telegraph to take messages over long distances, but forms a constant means of intercommunication between various merchants' offices in the City of London and the Exchange, and between business centres in several large towns. The telephone in fact has made itself a necessity to the business world, and is no longer merely an instrument for the scientist's experiments.

While scarcely accustomed to this rapid and vocal means of communication, we are startled by the news that messages can be sent on a beam of light. This invention, like that of the telephone, is due to Professor Graham Bell, who reminds us that everything is easy when we know how to do it; even "to produce sounds of articulate speech in a distant place, by the simple agency of a quivering beam of light."

We are mainly indebted to the learned Professor for the brief account, which we now give, of this new and beautiful application of science.

To begin, we must introduce rather a rare substance, one that is very sensitive to the action of light, and which belongs to the same class of elements as sulphur. It is selenium. Discovered by Berzelius, the celebrated chemist, in 1817, it was then mentioned merely as a rare substance, and a non-conductor of electricity. It has since, however, been discovered that its *conductivity* is changed by the influence of light. This discovery was made by Mr. Willoughby Smith, in the early part of 1873. He found that in the dark the resistance was something enormous; but immediately light fell upon it, it offered at once a free passage for electricity. A striking illustration of this can easily be arranged by taking a piece of selenium and connecting it with two bits of copper wire, the ends of which are joined to a Thomson's reflecting galvanometer. If the selenium be placed in the focus of a parabolic reflector, the galvanometer, hitherto standing at 0°, will be deflected immediately a strong beam of light is thrown into the reflector. At first, the resistance of the selenium is exactly balanced, so that the galvanometer shows nothing; but the light thrown on it reduces this resistance, and immediately the balance is destroyed, as shown by the deflection of the needle.

It is well known how readily metallic substances convey electrical currents, and that the larger the surface the more readily is electricity conveyed. Copper stands second as a good conductor, although even it offers some resistance; but a bar of selenium an inch or two in length would offer as much resistance as an ordinary telegraph wire, long enough to reach from the earth to the sun. This puts selenium and metallic conductors in strong contrast. This substance, selenium, has, however, been an object of much inquiry and experiment, and is now made up into the form of cells in which this resistance can be reduced immensely; for a cell which offers a resistance of 300 ohms* in the dark, is reduced one-half, or to 150 ohms, in the light. Professor Adams has shown us that the resistance of selenium to electricity is also reduced in proportion to the intensity of light. As in the telephone the sound is not produced continuously, but at intervals, so in the photophone, beams of light flashed on the selenium cell produce changes which vary according to the intensity or duration of the light, and are indicated accordingly.

In arranging the photophone, Professor Bell and Mr. Sumner-Tainter made provision for this by contriving two perforated screens, so that the slits in one screen exactly correspond with those of the other. These were made to revolve, the one in front of the other; by this means the passage of a strong beam of light through these perforations occurred at regular intervals. As in the telephone, the speaker's voice sets a diaphragm at the mouthpiece of the instrument into vibration, so in the photophone; but the diaphragm here is a silvered reflector of very thin glass or mica. The effect of this vibration may be readily seen by any one who will take a reflector of thin glass; microscopic glass silvered forms an excellent mirror for this purpose. On such a reflector allow a strong beam of light to strike so that its image can be caught on a sheet of white paper. Now if the speaker utters harsh or soft tones close behind the reflector it will become alternately convex and concave, and with different degrees of convexity and concavity, according to the intensity of the tone. Each of these changes, however slight, will be noted by a difference of light thrown on the screen from the reflector. We are now in a position to see how the combined results we have named work in the actual photophone.

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* The ohm stands in the same relation to electrical resistance as degrees of Fah, or Cent. do to temperature.

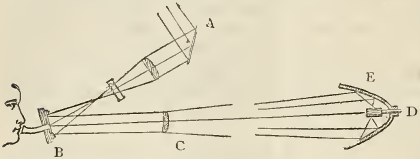


Fig. 1.

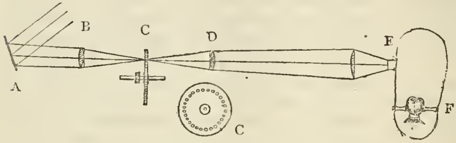


Fig. 2.

In Fig. 1 we have the arrangement for sending and receiving a message. A beam of light—strong sunlight is best—is received on the inclined plane mirror at A; this, by means of the intermediate achromatic lens, is thrown upon the mirror B, at the back of which the sender speaks through a tube. This sound puts the mirror into vibration. The reflected rays from this mirror, B, pass through the lens, C, from which they are thrown to some distant point, where they are received by the parabolic reflector, D, in the focus of which a selenium cell, E, has been placed. With the selenium cell or receiver a telephone is connected, so that the sound produced by the transmitter is taken up and reproduced by the telephone in circuit with the selenium. The apparatus, as here shown, has been tested and found capable of carrying sound on the beam of light to a distance of a little more than 800 feet. Through this distance words distinct and clear have been successfully conveyed.

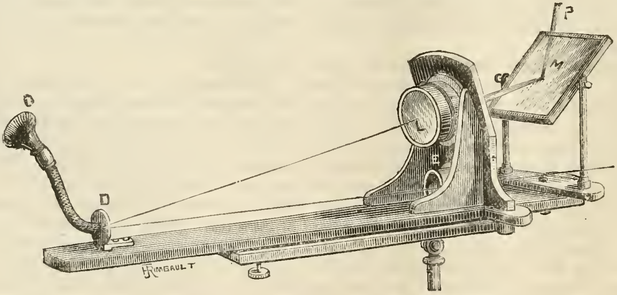


Fig. 3.

By a little modification of the apparatus it was found that musical tones were brought out by the telephone. For this purpose the light is rendered regularly intermittent by a revolving disc which rotates a certain number of times per second. This apparatus we show in Fig. 2. The light coming from the mirror at A is focussed by a lens, B; at this focus the light passes through one of the small openings in the disc, C, from which the light diverges and passes through a second lens, D, from whence it travels in parallel rays to a distant station, where it is received on the selenium cell, E: this is in circuit with the telephone. The sound is at once heard by the listener at F.

The interruption of the light ray, by merely putting the hand into it, so that the shadow fell on the selenium, was found to stop the sound immediately; but it recommenced at once on the hand being removed. Thus it is possible to hear the fall of a ray of light and the fall of a shadow, each varying according to their intensities. The three branches of science that have been so long considered separately—Light, Electricity, and Sound—are evidently shown by the photophone to be more closely allied than we have hitherto been aware. In this novel application we see light changed into sound, and for some time we have had electricity converted into light. Undoubtedly further experiments will prove a still closer relationship, and give us the means of conveying our messages upon the "playful sunbeams," for the photophone will in all probability soon be an old acquaintance. We are indebted to the Editor of the *Society of Arts Journal* for Figs. 1 and 2, and to the Editor of *Engineering* for the perspective view of Professor Graham Bell's apparatus, Fig. 3, which he employed in his last experiments. In this apparatus M is the mirror upon which light is thrown, which, by means of the lens, L, is thrown on to the flexible mirror D, to which the mouthpiece, O, is attached. From the mirror, D, the light is sent through the lens, E, to the distant station, where the selenium cell receives and puts it in connection with the telephone, as we have shown.

JOHN A. BOWER.

TOILING BY TANGANYIKA.

By JOSEPH THOMSON.

I.

IN the article entitled "To Usumbara and Back," I tried to sketch our first experiences on the African Continent. I now propose to transport the readers of GOOD WORDS, by the magic power of the pen, into the very heart of Africa, and to give some glimpses of our movements by the shores of Lake Tanganyika.

Before reaching this point in our journey we have traversed hundreds of unexplored miles, and seen many strange tribes, not without manifold fracas, dangers, and troubles, which met us in a thousand shapes. But from the fiery ordeal we have passed unscathed, with one great and irreparable exception. Our gallant and enthusiastic leader has fallen a victim in the attempt to break through the barriers of disease and barbarism which make the interior of Africa almost impenetrable, and his name is added to the long and honoured list of geographical martyrs. Among the swamps of Uzaramo and the Rufiji valley Mr. Keith Johnston met his fate; and he sleeps in the primeval forest of Behobeho, where his grave is now green, as his memory ever will be. But though his presence was taken from us his spirit went with us. Like the mantle of Elijah, his enthusiasm for the work of research was left behind him; and I, though young and inexperienced, resolved to carry out his designs.

Resuming our march, then, under these new conditions, we pushed rapidly on through the remaining part of the malarious low-lying country, over which a shadow of death seems ever to hang. Crossing the range of mountains which bounds the great central plateau, we traversed Uhehe, with its bleak, monotonous moorlands, its cutting east winds, and its gentlemanly, warlike savages. We next ascended to a second and higher plateau, where we met with a tribe of squinting natives. At last we reached the edge of the mountains which bound the north end of Nyassa; and there, several thousand feet below us, lay the undulating waters of the lake.

Here commenced the second section of our work. Passing through the charming country of Makula, with its pleasant Arcadian scenes, we traversed the hitherto unexplored region between the north end of Lake Nyassa and the south end of Lake Taganyika. And now, when our story begins, the East Central African Expedition stands by the shores of the latter lake on the 3rd of November, 1879. It is a proud moment for all of us; and, like boisterous school-boys, we give free vent to our delight. Down go the loads, and with shout and song a ring is formed of energetic dancers, who literally plough up the ground as if they were shod with iron, while the woods and rocks re-echo with the thunders of their guns.

With the waves of the lake rippling at our feet, the roll is called; and as each sonorous name is uttered, a cheerful "Eh Wallah" (Here, Sir!) is returned, until the list is finished. Out of the one hundred and fifty men who had left the Indian Ocean there was not one absent. Neither desertion nor death had deprived us of a single porter—an occurrence unique in the history of African travelling.

Tanganyika was the terminus of the route marked out for us by the Royal Geographical Society. Our appointed work was thus finished, and we might with all honour have returned once more to the comforts of civilisation and the joys of home. But an irresistible impulse within me forbade the thought.

The sight of that glorious lake, with its enclosing mountains, in the bosom of which it lay so calm and still, raised a craving to see and know more of it. The setting sun, reflected from the rippling water, seemed to form a veritable path of gold, inviting me onward.

And then there was the fascination of mystery about the question of the lake's outlet. The conflicting statements of Cameron and Stanley had only made the mystery greater. Was the Lukuga the lake's outlet or not? Here was a problem which I could not leave unsolved, so I braced myself for a new effort.

The point we had reached was the most southerly part of the lake, where it forms a narrow acute angle, running into the subtending plateau. At one side a point of land extended into the water, like a huge quay, rising to a height of three hundred feet in sheer rocky precipices, and topped by a covering of trees. Over this could be discerned a bay, surrounded by picturesque and almost perpendicular mountains, three thousand feet in height. On the opposite or eastern side the shores rose less abruptly, but in great inclined steps, till they culminated in the magnificent Lambalamfipa Mountains, eight thousand feet above the sea, the whole being clothed with a dense and uniformly green vegetation. At our feet dashed a delightful clear stream, lined with luxuriant trees and tangled creepers. In front lay the lake in expansive beauty, with its broken shore-lines and threatening walls of rock, here sweeping round in a fine bay, there forming a miniature fjord, while the scene was further varied by capes and islands, like emeralds set in a sea of glass.

The day after our arrival we proceeded to that classic spot where Livingstone had first seen the lake, namely, Pambete. Here, after his weary and arduous wanderings from the south end of Lake Nyassa, he arrived half-dead with hard fare and malignant fevers, to rest for six weeks among the friendly and hospitable natives.

As was the case with Livingstone, I was extremely reduced by fever on my arrival at Pambete, and I therefore resolved to have a few days' rest to recruit.

On the fifth, while lying in a native hut musing over my plans for future action, I was much surprised to hear a stange hubbub. Yelling and shouting and firing of guns suddenly became the order of the day. Thinking that the village had been attacked by some enemy, I rushed hastily out of the hut, gun in hand; and there to my infinite amazement stood a white man! In my astonishment at the sight I seemed like one paralysed. Similarly the "great unknown" came forward, and according to the African salutation *à la mode,* he touched his hat and said—"Mr. Thomson, I presume." Recovering myself somewhat I replied "Yes, that is my name; but, good gracious! who are you?" "My name is Stewart." Ah! thought I, a Scotchman of course! But what on earth is he doing here? And how did he come so unexpectedly? Can he have been sent by some one to bring me back, and, fearing that I would run away, determined to take me by surprise? These and similar notions which flashed through my dumbfoundered brain were soon dissipated. I learned that he was no such unwelcome emissary, but an excellent lay missionary from Livingstonia at the south end of Lake Nyassa, who had come to explore the country between the two lakes, and who for several days had been following my footsteps.

The effect of such a meeting upon me after my long weary months of isolation from civilised society, cannot be expressed in words. With breathless interest I hung on every word he had to tell of the latest European affairs, and I began to feel as if I had got a new lease of life, so invigorated did I find myself.

Pambete we found to be very much altered since the days in which Livingstone visited it. Then it was a thriving and prosperous village, with its well-cultivated fields, its oil palms and busy fisheries. Now it has almost dwindled out of existence. The huts are deserted except by a few old men and innumerable rats. The oil palms seem to have been destroyed, and there is little fishing in the lake.

The scenery around Pambete is picturesque in the extreme. The village occupies a niche in the surrounding mountains, and over their rugged red sandstone cliffs the River Eisè falls in a beautiful cascade. At their base is a small plain, formed by the detritus brought down by the stream, and in the dense jungles and forests which cover it buffaloes roam unmolested. In front is the lake, with its broken outline and little islands. The place, however, is entirely unhealthy. It is a perfect oven, where the wind rarely enters, and, from the swampy surroundings, a malaria ever seems to hang over it. It may be a romantic, but it is by no means a desirable residence.

During our stay here I ran a narrow escape of being caught by a crocodile. According to my usual custom I went out one morning to enjoy a good splash in the lake. Wading out a considerable distance, but not out of my depth, I observed what appeared to be a log of wood floating a short distance from me. Taking no notice of this I went on laving the cool water over myself. Looking up after a few minutes I observed that the apparent log had floated nearer to me. Noting it more closely, I made out the outlines of a crocodile's head, with its ugly snout, wrinkled skin, and glittering eyes. I stood for a moment aghast at the sight, for I was a considerable distance from the shore, and still it came nearer. Regaining my presence of mind, I made the welkin ring with a shout of "Mambo! Mambo!" (crocodile). The cry instantly brought my men with their guns to the water's edge, and they seeing my imminent danger and desperate efforts to reach the shore, rushed in in a body to meet me, making the waters boil. When they reached me the crocodile was within a few feet and would have seized me in another minute. But seeing the porters in such numbers, yelling and shouting, and firing their guns, it evidently thought that an empty stomach was better than a feast of bullets, and wisely disappeared. If I had been out of my depth at the time my chance of surviving the rencontre would have been a poor one.

Half-recovered from a sharp attack of fever, I prepared to continue my journey northward, while Mr. Stewart retraced his steps. On the tenth of November we separated on our different roads—I for Lukuga, he for Nyassa.

Crossing the river Eisè, we commenced the ascent of the bordering precipices of the lake. The first part of my way led up an extremely rocky talus of fallen rubbish, where we had to jump from boulder to boulder like so many goats. As we ascended, the path became steeper and more rugged, till hands and knees had to be employed—the men alternately putting up their loads on some resting place above them, and then clambering up themselves.

Half-way up the ascent a sad spectacle met our eyes—a chained gang of women and children. They were descending the rocks with the utmost difficulty, and picking their steps with great care, as, from the manner in which they were chained together, a fall meant dislocation of the neck. Truth compels me to say that this was the first slave caravan I had yet seen in Africa, though I had heard of a number which had kept out of our path for fear of our liberating the slaves. But, though it was the first, it exhibited all the well-known horrors of the cursed traffic. The women, chained to each other by the neck, were carrying many of them their children on their backs, besides heavy loads on their heads. Their faces and general appearance told of starvation and utmost hardship, and their naked bodies spoke with ghastly eloquence of the flesh-cutting lash. Their dull despairing gaze showed that all hope of life and liberty was gone for ever. Even the sight of an Englishman gave no hope to them; for, unfortunately, the white man has more the character of a ghoul than of a liberator of slaves in the far interior. Saddest sight of all was that of some little children reduced to perfect skeletons, looking up as if they beseeched us to kill them and put them out of further torture.

It was out of the question to attempt releasing them. The most I could do was to stop them and give the little things such a feed as they had not had for weeks. The rascally leader came fawning up to me: but I gave him a look, as I touched my gun, which speedily sent him out of my sight.

Resuming our climbing, we reached the top of the cliffs after several hours' hard work, and were rewarded by a magnificent view of the south end of the lake, lying like a great panorama two thousand feet beneath us.

Two hours' marching over a deserted bush-land brought us to the village of Setche, where we encamped. I sent a small present to the chief, according to custom, but it was returned with the observation that I was probably not aware he was a great chief, and could not accept such a paltry present from the great white man. I represented that I was ashamed to send so small a present, but I had travelled far and my goods were dwindling fast away. In reply, I was informed that the times were hard and the harvest bad, and he was extremely sorry to say that, in consequence, there was no food in the village for the white man's caravan. Thereupon the porters raised a howl of dismay as they thought of their empty stomachs, and bad names began to circulate. Rather alarmed, I took the question of the present once more into consideration; I found that, after all, I could gladden the heart of the chief with a nice cloth, which proved an "Open Sesame" to the granaries of Setche.

Two more hard marches brought us to the Arab settlement of Iendwe, situated near the mouth of the river Lofu. It lies in a deep depression of the plateau, forming a broad, densely populated plain on the bank of the river. We entered this important place with all the pomp and circumstance attainable in a caravan. A new English flag replaced the battered Union Jack which had led us from Dar-es-Salaam. The men donned their best, while in front I myself marched, surrounded by a brilliantly dressed body-guard of headmen, each carrying a spear in his hand and a gun slung on his back. I presented a considerable contrast in my free and easy suit of tweeds and only a stick in my hand. The caravan band with its native drums, clarionet-like zomiri, and antelope's horns, made an appropriate amount of noise as an accompaniment to the recitative and chorus of the porters. Crowds of astonished natives lined the path, and at our camping ground there stood a group of Arabs in snow-white shirts and ponderous turbans, ready to welcome me with their "Salaams" and "Yambos." They were dying with curiosity to know where I had come from, and what my objects were.

As the tents were being pitched I told them the story of my wanderings, and many were the looks of astonishment and wonder with which it was greeted. Such a march they had never heard of. Countries had been traversed which no Arab would have dared to approach. And then there had been no deaths, no desertions, no stealings, and, strangest of all, I had walked every step of the way, and had neither ridden donkeys nor been carried by my men. I was looked upon as a perfect prodigy, and was universally voted a "Mzungu hodari sana" (a very strong and lucky white man).

When I next told them that I intended to go along the west side of the lake a chorus of disapproval met the scheme. It was not to be thought of. No one ever attempted it. One declared the mountains were impassable, and drew dark pictures of the danger of trying to cross them. A second described the fierceness and the ungovernable savagery of the natives. A third declared there was no food, and that we would all be starved. Not even the natives dare go such a road! Though rather taken aback by these ominous assurances I was not convinced. "See," said I, "these good men of mine. With them I have scaled great and dangerous mountains. I have passed unhurt through tribes that you yourselves say would fight you, if you went among them. We have together crossed countries hitherto unknown. And yet there they all stand, without a single break in their ranks. Shall I, then, be afraid of this new work? No, I am determined not to be baulked! If the mountains be difficult I shall take light and easy loads. If there is little food to be got I shall take few men with me. And if the natives are dangerous I shall make them my friends, and show them that the white man comes with a different purpose than to make slaves and to steal their food."

This interview shaped my plans at once. Iendwe was a populous place with unlimited supplies of food. I therefore determined to leave all my men, except thirty, under the charge of Chumah; and then, taking only absolute necessaries, to push on by forced marches to the Lukuga. The prospect of a difficult road and adventurous march quite animated me, and made me commence with eagerness the needful preparations. So, on the following morning the men were collected by beat of drum, and my intention was declared.

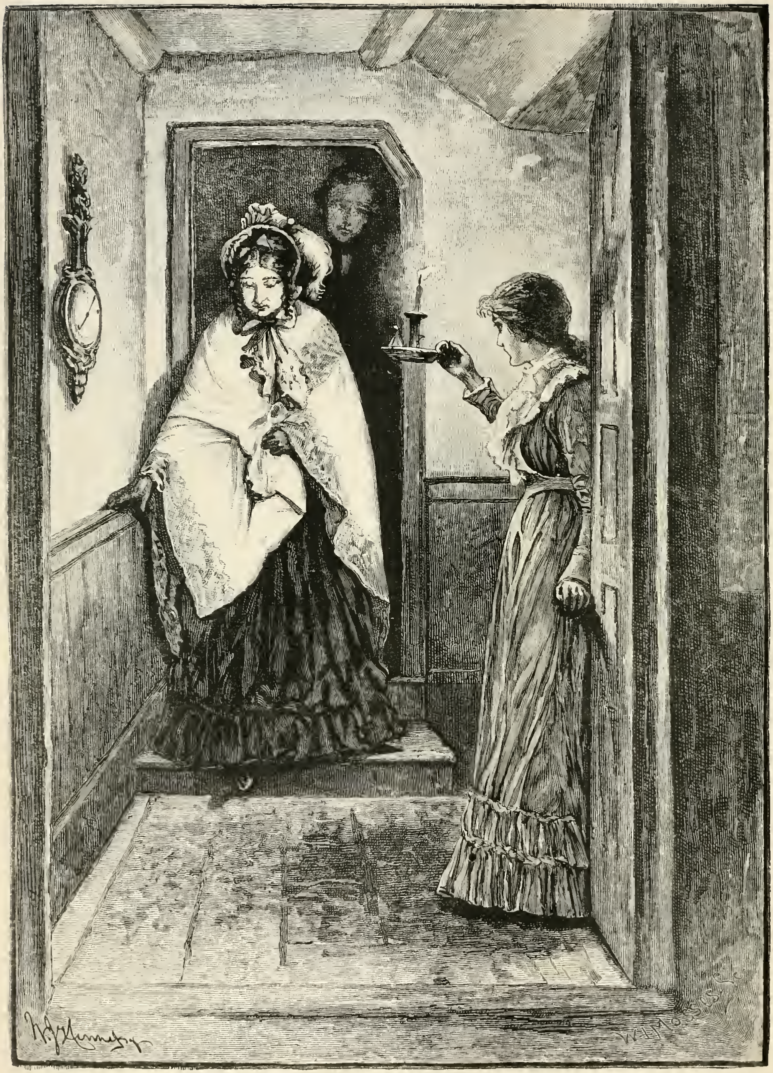
It was necessary to build a house for our goods, and that was at once commenced. The whole caravan, headed by the drummer and piper, set off for the wood to cut poles and bark ropes. At mid-day they returned loaded, but singing lustily all the time. The men entered into my schemes most heartily, and as it was necessary to hurry off before the worst of the rainy season came, they worked as if it was a matter of life or death. In two days the largest house in that part of the world was erected by the hundred and fifty men, and we were ready to start. The loads were speedily prepared, and it only remained that the personnel of the travelling party should be determined.

As this trip was to be manifestly a dangerous one, I determined to take only volunteers. The men were called up and the question was asked, Who would go? On the one side were hardships and manifold perils: on the other idleness and ease. The latter alternative was tempting to dispositions like the Waswahili. Yet no time was lost. First one and then another and another cheerfully offered himself for the enterprise, till, from the best of the caravan, I was able to select the required number—thirty.

The Arabs had been extremely hospitable and had loaded us with presents. And now, on the morning of our departure, they arrived in a body to conduct us a part of the way, bringing us rice, fish, and fowls to carry with us.

(*To be continued.*)

NOTE.—We regret that from inadvertence on the part of the aged and reverend author of "The Soul's Oratorio," published in the August part of GOOD WORDS, the lines were sent to us by him in forgetfulness of the fact that they had been contributed previously to the *Quiver*, and that they had appeared in that magazine in 1865.—Ed. *G. W.*


W. J. Hennessy
W. J. MORSE SC.

"Be careful, if you please, there is an awkward step here."

Page 149.

CHRISTOWELL.

A Dartmoor Tale.

BY R. D. BLACKMORE, AUTHOR OF "LORNA DOONE," ETC.

CHAPTER X.—ANGELIC PEEPS.

IN the waxing of the moon, there are great things done, upon this world of moonshine. Then is the time to plant the vine, the medlar, and the apple-tree, to ring the store-pig, to inaugurate the capon, and rope the roguish onion—crafty contraband of maiden's lips. Then also is the time for loftier, and more subtle enterprise; to tempt, or steal, the shy young glance—the flutter of enquiring eyes, the touch clandestine, the irrelevant remark, the sigh about nothing, yet productive of a blush, the blush that increases the confusion it betrays—and a million other little ways of wonder, in the wondrous maze of love.

Even so, and with a multitude of pieces of 16 oz. glass—so called in the trade, but really never more than 14 oz.—sticking in his wounds, with the putty still upon it, Dicky Touchwood came to himself; and lost it, ere ever he had time to scratch it; which is the first of all bodily instincts. For over him leant the very loveliest creature, ever seen out of a dream, or in it. Deep compassion, sweet anxiety, and an inborn dread of the Coroner, or the Doctor who precedes him, filled the beautiful eyes of Rose Arthur. The youth looked up, and had a very clear idea of having flown up to what our poets call "the blue."

"Hush!" the maiden whispered, as his lips began to move; "keep your head upon the flower-pot, and try to think of nothing. Never mind about all the things you have broken. You did not mean to do it, and it can't be helped now. The only thing you have to do is to keep as still as possible. Papa is gone to meet Dr. Perperaps, and he may be expected at any moment. You are to go to sleep, until he comes."

The heavily wounded youth, instead of obeying orders, gazed the more. To look at her was poetry, and to listen to her was music. But she turned away, and left him nothing for his eyes.

"It must have been an angel. But they have no papas"—he began to reason with himself aloud—"and they never would have sent for Dr. Perperaps. None but the devil could have sent for him. Oh where can I be? What is the meaning of it? And what is this mysterious substance all around me?"

"Brewer's grains," the silvery voice replied; "we have it every spring to catch the slugs with, and my father put it down to keep you cool and moist. It smells very nice; you should be thankful for it."

"So I am. Oh I am thankful now to be able to smell any beer at all. But I seem to be full of holes, and sore places, and pieces of stuff sticking into me!"

"You could hardly expect to have no holes yourself, after making such a great hole in our glass; but you must not let that dwell at all upon your mind. My father is a gentleman who does his own glazing. And really if you must fall, you have fallen very luckily. Although, when first you look at it, it seems almost an enormous hole for a smallish boy to have made so quickly."

Richard Touchwood, Esquire, jumped up, when he heard himself called "a smallish boy." Or rather, he tried to jump up, but his swathings stopped him, and then a very jagged barb of pain; and then a light hand replanted him among the grains, and upon the pot.

"You are too bad," she said, "you want to go everywhere where you have no business. But oh, I am so sorry for your pain, poor boy! If you would only cry a little, it would do you so much good."

"Cry!" exclaimed Dicky, in a high tone of disdain, yet not wholly out of concert with the course suggested; "have you never even heard that I am a Caius-College man, the place where the very best physicians come from?"

"No, I never heard of that. I have heard of hospitals, and the wards that belong to them; but never of keys colleges. Since you are in training for the medical profession, you ought to try more than you do, to enter into your own position. It is a strict necessity for you to lie still; but instead of doing that—— oh here comes Dr. Perperaps, crossing our bridge very nicely indeed! And he has brought his daughter Spotty with him. He never goes anywhere without Miss Spotty. Now you will be in better hands than mine. Good-bye."

"Oh, I implore you not to go away. Whoever you are—and I have hardly seen you yet, although I have told you all about myself—do try to see that Dr. Perperaps doesn't kill me."

"Oh no! He is the most kind-hearted man, and exceedingly clever for a doctor. And when he does happen to make a mistake, his daughter puts it right for him. They are very nice people, and so natural."

"Don't I know him too well? He pulled out my wrong tooth; and how could his daughter put it in again? I had a bad knee, and he blistered the other, to produce counter-irritation. And once, when a piece of camp-stool ran into me—— oh, I had better hold my tongue! I know his footstep. I'll be dead; to save him trouble."

"Ah, ha! What have we here? Very sad indeed. Most serious case. Our valued young friend—let us turn him over. A spirited youth—too spirited in fact. Our great universities produce a kind of comatosis. They over-tax corporeal, and relax the mental energies. The result of such a system is before us now."

Dr. Perperaps, as he came to this conclusion, turned to his daughter who was standing in the doorway; and she said, "Yes. But he has tumbled through the glass."

"That is a minor, but a logical result, of the vicious system I describe. The physical powers have been overdone. The judgment was dormant; or he would not have tried the leap. Now both pay the penalty of disproportion. He does not know me, the truest friend he ever had. It is a beautiful instance of our interdependence."

"Here are the bandages;" his daughter said concisely; "and here is cold water. We may be glad, Miss Arthur, of a little warm, if convenient."

"These hasty ways," the doctor whispered to Mr. Arthur, while his daughter set to work, "are entirely the result of the Reform-bill. Spotty was a good girl, until that passed; and so far as that goes, she is a good girl still. But it caused a feminine upheaval, sir; and the wisest man dare not predict the issue. She does the preliminaries; she is wonderfully sagacious; and then the scientific element steps in. Be careful, my dear, be very careful. Lady Touchwood thinks so much of him."

Spotty, who acted as her father's assistant, and better half in his profession, proceeded very strongly, and most skilfully, with her work; while the doctor serenely discussed the case. The hapless rat-hunter had fainted in earnest, at the very first symptom of medical relief; and this was the best thing he could have done. "His wounds were very interesting, and likely to be painful; but properly speaking, not really dangerous to a Cambridge man. No limbs were broken; although the descent was calculated to produce much fracture. And unless inflammatory action supervened, recovery was only a question of time, and of skilful and unremitting curative appliances." Thus said the doctor; and such was his report by a boy upon a pony to Touchwood Park.

While these things were toward. and theory and practice were kissing one another—as they generally do. when the money goes into the same bag—Rose was seeking, at her father's order, a redoubtable person, to lend a hand. Captain Larks, with the instinct of a soldier, knew that the medical proceedings would terminate in carrying; as they generally do. Therefore he got his hand-barrow ready, and sent for an able-bodied man, to share the weight of it. And this was a good workman, when he liked to work, Sam Slowbury, of Brent-fuzz corner.

Slowbury disliked all activity, as heartily as anybody in the parish; and could shirk it as thoroughly as any man. He entered well into the humour of the contract, in virtue of which a man gets as much money, on a Saturday night, for doing nothing, as for working hard throughout the week, and husbands at once his own resources and prospective value, by prolonging his job to the uttermost penny.

Such was the integrity of this man, and his principles so uncompromising; so thoroughly did he respect himself and dignify his vocation, that whether he were out of sight, or whether he were strictly watched, his behaviour was the same. In neither case would he do a stroke of work; except as the exception. This conduct ensured him universal regard, and more work than even he could leave undone.

After large and sweet experience of the British workman, Mr. Arthur had come to the definite conclusion, that these are the men whom it is wisest to employ. Because there is no disappointment with them; no qualm of conscience at neglecting to look after them; no loss of time in absurd endeavours to make them do a little work, now and then. There are few greater pleasures than to contemplate repose; especially when honourably purchased by oneself; and any employer of Sam Slowbury might always enjoy that pleasure in perfection. But Sam to-day was comparatively at work, having made up his mind to a holiday, and to spend it in the perilous pursuit of the rat. The catastrophe of that great expedition left his mind in a gentle head-scratching condition, candidly open to a pint of cider; and here he stood now at one end of the bier.

"Steady!" said the Captain, a needless exhortation to a man of Sam's philosophy; then lifting his end of the barrow upon which the casual visitor had been laid, he led them down the bloom-roofed alleys to his cheerful cottage door. For the Green-house, under the cliff, was nearly two hundred yards from his dwelling-place.

"Pardon me, sir, if I speak amiss," said Dr. Perperaps, when they stopped here; "but may I ask you a somewhat important question, round the corner? Spotty, attend to the patient. Now, sir, it is this;" he continued in a low tone, as soon as Mr. Arthur followed him, "we have reason to believe that you value very highly, as every good Englishman has a right to do, your position here, you privacy, your retirement—I might say your charming seclusion from the world. Now this boy's mother, Lady Touchwood, is —ah well—you understand me."

"I have merely heard her name; I know nothing more about her. What is she, for me to be afraid of?"

"Not at all, my dear sir; you misunderstand me. Her ladyship is a delightful person, until—until her feelings overpower her. Charitable, kind-hearted, hospitable, devout, elegant in her manners, and fond of making presents—a very fine quality growing rarer every year,—still, she does want to get to the bottom of everything; doubtless from intensity of sympathy. And if anybody baffles her, she becomes the very devil. Pardon me, Captain Larks, I speak in strictest confidence; but I have reason to believe that her ladyship's attention has been directed, with some interest, to you. If once she gets admission to your little household, (which you cannot well deny her, if you take in her son,) as soon as her alarm about him is over, she will begin to feel an undesirable interest in everything concerning you."

"Dr. Perperaps," answered Mr. Arthur; "it is most obliging of you to show such consideration for my wishes."

The doctor, a short well-rounded man, came one step nearer, and behind the silver head of the black bamboo which he always carried, relaxed his dignity with a wink.

"It is not altogether that," he said; "I consider my own convenience also. I am not so young as I was; and I don't want to walk up your hill, twice a day. And distance is a professional element. Touchwood Park is three times as far off, and a carriage would be sent for me. The patient may very well be taken, as he is, to my little residence, and go home upon springs, in a day or two. His affectionate mother would send for me twice every day; and with prophylactic, as well as remedial measures——"

"I am much obliged to you; but it will not do. The boy has been wounded on my premises; and with me he shall stay until his relatives remove him. I should feel that I had done an inhuman thing, if I sent him from my door, in his present condition. Say no more about it, sir; but come in and help us."

The doctor gave in, as he could not help doing, but said to himself that he should have his revenge; for he knew a little more of Lady Touchwood than Captain Larks could dream of. And he saw a good chance of some pleasant excitement, and matters of deep interest to be told to his good wife, when Spotty and the little ones were gone to bed, and the toddy was being measured in the Apostle's spoon. Like nearly all medical men in country places, he had a hard time of it; being at everybody's beck and call; and called for almost everything, except to take his money.

And so when evening came down upon the hills, and the hills tried to pass it off in shadow to the valleys, there was no more comfortable fellow to be found, within the enclosure of their deepening folds, than little Dicky Touchwood at Larks' cot. By the strong arms of Spotty, and the nimble hands of Rose, a bed was provided for him in the Captain's sitting-room—a pretty little place, with a door opening into the span-roof vinery. Here lay the youth, upon the best bed of the cottage; with three bottles of mixture, tied over at the top with white, like sisters of mercy, and a basin of soup keeping warm upon one of Mr. Arthur's devices for slaying green-fly; and best of all cordials—in his present state of heart—bright glimpses of the lovely Rose, that flitted to and fro.

He would have known better than to let his mind wander about pretty figures, and after sweet faces, and into and out of a thousand vagaries of smile, and of sigh, and of tremulous delight, if the glass of the green-house had begun to hurt him yet, or the putty to torment him, as they meant to do to-morrow. For the present he was grateful for every single hole made in him (so long as lard and liniment prevented it from smarting) as a trifle of punctuation, needful before the great impression of his life was struck.

"Now, Master Touchwood, how often must I tell you," said Spotty who was left to help as nurse, "that you are not to roll like that? It loosens all the fastenings, and it will set up inflammation."

"I don't care two skips of a—flower, if it does. I must see my angel; and I can't see through the bed-post."

"I tell you once more, there is no angel here. The old women call me a ministering angel, when the parish allows them a noggin of gin. But I know well enough that I am not angelic."

"As if I meant you!" The patient answered, with more sincerity than courtesy. "You are very kind indeed, and you rub up the rags like silver paper, and you make them soft. But the other—oh Miss Perperaps, what a perfect, perfect Angel!"

"It is time for you to have this draught. Your tongue is white. That comes of talking about Angels so. To make a face is useless. You must have it. I dare say it is nasty. Shall the Angel come, and give it you?"

"Oh no! Please not to let her see me take it. I always make such horrid faces. And I want her to think how nice I am. If I could only get it down, while she is round the corner."

"Wait, till I shake the bottom up. The best of the flavour is always there. Now take it, like a man; and I will let her know how brave you were."

"But, Spotty—or at least I mean, Miss Perperaps, do you think it will really make any difference with her? Are you sure that she will have a high opinion of me—if—if I do it?"

"I am certain that she will. She sighed, and she said 'Poor fellow!' twice over, when she saw the bottles come. If you wish to be a hero, put your head the proper way, and open your mouth, and shut both eyes."

So absorbing was the power of love at first sight, that Dicky took his medicine like a martyr, and even pretended that he found it nice. "Here is your reward! I will tell her of your goodness, how pleased she will be!" exclaimed his nurse; "because she knows so well what a job it is to make you. She will hardly believe her own ears."

"I don't understand you. How can she know about it, when she never set eyes on me before to-day?"

"I don't mean the angel," answered Spotty, with a laugh; "or at least I mean your proper one—your dear Mamma. Here comes Lady Touchwood."

"Oh bother!" cried the young Squire; "don't let her in. Say that you've got orders—say that it will kill me—say anything you like—say they're laying me out."

"Oh Master Dicky, you ungrateful wretch! If I only had a mother, to make a fuss about me! Would I ever shut her out, that I might carry on with angels?"

Poor Spotty was the daughter of a departed Mrs. Perperaps; and her stepmother (having many interesting babes of far greater value than Sporetta) employed that young lady, for the best part of her time, in the genial occupations of the nursery and wash-house. This damsel, being gifted with a great love of the healing art, was now beginning to revolt at large from the drudgery of pail and pan; and her father, who was not a fool (although he used the jargon of that race), perceived in this daughter a revival of the fine enthusiasm which had pulled him down. In the fervour of youth, he had nourished gay ideas of making great discoveries, and doing lots of good; and happily he did no harm, except unto himself. Among his lucid theories, was a grand one about spores, as the protoplasm, or proto-phantasm of all sporadic existence. And his child appearing, on the same day as his book, in spite of her mother, he would have her name—"Sporetta." Her name lasted longer than the book, because it appealed to a larger audience, and nobody could make out what it meant. But soon even this sweet association vanished; for Sporetta took the chicken-pox, before her skin was hardened; and no hundred-headed Stentor, with a high-pressure boiler, and three steam-whistles in his every mouth; nay nor even the foremost statesman of the age, might ever have stormed people's eyes through their ears, to believe that the child was not spotty. Her name had begun to be "Spotterer" already; and now as the polystigmatic view deepened, her name accrusted finally to the positive form of "Spotty."

CHAPTER XI.—MOTHER DEAR.

When two persons, as widely asunder in nature as she ever lets us be, having long held imaginary notion of each other, for the first time come together in the bodily form, under stress of circumstance, what becomes of all they meant to do? Some men have had the happiness to see two dogs, who have been chained up, for some months of moonlight, within barking distance of each other, and having higher gifts than we possess, have appraised one another without interview, according as the wind blew to or fro—to behold these twain dogs meet upon the highway, at length and at last, for the very first time, on a day when there is wind enough to blow their tails off. Either dog has made his mind up, as to how he will behave; each knows every corner of his adversary's mouth, and which of his teeth has been broken by a bone; he has learned every item of his brother barker's story (from his howls to the man in the moon to come and help him) and sitting on his haunches, he has fifty times rehearsed his proceedings with that noisy dog, when he shall come across him. Yet now, when the blissful opportunity is come, when the other dog is looking at him, smaller than his bark was, and easier to thrash than he ever has imagined him, does he fall upon and rend him? No, not he; tails wag across the gale with growing cordiality; sniffs try to baffle facts; good will is mutual; the weather is too bad for any dog to say a word upon any other subject. In half a minute, they have managed to smell up a fundamental friendship; and henceforth if they bark of nights, it will not be at, but with each other.

Now Lady Touchwood and Captain Larks acted very differently from this. Their manner was as full of common sense, and of waiting for a leading question from each other, as Cæsar's and Lion's may be at first sight; but they failed of the insight, which man, the only animal capable of envy, decries as instinct.

"I suppose this is the house of Captain Larks;" said the lady in the little porch, looking at the owner, who had got his bridge down, and his door wide open. "Dr. Perperaps is with me. I am come to see my son, who has met with a very sad accident, I fear. Perhaps you are Captain Larks himself."

"I believe that I have the honour to bear that name;" Mr. Arthur replied with a very stiff bow; "at least in this part of the country. The boy is in no danger; but severely cut and shaken."

"I suppose you will not refuse me liberty to see him. Perhaps in such a question, the very best judge is his mother." Lady Touchwood spoke sharply, and with what she took for irony.

"There is not any question in the case, that I am aware of. And there can be no question as to your right to see him. Be careful, if you please, there is an awkward step here. Rose, my darling, Lady Touchwood will follow you. Hold your candle higher, that's a dear little child. My daughter, Lady Touchwood! Allow me to introduce her."

"Well!" communed the visitor with her own heart only; "things must be come to a very pretty pass, when a man, who has run away from justice, and lives by selling pears and apples, introduces his daughter to me, and orders me to follow her! And Mr. Short upbraids me with my quick temper! If he could see me now—— but never mind; they shall know my opinion of them, when Dicky can be moved."

In a very few minutes, however, Lady Touchwood began to waver largely in her opinion of them; even as the tail of the inimical dog—whose "emotional condition" has been analysed above—unconsciously relaxes from the wiry cock of defiance, first to the crisp bend of enquiry, then to the pleasing wave of interest and sympathy, and lastly to the woolly wag of amity and brotherhood. So pervading is the tendency towards good will in the breast of all genuine mammalia.

There could be no doubt that much trouble had been taken, for the comfort and welfare of the adventurous rat-hunter: the motherly perception took this in at a glance, and the deep sleep of the wounded one (which he suddenly accomplished) appealed to the tenderest and most sacred feelings of maternity.

"Poor darling!" the mother whispered, having kissed his marble forehead; "how beautifully regular his breathing is! He always had that gift, whatever happened to him. Can I ever show my gratitude to heaven, Miss Larks, for the providential fact that his features are uninjured? His features have been declared by the first sculptor of the age, to be of the very purest classical ideal. Whether he said Doric, or Ionic, or perhaps Gothic, I will not be certain at this exciting period."

"We made sure at first that his nose was cut in two;" replied Spotty Perperaps, who had done the lion's share, and would not be put in the background like that; "but it turned out to be a stripe of red lead, my lady; and when I sponged it off, I found his dear nose all right."

"His dear nose indeed! Who is this young female? Oh, the Doctor's daughter, Spotty! Yes, I heard that you were here."

"And a good job for Master Dicky, that I came up with father," said the spirited Miss Perperaps in a tone of self-assertion; "such little things as this always come into my compass."

The sturdy manner and rather rough appearance of this damsel—too important as she was to be affronted just now—brought into sweet contrast the gentle demeanour and sympathising glances of the other young lady, who kept herself in the background, and then retired into the passage.

"Poor darling! Precious sufferer! I will disturb him no longer," Lady Touchwood whispered gently, as she tucked her Dicky's ears up. "Though it would have been such a rapture to hear him breathe my name. But heaven, in its wisdom, has sent this balmy slumber. Come forward, my dear, you are a very nice young lady. Miss Larks, I am pleased with you. Your behaviour is most becoming. You have never said a word since I came in; though you cordially feel for me in this sad affliction. Of course, you are not a nurse, or anything of that kind. Miss Perperaps, who is so clever, and accustomed to it, will be quite indefatigable, I am sure, and will find me full of gratitude. But you, my dear, may also be of very great assistance to us; and I am certain, from your lovely eyes, that you are kind and gentle."

Rose Arthur, being very shy with strangers, and reluctant always to be made conspicuous, came forward just as far as manners, and her sense of obedience prescribed. There the light of two candles (a gallant dip, and a lordly tallow-mould) combined to play upon her blushing cheeks, white forehead, and softly sparkling eyes. And strange to say, another pair of eyes (supposed to be buried in deep repose) contrived to unclose themselves, and steal a narrow glance through glimmering lashes, as children "draw straws" from the fire.

"If I can be of any use," said Rose, "in any way whatever—I mean of course for messages, or outdoor work"—she qualified her offer, because she met the patient's eager gaze at her—"any little things to save Miss Perperaps from—from coming away too much, I shall be very glad to be of use, I'm sure."

"I thought that I heard a heavy sigh," Lady Touchwood turned round as she spoke; "surely our precious sufferer——Dicky dear, are you conscious of my presence, and pining for me?"

A snore of the highest artistic order, superior to nature's sweetest effort, conveyed to the mother's yearning heart a solace at the same time, and yet a disappointment.

"I will suppress my very natural desire," she whispered to Rose, while Spotty turned away, and indulged in a broad grin out of the window, "my fond wish to hear, if it were but a single syllable, from those dear lips. It is wrong and selfish of me. How thankful should I be for the balmy depth of this repose! That is how he always sleeps, Miss Larks, ever since he fell and indented his ligaments, the day he was put into small clothes. I never quite understood what the process was; the result, however, has been remarkable. On no account let him be disturbed to-night by so much as the mention of my name. He will not awake for ten hours now. I know all his ways so thoroughly. Sleep on, darling, and the angels be with you."

"You don't deserve to have such a Ma," said Spotty, running up to her patient, as soon as his mother was out of ear-shot; "not to give her a kiss, or so much as a word!"

"It is all very fine for you to talk," the youth replied, to soothe his conscience by strong statement of his case; "you don't know anything at all about it. Do you suppose that I could put up with being cried over, and kissed, and cuddled, and called all sorts of nursery names, in the sight and hearing of—I mean while she—while other persons at least who cannot be expected to know my proper age——"

"Oh indeed! I see. To be sure!" exclaimed Miss Perperaps; "you want to be taken for a man before your time. You seem to have conceived an extraordinary affection for somebody, instead of your mother. Lady Touchwood is talking with Captain Larks; now it will make her more happy, if I tell her all about it."

"If you do, I will tear every bandage off, and my death will lie at your door, Spotty. I have got an old watch that I had at school; it is out of fashion now, but it goes very well; and I'll give it to you, if you only do your duty to me. People run you down, I know; but in my opinion you are wonderfully clever."

"No, Master Dicky, I am not at all that. But I see a great many stupid things done by people who ought to know better. Marrying again, for instance, and having other children; what do you think of that, Mr. Touchwood?"

"A man when he marries," said Dicky with solemnity, and hoping that somebody might be listening in the passage, "swears upon the Bible to have only one wife, to cleave to her, to stick to her, to love, honour, and obey her. How can he do that, I should like to know, if he goes and gets married to another woman? Besides, we are told, and I have to attend Divinity lectures, I assure you, that no man can be blameless, except he be the husband of one wife. And that is how I intend to conduct myself."

"How I wish that my pa," said Miss Perperaps with a sigh, "had attended Divinity lectures. But hush, Master Dicky, I can hear my Lady going, and my dear papa is doing Dixon to her; you know what that means in our practice, I suppose?"

"No, I never heard of it. They don't show us things at Cambridge. Oh Spotty, I do like you so, because you don't care!"

"But I do care. And that makes me see how things are. A Dixon is a swing-cask, a sort of water-barrow, a tub upon pins between two wheels, for going down the walks with. They have got one in your father's place. They are all very well while they stand at the pump, because there is a shore to them. But if you want to make them go, you have to be very careful. If you put too much in them, they kick up one way, and if you put too little, they kick up the other, and your trouble goes for nothing."

"I can understand that well enough," answered Dicky, whose mind was by no means of electric speed; "but what has it got to do with the Doctor and my mother?"

"Everything;" said Spotty, with a look of some contempt; "if my father were to make too much of your injuries, he would terrify your mother, and she would fetch a man from Exeter. So the tub would go over from having too much in it. But if he made too little of your mishap, why then it would be almost worse, for the tub would go over the other way, because of being empty."

"I wish you would talk plain English, Spotty. All your stuff comes in bottles. What have tubs got to do with it? But perhaps you make enough to last the twelvemonth, at one brewing. I can see what you mean about another man coming; but I don't see what harm could come of making little of it."

"Very well, if you can't see, you are not worth telling. I would not have told you what I have, only for the way in which they trample upon me. My dear Pa is gone to see my Lady to her carriage, that wouldn't come up the hill because it is so rocky. Ah, I do admire Captain Larks, for living where people must alight from their chariots, to get at him."

"Spotty, you are a radical. I used to be one, when I was very young, and could not see the mischief of it. Wise people must be made to leave it off. But politics always make me sleepy. Go and see whether my mother is clean gone, and whether your father means to plague me any more. It shall never be said of me that I made a fuss about a trifle. I dare say you would like to hear me groan. Girls always do, because then they can boast, about having their teeth out, and all that, better than we men do. But I am as game as a three-legged rat."

"Just you wait a bit, before you boast," Miss Perperaps answered, as she went to fetch her father; "your troubles are not begun yet, Master Dicky; the wound in your tibia has got some bull's-eye glass in it, and what is worse to my mind green scum of rotten whiting. If you don't begin to squeak to-morrow, for certain you will on Sunday."

CHAPTER XII.—*NOUS.*

"THE idea is a good one. Sometimes there is a dove-tail to be made of cross purposes when laid aright." Mr. Short said this to his well-beloved *Nous*, as they sat down together, to consider their breakfast and the business of the day, on a very nice Monday morning. Monday morning is the sweetest of the week, not only for parsons, but for dogs as well; for they both have passed through tribulation yesterday; and are all the better for it; and best of all, can wait a good bit ere they do it again.

Perhaps it would be too wide a statement to aver that a parson is bound officially to feel a depression of his bright elastic and naturally large mind, and to get up at a low level, upon a Sunday morning. He means to preach admirably, and he does it (often with some drain upon his own resources); he has many sound ideas, which he wants to watch in their movement into wakeful minds; and perhaps the very last of his desires is to let anybody else come, and do it better for him. Still he is glad, and it is a proof of his humility to be so, when he has done his duty.

His dog, on the other hand, if tenderly attached to him—as a parson's dog is sure to be—rejoices with a treble bark, when the trying day is over. In the present "distracted condition of the church," he is not allowed to go there, though his clerical ancestors may have made a point of it. Sitting on the bricks outside his kennel, he hears the fine call of the bells, and he smells the swing of the man and the boy who are ringing, because they both work in the Vicarage garden. Then he sees a lot of people in the foot-path meadow (where a hare has a seat to his certain knowledge, and a wedded pair of partridges come almost every evening) gingerly walking with their best clothes on, and trying not to make too much noise, because they are getting near the churchyard. They have got a dog with them, and his jealousy suggests that a lay dog will be let in where he is not. He quickens in his fore-legs, and gives a distant "wuff" at him, with a shake of his ears, and a toss of his nose, and a hope that he may know how to behave himself.

Then comes his final misery, the last straw that breaks his back. He has seen the two girls go, with their Sunday stripes and flarings on, and their yellow cotton gloves too fine for him to sniff at; also the boy who sweeps him up is gone—which was a pang to him greater than that of petticoats—but when his master comes out the back way, locks the door and hides the key in a clump of violets, and then with his sermon in the Spanish leather-case, scarcely vouchsafes him a one-handed pat, with a long reach and a sidelong passage (because of his best black kersey), and is gone round the corner, with a flutter of his tails, too full of eloquence to talk to a dog—then he puts down his tail in the hole, he scratched advisedly, sits down, to keep down with it, and humbles all his arrogance and the best-plumed portions of his very noble frame, by revolving on his haunches, with his nose up high supinely, and his heart appealing to his lungs, to come up with it in an unexampled howl.

Nous having passed through all this anguish yesterday, as usual, was now in the highest of high spirits, this fine Monday morning. He had heard his master order the horse *Trumpeter* to be thoroughly well-fed and ready for a long ride at half-past nine o'clock; and *Nous* had ascertained, without putting one objectionable question, that he was to go too. He had been to the stable, and the kitchen, and the larder, and several other places too; and all of these with one accord announced that *Nous* was going. If there had been any doubt about it, even at the pessimistest moment, the quantity of really fine victuals set before him was enough to convince him most delightfully. "Lay you in a broad and good foundation for the day, my friend," his master said to him, and it would have been surplusage to repeat the order.

But apart from the question of nourishment, however urgent and agreeable, this dog deserves, and in his own right demands consideration. He was not one of those gigantic fellows, who are patronised with some tender alarm concerning the issue if they take it amiss; neither was he one of those little whipper-snappers, whom it is not worth while to propitiate. The first question asked about a dog by a man is almost sure to be an invidious and rude one, and mainly ungrammatical—"What breed is he?"

When John Sage of Christowell, who was famous for shedding his own light on things, was told that a nobleman (too well known in that neighbourhood) was of very long descent, he shook his head, and said that he could understand it now. "He hath not dooed it of a zudden then," said John; "he hath a' been coomin' down all that wai." But *Nous*, though of long descent, was not come down like that, and the purity of his lineage shone forth in every lineament. A setter of generous birth was he, sable, distinguished with spots and gold, such as we men call "black and tan," flued, and feathered, and fringed with gold, so that while drawing on a covey up the gale, he resembled sombre night prolonged in pencils of Aurora. This may seem a rose-coloured picture of the dog to those who have not the delight of looking at him, which really prevented some sportsmanlike artists from hitting the partridges when they got up. Still even now, in his homelier moments, while begging for bacon, or chewing the rind (which seems to puzzle dogs' teeth more than tougher substance does), he deserved to be regarded with eyes as attentive as his own, than which no more can well be said. For nothing was small enough to escape his eyes, or large enough to out-gauge them; but in his broad calm pupils all might be discovered, as in a lens, reposing for him to think about. The clear depth of the rich brown iris spoke of contemplation, placid and too profound for doubt, and tender desire to obey and please, and a sensitive yearning to be praised and patted. The loveliest lady in the land has not such eloquent lucid loving eyes; and even if she had, they would be as nothing, without the tan spot over them. Neither might any lady vie with him for accuracy, length, and velvet texture, and delicately saline humidity of nose.

"*Nous*," said his master, whose thoughts were quick enough for one of our race, but very slow against a dog's, "things have turned out very pleasantly for us. If I had been obliged to go on Saturday, I should have doubted about taking you, because I must have meditated over my sermon, and you are a distracting animal. If you come across grouse on the hills, or even a snipe, or a plover, you insist upon working the question out, without any regard for their connubial state. But now upon a Monday, I am as free as you are. You shall enjoy yourself, and so will I."

For the vehement lady herself had called, upon her return from the "scene of probation"—meaning Mr. Arthur's cottage—and begged the good Vicar to put off his trip, for she could not think twice about the wilful Julia, while her dear obedient boy lay on a bed of suffering, through his self-sacrificing heroism. Oh if it only had been Julia, she said, it would have been so much nicer then to recognise the hand of Providence! Mr. Short smiled dryly, and revolved in his mind some rumour that had reached him concerning bottled beer. But he gladly put off his long ride till the Monday, and paid a short visit on Saturday to the interesting Dicky, who was now shedding salt tears into water-gruel, and gazing at three bottles, hatted with pill-boxes, and booted to the knees with slimy sediment. Spotty stood before him, and he knew that words were vain, and the deepest sigh would be no more than a signal for a gargle.

Now Mr. Short loved both his horse and his dog; and to see them thus full of the joy of the outbreak from stable and kennel, and the glory of the air, and the hope of adventure, and distinction, and renown, was sure to set his own spirit capering with theirs, and the dark soul of man flitting into sunny places, and even the mind soaring into the air, out of which it was taken, and to which it shall return. The air was more delightful than the mind to-day, and to ride was far better than to reason.

"Halloa, *Nous*, you should have done your pranks by this time," the master shouted to him, as the dog stood still suddenly, amazedly, and with a headlong point; as a young dog rashly scouring does too late, when he is almost on the tails of game; "an old stager like you should know better than that. No birds can be here; yet you never stand a lark. A hare on her form, no doubt of it. Down wind on a hare, with his nose upon her back. *Nous* would stay there all day; I must go up and see."

It is a fine and ardent sight, to see a noble dog, ranging as freely as the wind, check his long stride, stand still and stiffen, with his fore feet planted upon the advance, his arched loins straightened into a hard strung line, his head (that was tossing on high just now) levelled, and rigid as an anvil's nose; his upper lip quivering despite his iron will, and the fixed eyes labouring to learn from their own whites, whether the master is hurrying up to shoot. Meanwhile the hare—for a bird very seldom abides to be considered so intently—crouches into the closest compass, with every sinew on the spring, yet still; and suppressing every ruffle of her gingery fluff, lowers the lids of her soft bright eyes, for fear of a sparkle through the russet of her flax; while she watches every hair's breadth of her enemy, and hopes that nobody has seen her.

Expecting to rejoice in this well-known sight, and the blissful bound of the unchased hare, when the dog lies down and never stirs an inch, but bedews the ground from the fountain of his mouth, the Vicar turned *Trumpeter's* head, and rode up, to release the good dog from his statuary state. "Toho, *Nous!*" he said, just to keep up the tradition; though the dog was too wise to want admonition. But to his surprise, a great change came over the spirit of the animal, and his body also, ere ever the horse's hoofs were nigh. The first sign of weakness was a flutter of the tail, a delicate tremor of the golden brush, in which an artistic dog concludes. Then the firm line of the back relaxed, the curved ears fell, and the countenance looked foolish; and after a feeble sniff or two, the whole dog set off helter-skelter, down the dingle, at whose head he had been standing like a statue. There was no hare before him; neither anything moving in the long desolation, except himself.

"Now this is to my mind a horrible puzzle," the Vicar exclaimed, as he pulled up at the spot where the false point had so long held good; "*Nous* never chases fur or feather; and if he did, there is none here to be chased. He has made a thorough fool of himself for once. But no, I beg his pardon. There has been some scamp here, and he has killed a sheep, I see! Come back, come back, my darling, or you will get a knife stuck into you."

In an agony of dread, for he loved his dog most dearly, and the rocky dell forbade all hope of riding to his succour, he put his nails between his lips, and whistled liked a curlew; and the dog's obedience saved his life. In the distance down at the end of the combe, a pale blue mist overhung a morass, in which a little stream lost itself. *Nous*, in full gallop down the winding of the grass-track, stopped short at the whistle, with a big stone just beside him, and a heavy charge of duck-shot scattered peat and moss around him. But the big stone had sheltered him, and not a hair was hurt of him, while the roar of the gun rang up the hollow, and the smoke of bad powder spread a dirty blur before the clean blue mist. From the mixture of vapours, a figure with a long gun, strode forth rapidly to bag poor *Nous;* but he, with his innocent tail between his legs, and a deep (but brief) sympathy for creatures that are shot at, was swallowing the hard ground, best foot foremost, by the way that he came, and thanking his stars to be rid of a rogue, and to see his good master.

If ever, in the history of the church, any Parson has been unfitted by his own "emotions"—which is now become the proper English name of wrath, shame, desire, revenge, and other good and bad feelings—for delivering with emphasis one short and strong commandment, and thoroughly fitted for the breach of that same, that man was now Vicar of Christowell. Saddened and cowed by the narrow escape, which had shaken his faith in humanity (because he understood a gun so well, and took such pleasure in its proceedings, when it shot at the proper animals), *Nous* lay down before *Trumpeter's* feet, and panted, and looked very piteously up; for his self-esteem held two deep wounds, of the false point, and of being fired at.

Having been at Winchester, and New College (seats of the Muses, where they are so much at home that their language is not always foreign) Parson Short used a short word; never mind what it was, if it bettered his philanthropy. Then he jumped from his horse, and bent over the dog, in quick fear of finding some big shot hole; so sad was his favourite's attitude and gaze.

Like every other creature, this dog most heartily loathed examination, and strove to escape it by offering paws, and by putting up his nose, as no candidate can do.

"You old humbug, you are not hurt a bit. All that you want is to be made much of; because you have made such a fool of yourself. Hi, find!—fetch—drop! Now you are yourself again. Let us see what there has been here, to make such a mighty fuss about."

Nous, having flipped in and out of the heather after his master's glove, and brought it, with the greater agility of the canine mind had recovered his balance, and was equal to his duties. With his valuable nose he described exactly the outline of the form which he had taken for a hare's, and dwelled more especially upon those spots which retained the warmest impression of the shape we so admire. "He had no more than two legs,"—*Nous* pronounced as he smelled him out—"and two things here, that you call arms; and he lay upon his back, and he had no tail. And my opinion of him is that he was very dirty."

"Never mind, it is no use to think any more about it;" Mr. Short replied, as his manner was, to his dog's observations; "there is no getting near the fellow, be he who he may. And since he has not hit you, my good *Nous*, I have chiefly to regret that the arch-enemy was so sharp as to take advantage of my anxiety about you."

Thus in a comparatively thankful mood, these two went upon their way together; for the nature of the ground forbade all hope of pursuing the hang-dog skulker. But Mr. Short felt that his spirits were dashed, and docked of their bright April flow, by such a nasty outrage, within five miles of his own warm and hospitable roof. His character was well known, and valued all over the eastern side of the moor, among the few people who dwelled or wandered there. Not a whit less known was the character of *Nous*, wherever there was any heart capable of valuing integrity, docility, gallantry, and faith. No moorman would ever dream "of letting off his gun"—as they always express it—at Parson Short's *Nous*, even if he had a gun, which very seldom happens.

It must be some fellow of the outlaw sort, was the only conclusion Mr. Short could form—such as came harbouring and harassing most grievously, treading the loose foot-prints of the Gubbins family, striking every traveller with terror, and dismaying all quiet people round the verges of the waste. The great Castle prison, in which all the sadness of the long moor culminates, was empty at this time, and faced the sunshine—whenever there was any—with peaceful moss. Neither warrior, nor felon, could have crept from out its gloom, to crouch in the bog by day, and prowl among the sheep at night.

However, Mr. Short, possessing that invaluable gift, a sweet and happy mind, rode on; and a league or two of moorland breeze, in trackless space, where distant tors are the traveller's direction-posts, began to make him feel how small and ludicrous is human wrath. His course lay as nearly as might be, north-west, over some of the highest land of Dartmoor; for his old friend's house, which he had not yet seen, stood below the north-western parapet of highland, two or three miles on the south-west of Okehampton, and a little way back from the Tavistock road. Well as he knew his own side of the moor, he was taken aback by some pieces of travel, which he met between Yes-tor and Cranmere pool; but hitting the West Ockment near its source, he contrived to get down to Okehampton park.

On the Tavistock road, which he was truly glad to reach, he saw, as he rode up the bank from the river, a young man walking briskly, with a handsome setter-pup about six months old, and of white and lemon colour, with legs and tail, as yet unfringed. The motto of *Nous*, as of all dogs then was "*canis sum, nihil canini*," &c.; and therefore up he ran, though his bronzy toes were becoming rather sore, to pass the time of day to this young member of his race. The white and lemon animal saluted him as was decent, and then kindly submitted to further inspection, lowering his tail in token of communion with his elder, with a dog of dignity and established position in the world. *Nous* was naturally pleased with this, although it is the duty which all pups render—if they desire to grow on into tax-payers—and he pleasantly allowed the adolescent dog to skip and vault around him, while he wagged his own tail slightly, and sniffed with a critical air at the salutation offered. Then the dog of experience warned the pup, that he had said his say, and been accepted with indulgence, and must consider this interview closed, unless he were prepared to have tooth, instead of tongue. *Nous* was very seldom crusty; but to be shot at, and to jog along for hours without seeing game, and to get raw toes, tries even a dog's philosophy.

"I take leave to apologise for my dog's growls," said Mr. Short, riding up with *Trumpeter*, who shook his legs out, as he felt them on a tidy road once more; "but he will not hurt your young dog, sir."

"Thank you; I am not afraid of that;" replied the other, "I was only looking at your dog, because I like them, and he seems a very fine one."

"He is a very fine one, and not to be matched, I believe, in the four counties. But will you kindly tell me where Colonel Westcombe lives? It must be somewhere about here."

"Not more than a mile; and I am going straight home. You have ridden far to-day, sir, and come across the moor. My father has long been hoping to see an old friend—Mr. Short of Christowell."

"I am the man; and you are young Jack Westcombe; or at least you ought to be, because there is no other." The vicar was so pleased to see his old friend's son, and to find him to his liking, that he shaped his sentence anyhow, got off his horse, and took him by both hands, and examined him as carefully as if he were a nag, whose price he meant to have £5 off.

Knowing that he meant him well, and was not trying to abate him, Jack Westcombe looked him in the face with a shy but pleasant expression, and a twinkle of goodwill. Then the Vicar said, "Yes, you are the image of your father; only taller, and slighter, and your nose is straighter, and you look as if you stood upon your own rights more. I fear you will never be quite equal to him. That, of course, is not to be expected. Still, you may do well enough for the rising generation. We don't expect the young dogs to come up to the old ones. But march on, and let me have a good look at you. You are like your father in one thing, and that a very great one—you don't want to talk too fast, young Master Jack."

The young man, smiling at the short ways of the parson, did as he was ordered; *Trumpeter*, being gifted with a Roman nose, tossed it, and made good his name, by a lively blare to some large stables which he espied in the distance, and hoped to flourish there in a stall and a store *non ignobilis oti*. In reply, the rooks began to caw, the queists to flit out of the ivied elms, the little dog and the big dog to yelp and bay respectively, the gardener (who was resting on his laurels) to get up, the young lady reading in a snaily chair to gaze about; and all the other things began to embrace the rare opportunity of saluting a new arrival at an ancient country-house.

CHAPTER XIII.—OLD FRIENDS AND YOUNG ONES.

SHELTERED from the west winds, by the first of the range of hills that trend away towards Cornwall, and from the east by Dartmoor, Westcombe Hall is as nice a place as any lover of a samely life, and a changeful landscape, may desire. For the beauty of the hills is variety of rigour, and the beauty of the valley is variety of softness; and the comfort of the home-life, is to see them, and be steadfast. Colonel Westcombe entered into such things well, without any consideration of them, after the battle of life he had been through.

The cawing of the rooks was a settled pleasure to him, and the lowing of the distant cows a space of soothing interest; the trees and all the garden-plants (of which he had small knowledge) excited him to think about them from the sense of ownership; and he began to study cocks and hens, without any skewers through them. For still he was as lively as ever he had been; and the quantity of carnage he had smelled in fields of glory acquitted these, his elder days, of the younger duty to destroy.

"Short, you see those trees," he said, as he sauntered forth with that old friend, after dining at the old-fashioned hour, five o'clock; "wait a moment, come in here; never mind the young folk, they will get on well enough; though I don't want Jack to have her. Now here we can have a delicious little smoke. You like a pipe, so do I; not cigars—I have seen too much of the way they make them. Very well; help yourself. How glad I am to see you!" This was the fiftieth time of saying that; but the parson said, "and so am I," very nearly every time. "You see those trees there;" continued Colonel Westcombe, leaning back in his bower arm-chair; "they are a little green with moss, and so on—soft to the eye, I should call it, Short."

"It is the duty of a tree to be as green as possible," Mr. Short answered, with a puff of blue smoke.

"You always cut my corners off. I mean that the trunks of the trees are green; and that is not their duty. Well, this fellow, who is considered, and may be, the shining light of the neighbourhood, counselled me to peel off all the green, and treat the fine old fellows to three coats of whitewash. A pleasant view we should have had from the windows, all the summer! What do you say to that? You know everything."

"Do I? I don't know that to begin with. The extent of my knowledge is to know how much I don't know; for which I heartily thank Oxford. But I do know a man who understands such things, and could give you the very best advice. Or rather I mean,—he is not to be had now; no, no, we must not think of him."

"That reminds me," his host replied, "of the wonderful fellow in your parish, Short. A gentleman, you say he is; and you are no bad judge. You held out some hopes that we might see his place; and what would please me even more, see him. You know that I am foolish, as my nature is, about things that come up and take my fancy. I don't want to spend a lot of cash, of course; nobody ever does; and how can I tell that I may not be turned out again, neck and crop? Another will might be discovered, or what not? And I am not sure that I should lament it very much. I like to do things for myself; and I believe every man under Wellington got into that style. We had no fine gentlemen, I can tell you; none of your Pompey's officers. But no more of that—you have heard it too often. All I meant to say is, that I want to get this place into a little better order; partly because I like to see things decent, and partly because the people round about are not very well off; and yet to offer them money, except as wages, is an insult."

This was a very long piece of discourse, for Colonel Westcombe to get through, without stopping; although he could tell a long story pretty well, when he thought it his duty, and got a good start. Meanwhile Mr. Short was in a sad dilemma, although he had foreseen it and rehearsed it long, between his warm frankness to his old friend and his duty and goodwill to that one living in his own dear parish. But he settled aright, and against his own desire—which is one of the true tests of right decision—to leave the Captain dark as ever in his own recess, and to stave off the Colonel's curiosity about him. To the former it might be a matter of great moment; whereas it is very little loss to any man to be robbed of a thing that he never uses, unless he has paid for it heavily—advice.

"You ought to begin at once, if you mean to do much good," said the Vicar, looking round at the overhung lawn, and the trees moustached with moss and fungus; "you are six weeks later on this side of the moor than we are at Christowell. But even here, not a day is to be lost, if you mean to do planting. My friend cannot possibly leave home now; and an accident has happened (a very sad affair, of which you will hear by-and-by) not on his threshold, but much worse—through the roof of his favourite vinery. I would not spoil your dinner, and some other little doings, by making your dear godchild anxious. And in reason there need not be a shadow of anxiety, except for those wondrous doctors. Old Betty Sage, John Sage's mother, would have put Dicky Touchwood on his pins in three days, with her simples and careful diet. But our Dr. Perperaps, a truly fine practitioner, and a man of solid grounding, will scarcely get him out of hand within three weeks, and may have to make three months of it."

"What has happened to poor Dicky then? And why is Julia not to know?" The Colonel gave a short, quick puff of smoke, for he hated mystery.

"There is no mystery at all about it;" replied Mr. Short, who had his own turn of temper, and knew every nerve of his old friend's mind; "Dick Touchwood tumbled through the roof of a greenhouse, or vinery, or something—I don't understand their distinctions—and he cut his legs, or what he calls his legs, as much as such nonentities could well be cut. He came down like a tipsy-cake stuck with splinters; and tipsy he was, unless they told me lies. But our place is not to jeer, but sympathise. I have not ventured into this short narrative till now; because one can never tell how anything will act upon another mind, or at any rate a female one."

"Short, you are right. I have observed that often. The women know best in the end, I believe; but you never can tell how they know it. Julia is full of sense, wonderfully so to my mind; she gets at almost anything five minutes before I do; and she sticks to it too; and that proves that she is right. But between you, and me, and the bedpost, Short—as the old ladies say—I don't want Jack to have her. There could not be a better girl, in many ways of looking at her. But she must have her own way, although she gets it gently. Jack, on the other hand, is very easy-tempered; but turn him you cannot, when once he has made his mind up. His wife, when he is old enough to want one, which we never used to think of, when I was young, should be amiable, gentle, fond of little jokes, and capable of making them when he wants them, well-bred, and totally indifferent about dress—the new fashions, I mean, and all that rubbish, that some women study more than their own behaviour—also she ought to be diligent and thrifty, tidy, and particular to keep him to his meal-times, an experienced judge of meat and butter, full of understanding about doors and windows, thoroughly warm-hearted, and not inclined to cough when she smells tobacco-smoke."

"To think of such a wife makes a man's mouth water," Mr. Short answered with a serious look; "there used to be some of them; but the young women now think more of themselves than of anything else. It is my place to pay attention to the women—well, not in the way that you are smiling at, my friend—what I mean to say is——"

"Well done, Short!" cried the Colonel, putting down his pipe, and laughing heartily; "well done, my dear fellow! To be sure it is. And you magnify your office. I shall tell my dear wife that."

"Now don't you be too clever; but just hear me out. A parson must attend to his women, not only for their own sake, but also to get at the men. You understand all about regiments, and that; but you never even heard perhaps of 'parish work.' It is almost a new idea in the Church as yet; and I am not at all sure that it will do much good, because it comes from the Dissenters, I believe. If we come to make a fuss of it, it will do a lot of harm, and make our flocks take it into their heads that our object is to drive them. They like very much to be driven by fellows they can turn out, as soon as they are tired of them; but they never will be driven by a gentleman; so that all these doings must be done with skill."

"I don't like to hear of such absurd inventions. When I was a boy, I knew a good deal of the clergy; and in Spain I came across some priests, who were very good and holy. But to come back to the women, Short—you understand them do you?"

"No, I never said anything to that effect. Only that I have to study them; which is a different thing altogether. You were talking about Miss Touchwood, and the sort of wife your son should have. I know the very girl for him—such a beauty—and a first-rate gardener, as well as all that you require. But two people cannot be matched by pattern. I have made a lot of matrimony, fetching them up to it, when it was needful, and reading the bans, and going through with it; and unless there is very bad temper on both sides, they get on respectably afterwards. But I am talking horn-book."

"Horn-book ought to be talked much more in the present wild days;" said the Colonel. "Soon there will be nothing sacred. Every idiot laughs at institution. However, to come back to Julia. She is a very handsome girl; and Jack—well, I don't want her to be too much here. She came to us suddenly; I don't know why; but rather out of spirits, and I could not ask the reason. My dear wife, who might have got it out of her quite prettily, has been laid up all the while with a very bad attack; but she told me in confidence that it ought to be a love-affair."

"Rather the contrary;" answered the parson; "but as she has not told you, I will not. Her mother was unkind to her, to put it mildly. You know that 'my lady'—as she loves to be called—is sometimes very prompt of action. However, there are worse people in the world; and I trust that they are burning to be reconciled. I brought as good a message to Miss Touchwood from her mother as could be expected, considering their relation. Also I said that poor Dicky wanted her; and she promised to go home to-morrow."

"Short, you are a public benefactor. Three cheers for the influence of the clergy. I shall be sorry to lose Julia, of course; but still I would rather lose her than Jack. Young fellows nowadays think very little of the wisdom of their parents. But who is the girl that he ought to have? I shall come and see her, if she lives at Christowell."

"Time enough to think of that, my friend. No one admitted except on business. You will have to send your card in, and write upon it, 'I want to see the young lady Jack ought to have.' But what a hurry you are in about him! He is only three-and-twenty, according to my reckoning. 'Let un 'baide,' as John Sage says, 'let un 'baide till a' getteth a buzzum.' By the by, our John would suit you well, for laying out ground, or for seeing to your trees, or shaping out a new kitchen-garden. All flowers he despises, except cauliflowers. He says that the Lord made the flowers to grow wild, on purpose to vex Solomon; but Solomon, and the Lord together, couldn't grow cabbages without manure—or 'mannering,' as he calls it. He knows the Old Testament, ten times as well as I do."

"Short, I will have him, if only for that. Such men are obstinate; but brave and honest. I have seen lots of them in the army, generally Scotchmen. No infidel Frenchman could stand before them. How much money will he want a week?"

"Eight shillings is the proper thing, at Christowell. But then, they get pickings that work it up to nine, and even ten in harvest-time. But I am not at all sure that he would go from home. Our people know when they are well off."

"Let him come to me for three months, and go home for the harvest. I will give him twelve shillings a week, and house room. And if we get on together, he may settle here."

"Tell it not on our side of the moor; and warn him not to speak of it. Every solid head in our parish would be turned; but Sage can keep his own counsel. He shall come to you by this day week; but only on a three months' lease, at the longest. Christowell will not be itself without him; and if anything important comes to pass, we shall have to send for him, to pronounce upon it. I shall miss him in church more than a big pewful; he nods at me always, when I say the right thing, and he taps on the floor with his ground-ash stick."

"We will not rob you of such a hearer, Short," said the Colonel, perceiving what a sacrifice he asked; "your church and parish shall enjoy him on a Sunday. I told you that I had taken, from the Duchy, a lease of the sporting over some ten thousand acres, upon which there may be ten head of game, in a favourable season. But at £10 a year it is cheap enough; and I may improve it, if I can. It was done through my old friend General Punk, who has interest with the steward, and who promised to come down every year if I would do it; and it is cheap to see an old friend at that rent. And Jack was quite up for it, when I told him; for he likes to march forty miles a day, I do believe; which is all very well when you choose for yourself your route, your weather, and your toggery. I intend to try red grouse there, as well as black. They do in bleaker places than Dartmoor even. It is not a new experiment—I know that. But experiments require luck, and perseverance, even more than skill, I do believe. At any rate I mean to try it."

"You are a sanguine man," the Vicar answered; "I wish that I could say so of myself. But try it, my dear fellow; by all means try it. But John Sage does not understand game-keeping."

"And I don't want him to understand it," returned the gallant Colonel; "it is not like pheasant-hatching, or skilled work. You turn out your grouse with their wings a little tipped; and you let them take their chance; that is my idea. Only they must not be harassed just at first, until they learn their whereabouts, or off they go. And it must be done at the right time of year, and according to the season. Some of my birds are turned out already. Another batch comes next week; and failing these, I shall try a lot of cheepers in June, if I can get them. You know that I am not a strict game-preserver. I would never insist upon 'pheasants *v.* peasants'—as the radical papers term it. But my little crotchet can breed no ill-will; for everybody about here is delighted with it, and it will put money in some honest fellow's pocket."

"But how will John Sage help in this little scheme? He may be the wisest of mankind, as everybody knows, and especially himself—but he doesn't know a grouse from a gamecock; or at any rate not a red one."

"So much the better. He will take more interest in the subject from its novelty. But have no fear, Short, of my perverting your Solomon into a Nimrod. Nothing of the kind is in my thoughts. My grouse hobby only concerns him thus—I have made a little hut in the shelter of a tor—I think they call it Weist-tor, but I never know their tors—where a man may be comfortable, and put up his pony. I want an honest man to be there every now and then; or to have it supposed that he may be there. It is about half way to your delightful parish, which seems to be the home of every virtue. Very well; Sage shall have the old grey pony, who knows every stone upon the moor, I do believe; and every Saturday, if he likes to do it, he shall set off for his native place, with a gallon of cider, and a bag of kitchen-victuals, and be his own master till Monday morning."

"It is well discovered, and it shall come true;" Mr. Short answered, with a smile at thinking of the figure Sage would cut, and the importance he would show; "the old man understands the moors as well as a pee-wit, and better than your red grouse will. But one thing you forget—the superstition of the race. Weist-tor is almost as awful to the native mind as Wistman's wood, or even Cranmere pool itself. If you gave John Sage £10 every time, he would not go there at night-fall."

"We will get over that somehow or other. Entrap him there once, and he will grow foolhardy. I can always make men go where I want to send them. I have set my mind on this, because it will keep up regular communication between us. I shall send you butter, and grapes, when I get any; and you can send me, now and then, a comb of the honey, for which Christowell is famous. You get about half the rain that we do, I believe. But what a time Manx is with our coffee! I must go and rout him up, I do believe."

"Here comes our coffee; well done, cupbearer! The best and the cleverest dog in the world. No, not to me first; to the Colonel first, because, though I am the visitor, you are my butler. That's right. Did you see, my dear fellow, how he balanced it?"

"Talk about reasoning powers!" said the Colonel, "I never saw any man do it half so well. And this is your dog *Nous* then? I am not given to envy; but—my goodness—did you notice how he wagged his tail? He would not do it, till you took the cup, for fear of spilling. Well, I have seen the very best-bred footman laugh, at a joke of his betters (as they call themselves), and spoil a lady's dress, while she was putting in her cream. And they talk of these dogs having no mind, Short!"

"Not only does *Nous* understand plain English," answered Mr. Short, as the dog laid down the little butter tub, which had contained the cups, "but he knows what is passing in a man's mind, better very often than the man himself does. But women are a dreadful puzzle to him."

"So they ought to be; I admire him the more. Come here, and let me thank you, good dog, and clever one. Short, you are too sharp for me. I never even knew this dog was here. You arranged it all with Manx, as to what he was to do."

"Not a bit of it. I told the man that he could wait at table; but he laughed at me, and thus is he discomfited. I told your stableman, when he knotted *Nous* up, that no knot known in the Royal Navy would hold the dog, more than two hours; but he laughed, and said that unless he bit the rope through, he was fast for ever. He never attempts to bite any rope now, because I smacked him for it once; but he unties any knot with nose, tongue, and foot."

"It has made your poor nose bleed, old doggie; show us what it is then? You mustn't be so clever." Colonel Westcombe loved dogs, and they always felt it.

"It must be something else. Upon my word, the wretch has hit him. Just a graze on the tip of his classical nose; and his labour at the knot has set it off."

Then the Vicar, in hot indignation, poured forth his grievance against the low skulk with a gun, which he had not spoken of at dinner-time, for fear of spoiling cheerfulness. His host listened gravely, and was shocked at such low villainy, and said that he had heard of a desperate fellow, lurking in the depths of the moor, and killing sheep; and the moor-men were afraid of him, because he had a gun.

"Sooner or later, we shall catch him," he continued; "I have heard of him from our chief constable. He believes him to be a noted murderer; a fellow who killed two women in cold blood. Let us say no more about him. Do you see Julia? How noble she looks, when her spirit is up! Master Jack has got more than he can do, to hold his own."

With the pair in the distance, who had no coffee, things were going on even as he said. Jack Westcombe, although he had taken his degree, or perhaps for that reason, was shy with young ladies; of whom he knew little, having never a sister to lead him amongst them, and describe their little tricks. Miss Touchwood knew this, and made the most of it.

"Do you mean to say, Mr. Westcombe," she went on, "that you mean to do nothing, and be nothing in the world? It does seem such a waste of power, in these very earnest times."

My great Aunt was asking me about it the other day," said Jack, who had a dry way, when heavily attacked, of remitting his assailants to their own business; "and she has a right to ask, because she means to leave me something."

"Yes, to be sure; how good of her! She must have entered into the more recent spirit, the glorious development of mind and matter. What a joy it is to find, that these high perceptions are penetrating even to the passing generation! What an incentive to the younger mind! Did she propose any definite work, anything earnest and advancing?"

"She did; an advance very definite indeed, but scarcely of a nature perhaps to interest young ladies. I will tell Lady Touchwood of it, when I come over."

"My mother takes very little interest in improvement. She seems to think it quite enough, to be no worse than we used to be."

"But your brother, Miss Touchwood; surely he may be developed, elevated, rendered progressive, and all that?"

"Unfortunately my brother has no mind," she replied with firm serenity; "but many people seem to like him all the better for it; particularly, I believe, at Cambridge. But you are very different. Your father has been telling me, how much he is afraid that you will be too intellectual."

"My father is the kindest-hearted man in all the world. And since he came into this property, he thinks it his very first duty to be cheated right and left; especially by his very intellectual son."

"How I admire this grand old place!" the young lady cried, as she sprang upon a bank of moss besieged with primroses; "any one who lives here ought to be cheated, just to balance nature's gifts. Look how the sunset warms and deepens the crimson of the bricks, and the grey granite facings, and the glitter of the ivy round the bows! And the grand old trees, full of mystery and honour; and the beautiful slope of the lawn, unbroken by patches of glaring, ugly dazzle, and patterns of hideous stiffness; and the murmur of the brook, like a soft strain of music, coming through the joyful buds of Spring. Oh, how I wish our place was like this!"

"I have never been at Touchwood Park," said Jack, looking slyly at his beautiful companion, whose colour was heightened and figure set forth by excitement; "but from all that I hear, it is a brilliant place, one of the highest developments of the age. This is a very old, hum-drum, benighted, obsolete product of the darker ages. I am sure you would never like to live here."

"Wouldn't I? If I only had the chance!" Then Julia blushed deeply, as her eyes met his; and even Jack's cheeks, which were always rather ruddy, showed sympathy with the sunset, as the fair one turned away.

THE REASON WHY FLORENCE WAS CALLED "THE DUCHESS."

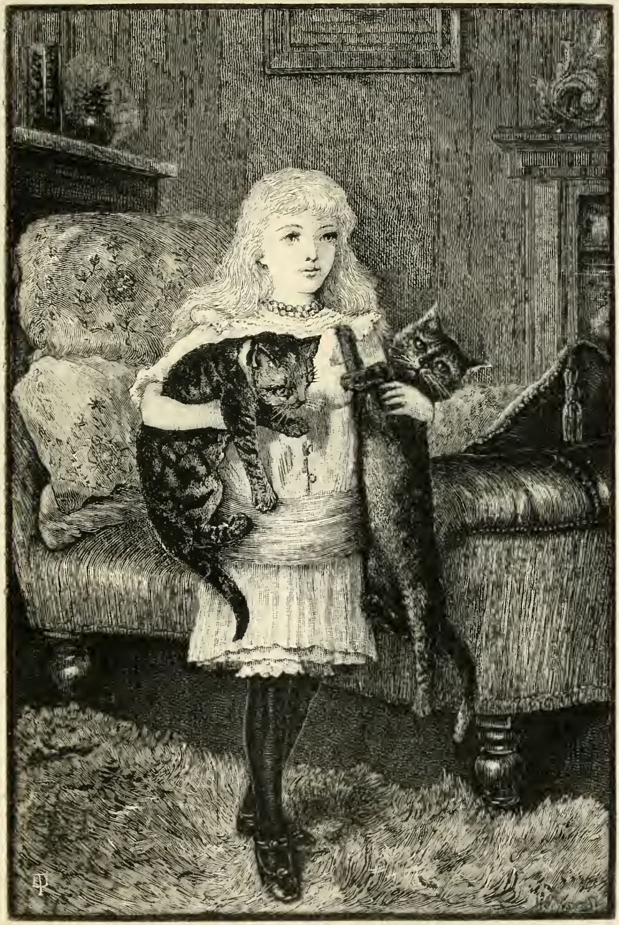
Dedicated to F.C.B. and K.L.B.

"NOT her name, but Florence," such is
Katie's comment on "the Duchess,"
When she hears your grace's title
Given you in due requital
Of an aspect most serenely
Soft and placid, yet so queenly,
From your little three-years' stature,
That one cannot doubt that nature
Has decreed by certain touches
To design *at least* a Duchess!

"When and why?" does Katie ask me,
Quite resolved to take to task me,
And to make me give a reason
For this nominal high treason,
Ere she will acknowledge duly
That you are "the Duchess" truly!

Listen, Katie, listen other,
Each and every, sister, brother,
While I tell you all the history,
This aristocratic mystery.

On a day you should remember
In a holiday December,
While the gale without blew madly,
And the hearth-side firelight gladly
Smiled to scorn the winter wailing,
While we sat around it stilly—
Elders all but May and Willie—
On a sudden in came sailing
(Like a white swan on the waters
With two dingy cygnet daughters,
Or like queen through fabled gateway
Closed in fear behind her straightway,
'Twixt two griffins, by some charming
Kept in durance from all harming)
You, my Florence—a white figure,
'Twixt two cats, and not much bigger
Than the beasties you were bearing
With a baby's easy daring.
Little fingers could not hold them,
So the whole arm must enfold them
(Arms and fingers *minus* mittens),
These two taloned tabby kittens!
Big as cats, of savage feature,
Each a grim and gruesome creature.
If *I'd* touched them, they'd have scratched me,
Or, in will at least, despatched me;
Or, if fearful more than frightening,
Have despatched themselves like lightning
From *my* arms' unlovely prison,
Mewing wild, "I isn't his'n"!



But, your Grace ! by all the Graces !
There they hung with charméd faces,
From your wee white arms depending,
Heads and tails together blending,
Troubled, doubtless, if not tortured,
But, as apples hang in orchard,
There they hung, nor scratched nor bit you,
Spit nor swore, nor hurt a whit you !

Scratched *you*, bit *you ?* Just as soon a
Lion would have bitten Una !
Spit or swore at *you ?* Much rather
They'd have spit at Tim, their father,
Or have sworn at Tib their mother,
Or have eaten one another,
Like the cats who at Kilkenny
Found each other one too many !

Ah, my darling ! at this vision,
'Spite the prosy world's derision,
I confess, so did it win me,
The poor poet spirit in me

Rose and spread its folded pinion,
With a moment's sweet dominion
In the regions sunny, airy,
Of far Eld and farther Faery,
And in you there passed before me—
Such a charm and spell was o'er me—
Those who formed the darling fancies
Of our childhood's blithe romances.

Said I so? Not I! I tumbled
Back to earth and merely mumbled,
"Look, her grace and glamour such is,
'Tis no baby but a duchess!"

There, my pet, you have the reason
For this nominal high treason!

S. J. STONE.

REMINISCENCES OF THE HIGH CHURCH REVIVAL.

By JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE, M.A.

LETTER III.—JOHN HENRY NEWMAN.

MY DEAR ——

My present letter will be given to a single figure. When I entered at Oxford John Henry Newman was beginning to be famous. The responsible authorities were watching him with anxiety; clever men were looking with interest and curiosity on the apparition among them of one of those persons of indisputable genius who was likely to make a mark upon his time. His appearance was striking. He was above the middle height, slight and spare. His head was large, his face remarkably like that of Julius Cæsar. The forehead, the shape of the ears and nose were almost the same. The lines of the mouth were very peculiar, and I should say exactly the same. I have often thought of the resemblance, and believed that it extended to the temperament. In both there was an original force of character which refused to be moulded by circumstances, which was to make its own way, and become a power in the world; a clearness of intellectual perception, a disdain for conventionalities, a temper imperious and wilful, but along with it a most attaching gentleness, sweetness, singleness of heart and purpose. Both were formed by nature to command others, both had the faculty of attracting to themselves the passionate devotion of their friends and followers, and in both cases, too, perhaps the devotion was rather due to the personal ascendancy of the leader than to the cause which he represented. It was Cæsar, not the principle of the empire, which overthrew Pompey and the constitution. *Credo in Newmannum* was a common phrase at Oxford, and is still unconsciously the faith of nine-tenths of the English converts to Rome.

When I first saw him he had written his book upon the Arians. An accidental application had set him upon it, at a time, I believe, when he had half resolved to give himself to science and mathematics, and had so determined him into a theological career. He had published a volume or two of parochial sermons. A few short poems of his had also appeared in the *British Magazine* under the signature of "Delta," which were reprinted in the "Lyra Apostolica." They were unlike any other religious poetry which was then extant. It was hard to say why they were so fascinating. They had none of the musical grace of the "Christian Year." They were not harmonious; the metre halted, the rhymes were irregular, yet there was something in them which seized the attention, and would not let it go. Keble's verses flowed in soft cadence over the mind, delightful, as sweet sounds are delightful, but are forgotten as the vibrations die away. Newman's had pierced into the heart and mind, and there remained. The literary critics of the day were puzzled. They saw that he was not an ordinary man; what sort of an extraordinary man he was they could not tell. "The eye of Melpomene has been cast upon him," said the omniscient (I think) *Athenæum;** "but the glance was not fixed or steady." The eye of Melpomene had extremely little to do in the matter. Here were thoughts like no other man's thoughts, and emotions like no other man's emotions. Here was a man who really believed his creed, and let it follow him into all his observations upon outward things. He had been travelling in Greece; he had carried with him his recollections of Thucydides, and while his companions were sketching olive gardens and old castles and picturesque harbours at

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* Perhaps it was not the *Athenæum*. I quote from memory. I remember the passage from the amusement which it gave me; but it was between forty and fifty years ago, and I have never seen it since.

Corfu, Newman was recalling the scenes which those harbours had witnessed thousands of years ago in the civil wars which the Greek historian has made immortal. There was nothing in this that was unusual. Any one with a well-stored memory is affected by historical scenery. But Newman was oppressed with the sense that the men who had fallen in that desperate strife were still alive, as much as he and his friends were alive.

"Their spirits live in awful singleness,"

he says,

"Each in its self-formed sphere of light or gloom."

We should all, perhaps, have acknowledged this in words. It is happy for us that we do not all realise what the words mean. The minds of most of us would break under the strain.

Other conventional beliefs, too, were quickened into startling realities. We had been hearing much in those days about the benevolence of the Supreme Being, and our corresponding obligation to charity and philanthropy. If the received creed was true, benevolence was by no means the only characteristic of that Being. What God loved we might love; but there were things which God did not love; accordingly we found Newman saying to us—

"Christian, would'st thou learn to love?
First learn thee how to hate."

* * * *

"Hatred of sin and zeal and fear
Lead up the Holy Hill;
Track them, till charity appear
A self-denial still."

It was not austerity that made him speak so. No one was more essentially tender-hearted; but he took the usually accepted Christian account of man and his destiny to be literally true, and the terrible character of it weighed upon him.

"Sunt lacrymæ rerum et mentem mortalia tangunt."

He could be gentle enough in other moods. "Lead, kindly Light," is the most popular hymn in the language. All of us, Catholic, Protestant, or such as can see their way to no positive creed at all, can here meet on common ground and join in a common prayer. Familiar as the lines are they may here be written down once more:—

"Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom
Lead Thou me on.
The night is dark, and I am far from home,
Lead Thou me on.
Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
Far distant scenes—one step enough for me.

"I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
Should'st lead me on.
I loved to choose and see my path; but now
Lead Thou me on.
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will. Remember not past years.

"So long Thy power hath blest us, sure it will
Still lead us on,
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone,
And with the morn those angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile."

It has been said that men of letters are either much less or much greater than their writings. Cleverness and the skilful use of other people's thoughts produce works which take us in till we see the authors, and then we are disenchanted. A man of genius, on the other hand, is a spring in which there is always more behind than flows from it. The painting or the poem is but a part of him inadequately realised, and his nature expresses itself, with equal or fuller completeness, in his life, his conversation, and personal presence. This was eminently true of Newman. Greatly as his poetry had struck me, he was himself all that the poetry was, and something far beyond. I had then never seen so impressive a person. I met him now and then in private; I attended his church and heard him preach Sunday after Sunday; he is supposed to have been insidious, to have led his disciples on to conclusions to which he designed to bring them, while his purpose was carefully veiled. He was, on the contrary, the most transparent of men. He told us what he believed to be true. He did not know where it would carry him. No one who has ever risen to any great height in this world refuses to move till he knows where he is going. He is impelled in each step which he takes by a force within himself. He satisfies himself only that the step is a right one, and he leaves the rest to Providence. Newman's mind was world-wide. He was interested in everything which was going on in science, in politics, in literature. Nothing was too large for him, nothing too trivial, if it threw light upon the central question, what man really was, and what was his destiny. He was careless about his personal prospects. He had no ambition to make a career, or to rise to rank and power. Still less had pleasure any seductions for him. His natural temperament was bright and light; his senses, even the commonest, were exceptionally delicate. I was told that, though he rarely drank wine, he was trusted to choose the vintages for the college cellar. He could admire enthusiastically any greatness of action and character, however remote the sphere of it from his own. Gurwood's "Dispatches of the Duke of Wellington" came out just then. Newman had been reading the book, and a friend asked him what he thought of it. "Think?" he said, "it makes one burn to have been a soldier." But his own subject was the absorbing interest with him. Where Christianity is a real belief, where there are distinct convictions that a man's own self and the millions of human beings who are playing on the earth's surface are the objects of a supernatural dispensation, and are on the road to heaven or hell, the most powerful mind may well be startled at the aspect of things. If Christianity was true, since Christianity was true (for Newman at no time doubted the reality of the revelation), then modern England, modern Europe, with its march of intellect and its useful knowledge and its material progress, was advancing with a light heart into ominous conditions. Keble had looked into no lines of thought but his own. Newman had read omnivorously; he had studied modern thought and modern life in all its forms, and with all its many-coloured passions. He knew, of course, that many men of learning and ability believed that Christianity was not a revelation at all, but had been thrown out, like other creeds, in the growth of the human mind. He knew that doubts of this kind were the inevitable results of free discussion and free toleration of differences of opinion; and he was too candid to attribute such doubts, as others did, to wickedness of heart. He could not, being what he was, acquiesce in the established religion as he would acquiesce in the law of the land, because it was there, and because the country had accepted it, and because good general reasons could be given for assuming it to be right. The soundest arguments, even the arguments of Bishop Butler himself, went no farther than to establish a probability. But religion with Newman was a personal thing between himself and his Maker, and it was not possible to feel love and devotion to a Being whose existence was merely probable; as Carlyle says of himself when in a similar condition, a religion which was not a certainty was a mockery and a horror; and unshaken and unshakable as his own convictions were, Newman evidently was early at a loss for the intellectual grounds on which the claims of Christianity to abstract belief could be based. The Protestant was satisfied with the Bible, the original text of which, and perhaps the English translation, he regarded as inspired. But the inspiration itself was an assumption, and had to be proved; and Newman, though he believed the inspiration, seems to have recognised earlier than most of his contemporaries that the Bible was not a single book, but a national literature, produced at intervals, during many hundred years, and under endless varieties of circumstances. Protestant and Catholic alike appealed to it; and they could not both be right. Yet if the differences between them were essential there must be some authority capable of deciding between them. The Anglican Church had a special theology of its own, professing to be based on the Bible. Yet to suppose that each individual left to himself would gather out of the Bible, if able and conscientious, exactly these opinions, and no others, was absurd and contrary to experience. There were the creeds; but on what authority did the creeds rest? On the four councils? or on other councils, and, if other, on which? Was it on the Church, and, if so, on what Church? The Church of the Fathers? or the Church still present and alive and speaking? If for living men, among whom new questions were perpetually rising, a Church which was also living could not be dispensed with, then what was that Church, and to what conclusions would such an admission lead us?

With us undergraduates Newman, of course, did not enter on such important questions, although they were in the air, and we talked about them among ourselves. He, when we met him, spoke to us about subjects of the day, of literature, of public persons and incidents, of everything which was generally interesting. He seemed always to be better informed on common topics of conversation than any one else who was present. He was never condescending with us, never didactic or authoritative; but what he said carried conviction along with it. When we were wrong he knew why we were wrong, and excused our mistakes to ourselves while he set us right. Perhaps his supreme merit as a talker was that he never tried to be witty or to say striking things. Ironical he could be, but not ill-natured. Not a malicious anecdote was ever heard from him. Prosy he could not be. He was lightness itself—the lightness of elastic strength—and he was interesting because he never talked for talking's sake, but because he had something real to say.

Thus it was that we, who had never seen such another man, and to whom he appeared, perhaps, at special advantage in contrast with the normal college don, came to regard Newman with the affection of pupils (though pupils, strictly speaking, he had none) for an idolised master. The simplest word which dropped from him was treasured as if it had been an intellectual diamond. For hundreds of young men *Credo in Newmannum* was the genuine symbol of faith.

Personal admiration, of course, inclined us to look to him as a guide in matters of religion. No one who heard his sermons in those days can ever forget them. They were seldom directly theological. We had theology enough and to spare from the select preachers before the university. Newman, taking some Scripture character for a text, spoke to us about ourselves, our temptations, our experiences. His illustrations were inexhaustible. He seemed to be addressing the most secret consciousness of each of us—as the eyes of a portrait appear to look at every person in a room. He never exaggerated; he was never unreal. A sermon from him was a poem, formed on a distinct idea, fascinating by its subtlety, welcome—how welcome!—from its sincerity, interesting from its originality, even to those who were careless of religion, and to others who wished to be religious, but had found religion dry and wearisome, it was like the springing of a fountain out of the rock.

The hearts of men vibrate in answer to one another like the strings of musical instruments. These sermons were, I suppose, the records of Newman's own mental experience. They appear to me to be the outcome of continued meditation upon his fellow-creatures and their position in this world; their awful responsibilities; the mystery of their nature, strangely mixed of good and evil, of strength and weakness. A tone, not of fear, but of infinite pity runs through them all, and along with it a resolution to look facts in the face; not to fly to evasive generalities about infinite mercy and benevolence, but to examine what revelation really has added to our knowledge, either of what we are or of what lies before us. We were met on all sides with difficulties; for experience did not confirm, it rather contradicted, what revelation appeared distinctly to assert. I recollect a sermon from him—I think in the year 1839—I have never read it since; I may not now remember the exact words, but the impression left is ineffaceable. It was on the trials of faith, of which he gave different illustrations. He supposed, first, two children to be educated together, of similar temperament and under similar conditions, one of whom was baptized and the other unbaptized. He represented them as growing up equally amiable, equally upright, equally reverent and God-fearing, with no outward evidence that one was in a different spiritual condition from the other; yet we were required to believe not only that their condition was totally different, but that one was a child of God, and his companion was not.

Again, he drew a sketch of the average men and women who made up society, whom we ourselves encountered in daily life, or were connected with, or read about in newspapers. They were neither special saints nor special sinners. Religious men had faults, and often serious ones. Men careless of religion were often amiable in private life, good husbands, good fathers, steady friends, in public honourable, brave, and patriotic. Even in the worst and wickedest, in a witch of Endor, there was a human heart and human tenderness. None seemed good enough for heaven, none so bad as to deserve to be consigned to the company of evil spirits, and to remain in pain and misery for ever. Yet all these people were, in fact, divided one from the other by an invisible line of separation. If they were to die on the spot as they actually were, some would be saved, the rest would be lost—the saved to have eternity of happiness, the lost to be with the devils in hell.

Again, I am not sure whether it was on the same occasion, but it was in following the same line of thought, Newman described closely some of the incidents of our Lord's passion; he then paused. For a few moments there was a breathless silence. Then, in a low, clear voice, of which the faintest vibration was audible in the farthest corner of St. Mary's, he said, "Now, I bid you recollect that He to whom these things were done was Almighty God." It was as if an electric stroke had gone through the church, as if every person present understood for the first time the meaning of what he had all his life been saying. I suppose it was an epoch in the mental history of more than one of my Oxford contemporaries.

Another sermon left its mark upon me. It was upon evidence. I had supposed up to that time that the chief events related in the Gospels were as well authenticated as any other facts of history. I had read Paley and Grotius at school, and their arguments had been completely satisfactory to me. The Gospels had been written by apostles or companions of apostles. There was sufficient evidence, in Paley's words, "that many professing to be original witnesses of the Christian miracles had passed their lives in labours, dangers, and sufferings in attestation of the accounts which they delivered." St. Paul was a further and independent authority. It was not conceivable that such men as St. Paul and the other apostles evidently were should have conspired to impose a falsehood upon the world, and should have succeeded in doing it undetected in an age exceptionally cultivated and sceptical. Gibbon I had studied also, and had thought about the five causes by which he explained how Christianity came to be believed; but they had seemed to me totally inadequate. I was something more than surprised, therefore, when I heard Newman say that Hume's argument against the credibility of miracles was logically sound. The laws of nature, so far as could be observed, were uniform, and in any given instance it *was* more likely as a mere matter of evidence that men should deceive or be deceived, than that those laws should have been deviated from. Of course he did not leave the matter in this position. Hume goes on to say that he is speaking of evidence as addressed to the reason; the Christian religion addresses itself to faith, and the credibility of it is therefore unaffected by his objection. What Hume said in irony Newman accepted in earnest. Historically the proofs were insufficient, or sufficient only to create a sense of probability. Christianity was apprehended by a faculty essentially different. It was called faith. But what was faith, and on what did it rest? Was it as if mankind had been born with but four senses, by which to form their notions of things external to them, and that a fifth sense of sight was suddenly conferred on favoured individuals, which converted conjecture into certainty? I could not tell. For myself this way of putting the matter gave me no new sense at all, and only taught me to distrust my old ones.

I say at once that I think it was injudicious of Newman to throw out before us thus abruptly an opinion so extremely agitating. I explain it by supposing that here, as elsewhere, his sermons contained simply the workings of his own mind, and were a sort of public confession which he made as he went along. I suppose that something of this kind had been passing through him. He was in advance of his time. He had studied the early fathers; he had studied Church history, and the lives of the saints and martyrs. He knew that the hard and fast line which Protestants had drawn at which miracles had ceased was one which no historical canon could reasonably defend. Stories of the exercise of supernatural power ran steadily from the beginning to the latest period of the Church's existence; many of them were as well supported by evidence as the miracles of the New Testament; and if reason was to be the judge, no arbitrary separation of the age of the apostles from the age of their successors was possible. Some of these stories might be inventions, or had no adequate authority for them; but for others there was authority of eye-witnesses; and if these were to be set aside by a peremptory act of will as unworthy of credit, the Gospel miracles themselves might fall before the same methods. The argument of Hume was already silently applied to the entire post-apostolic period. It had been checked by the traditionary reverence for the Bible. But this was not reason; it was faith. Perhaps, too, he saw that the alternative did not lie as sharply as Paley supposed, between authentic fact and deliberate fraud. Legends might grow; they grew every day, about common things and persons, without intention to deceive. Imagination, emotion, affection, or, on the other side, fear and animosity, are busy with the histories of men who have played a remarkable part in the world. Great historic figures—a William Tell, for instance—have probably had no historical existence at all, and yet are fastened indelibly into national traditions. Such reflections as these would make it evident that if the Christian miracles were to be believed, not as possibly or probably true, but as indisputably true—true in such a sense that a man's life on earth, and his hope for the future, could be securely based upon them—the history must be guaranteed by authority different in kind from the mere testimony to be gathered out of books. I suppose every thinking person would now acknowledge this to be true. And we see, in fact, that Christians of various persuasions supplement the evidence in several ways. Some assume the verbal inspiration of the Bible; others are conscious of personal experiences which make doubt impossible. Others, again, appeal justly to the existence of Christianity as a fact, and to the power which it has exerted in elevating and humanizing mankind. Newman found what he wanted in the living authority of the Church, in the existence of an organized body which had been instituted by our Lord Himself, and was still actively present among us as a living witness of the truth. Thus the imperfection of the outward evidence was itself an argument for the Catholic theory. All religious people were agreed that the facts of the Gospel narrative really happened as they were said to have happened. Proof there must be somewhere to justify the conviction; and proof could only be found in the admission that the Church, the organized Church with its bishops and priests, was not a human institution, but was the living body through which the Founder of Christianity Himself was speaking to us.

Such, evidently, was one use to which Hume's objection could be applied, and to those who, like Newman, were provided with the antidote, there was no danger in admitting the force of it. Nor would the risk have been great with his hearers if they had been playing with the question as a dialectical exercise. But he had made them feel and think seriously about it by his own intense earnestness, and, brought up as most of them had been to believe that Christianity had sufficient historical evidence for it, to be suddenly told that the famous argument against miracles was logically valid after all, was at least startling. The Church theory, as making good a testimony otherwise defective, was new to most of us, and not very readily taken in. To remove the foundation of a belief, and to substitute another, is like putting new foundations to a house. The house itself may easily be overthrown in the process. I have said before that in a healthy state of things religion is considered too sacred to be argued about. It is believed as a matter of duty, and the why or the wherefore are not so much as thought about. Revolutions are not far off when men begin to ask whence the sovereign derives his authority. Scepticism is not far off when they ask why they believe their creed. We had all been satisfied about the Gospel history; not a shadow of doubt had crossed the minds of one of us; and though we might not have been able to give a logical reason for our certitude, the certitude was in us, and might well have been let alone. I for one began to read Hume attentively, and though old associations prevented me from recognising the full force of what he had to say, no doubt I was unconsciously affected by him. It must have been so, for I remember soon after insisting to a friend that the essential part of religion was morality. My friend replied that morality was only possible to persons who received power through faith to keep the commandments. But this did not satisfy me, for it seemed contrary to fact. There were persons of great excellence whose spiritual beliefs were utterly different. I could not bring myself to admit that the goodness, for instance, of a Unitarian was only apparent. After all is said, the visible conduct of men is the best test that we can have of their inward condition. If not the best, where are we to find a better?

J. A. FROUDE.

THE AMERICAN KITCHEN-GARDEN.

A School for Housemaids.

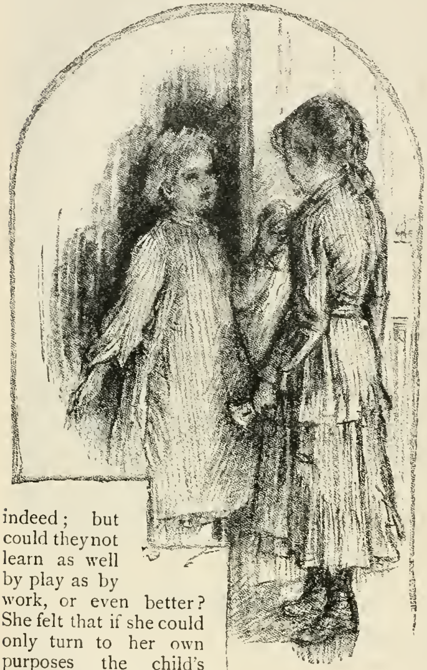
By ALFRED BUTLER STAREY.

SOME six years ago a young New England lady, of good family and well-educated, having been unexpectedly thrown upon her own resources, was appointed matron of the Wilson Industrial School, the pioneer mission of New York.

The domestic staff of the School consisted at that time of a standing force of a cook and a housemaid, with a reserve of a large number of children, who were inmates of the house, and were called upon to assist in the household duties by turns. Entering the kitchen of her new domain for the first time, Miss Huntington found two little maids ostensibly employed in paring potatoes, but actually, and with greater zeal, engaged in pelting one another with the parings. The gentle words with which she greeted them were a complete surprise, and the children surrendered at discretion. Having elicited a confession from the delinquents that they did not like the occupation in which they were nominally engaged, the new matron proclaimed a revolution in these words: "Why, of course you don't like it, poor little things, because you are so tired and have been sitting here so long. Now run out into the yard and play for half an hour, and when I ring the bell you will come in at once."

It is needless to say that they did come in as soon as the bell rang, with happy, flushed faces, and all out of breath. Their play was delightful, but they left it eagerly to see something more of this wonderful new matron, who had sent them out to play instead of scolding them. Already they felt that she loved them, and their little hearts, all unused to disinterested kindness, were hers

Following up the victory thus won, Miss Huntington, by her happy nature and affectionate solicitude, managed to infuse into the children's drudgery a new vitality. But still she was conscious, that after all it was drudgery, and not play. Children must learn indeed; but could they not learn as well by play as by work, or even better? She felt that if she could only turn to her own purposes the child's natural instinct to amuse itself, her object would be accomplished and her victory complete. And so, toiling by day, and wearing out the long nights in thought, she sought her inspiration.



"Is Mrs. Brown at home?"

The inspiration was not long in coming. In 1876 Miss Huntington published, in a tiny volume which she called "Little Housekeepers," some of the precepts which she had found to be of most constant use in her daily work. Through this she made the acquaintance of a Miss Haines, who had won much success in New York as a teacher, and by her was invited to visit her Kindergarten.

The effect upon Miss Huntington of this revelation—for such it was—is graphically told by herself:—

> "How shall I describe my joy? My mystery was all solved. There, in a pretty, sunny room, among birds and flowers, sat children of the wealthy, building with blocks and gradually learning the rudiments of geometry. In a moment my fancy painted *my* poor children in the same pretty framing, setting little tables, washing little dishes, all the time listening to corrections and suggestions from kind teachers. What happy little faces! Work had become play, and the instruments of toil were playthings. The same broom, only a little smaller, with a bright ribbon tied on the handle; the same cups to wash, only these were toys and so cunning! Such was the picture!"

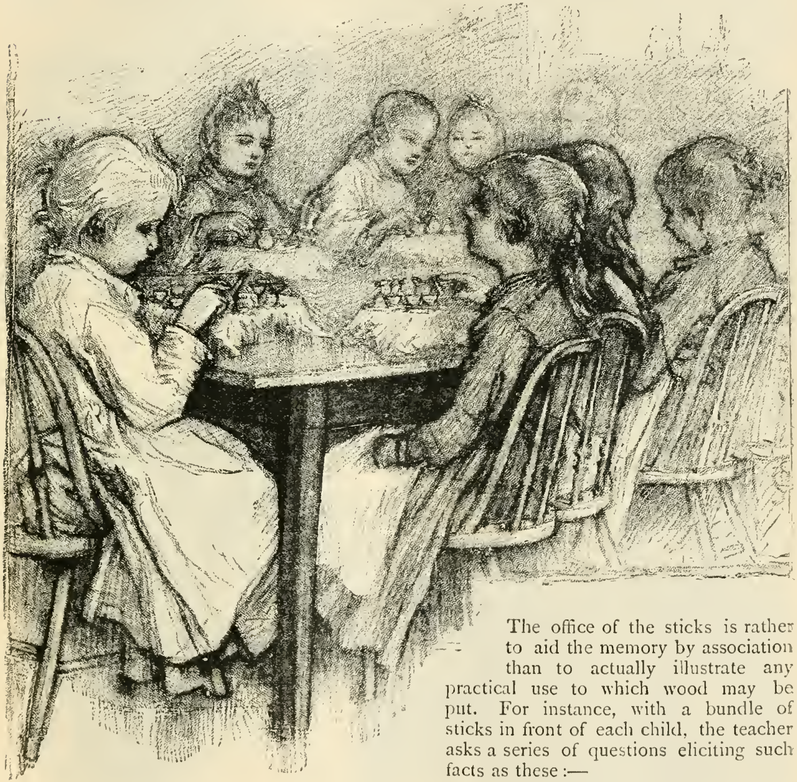
And such was the origin of the new system.

"A Kinder-Garten!" exclaimed Miss Huntington. "What I need is a *Kitchen-Garden*." And so it was called a "Kitchen-Garden."

Having sketched out in her mind her plan, Miss Huntington selected twenty-four little maids from her reserve force, and proceeded to put her scheme into practice. But let it not be imagined that the method, as it now appears in its completed form, was born full-grown. It was developed step by step, with much anxiety and thought. A piano was the first necessity; a march was introduced here, a song there, and then a frolic. We have seen its origin: it is needless to trace its development. It is now almost as perfect as it can be for the rudimentary instruction at which it aims; and it must not be forgotten that the method does not pretend to teach the whole duty of the housewife. It does not touch upon the higher art of Cooking, wisely leaving this to follow at a later stage—the academic course, as it were, in housekeeping, while the Kitchen-Garden is but a preparatory school.

From homes made repulsive, if not by positive squalor, at least by that utter disregard of domestic comfort which drives men and women to the rum-shop, and children to the comparative luxury of the gutter, the little girls come in their shabby, homely garments to a bright airy room, with its clean, comfortable-looking furniture, hung round with pleasing pictures, and dotted here and there with gay and fragrant flowers—such flowers as they have seen in rare excursions to the Park, where a grey-coated policeman is ready at every turn to pounce upon the longing little hands that would dare pluck them. The Kitchen-Garden is all abloom as a garden should be, and instead of a stern policeman to guard its treasures, a bright-faced, cheery young lady actually invites the children to a nearer acquaintance with these buds and blossoms, about which they know nothing but that they are beautiful and fragrant, and that they feel the happier for seeing and smelling them.

The principle of the system being instruction in the guise of amusement, the lessons are interspersed with games and marches and songs, each of them having some more or less direct bearing on the subject in hand. Every lesson opens with a march played upon a piano by some person, other than the instructor, who will be required to remain at the instrument throughout the whole exercise. As the march strikes up the class enters the room (or falls into line), and bows in unison to the teacher, and after making the circuit of the room, the children take their places and prepare for the lesson.



The Breakfast-Table.

Beginning with the simplest articles, Lesson Number One comprises exercises with Kinder-Garten sticks, two-and-a-half inches long, by means of which the children are taught various facts connected with wood.

The office of the sticks is rather to aid the memory by association than to actually illustrate any practical use to which wood may be put. For instance, with a bundle of sticks in front of each child, the teacher asks a series of questions eliciting such facts as these:—

Coal will not kindle without sticks of wood. Kindling wood should be gathered over night, and placed near the stove or range to dry. Matches are small sticks of wood tipped with brimstone. They should not be struck on the wall, because that will make an ugly black mark; and when burned they should not be thrown on the carpet, but into the grate or some other safe place.

This lesson is then relieved and further pressed home by a simple ditty sung by all the children in unison, a sample verse of which will suffice, for Kitchen-Garden poetry is not always of the highest order,—

"Then about the matches learn,
How they're made and how they burn—
Not to scratch them on the wall,
Nor on the carpet let them fall."

"The old town of Anjou," says a recent writer, "was once most remarkable for its folding of linen. It seems a little thing to distinguish a place, but one who witnessed a display of the grand old cabinets of its spacious mansions would be likely to remember it ever afterwards."

The Kitchen-Garden, while it does not aim at the elaborate *lingerie* of the mediæval Anjevins, teaches their accomplishment by means of small pieces of paper representing towels and napkins. Each fold is made simultaneously by the whole class, while the teacher directs and examines, and distributes praise or blame, as either may be deserved, being careful, however, to encourage when praise cannot conscientiously be given. Thus the children are taught to fold napkins for the table, and towels, &c., for ironing, the teacher, of course, pointing out rules to be observed in each operation.

The exercise is brought to a close by a musical game, in which the children form a ring and play at "Waiting on the door." Each in turn, walking round the outside of the circle, rings a little hand-bell behind one of her playmates, who turns and faces the bell-ringer.

"Is Mrs. Brown at home?" inquires the make-believe caller.

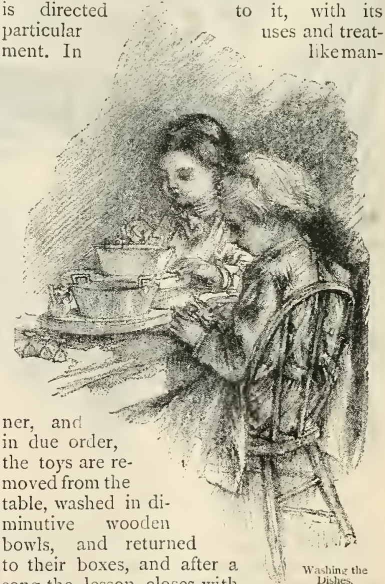
"Yes, ma'am: please let me show you to the parlour and I will speak to her."

And so the game goes on, and any one who has watched little girls playing at "making calls" will understand the amusement which those little girls find in this simple game. That the practical use of the lesson is not forgotten as soon as the game breaks up will be evident to any visitor to the Wilson Industrial School at any hour, when he will find himself taking part in a game of "Waiting on the door" with a little maid of some twelve summers, and rehearsing the self-same words that are set down in Miss Huntington's book.

The Second Lesson teaches the art of setting a breakfast-table. As in the first lesson, and, indeed, in all, the class enters the room to the accompaniment of a gay march, each child carrying a plain board about twelve inches square, and two boxes—the one containing a toy set of tin breakfast dishes, coffee-pot, &c.; the other (and smaller one) table-cloth, napkins, knives and forks. At signals given by chords on the piano—and here it may be said that, to insure unity of action, every operation is directed by this means—the children arrange each her little outfit of toys. After the boxes are emptied, and the contents of the larger one placed upon its lid superimposed upon the smaller box (which then does duty for a sideboard) the square board is placed upon the larger box and forms the breakfast-table. Then the cloth is laid and the articles are placed upon it in order.

Knives and forks should be put on first, the knives at the right hand, with their sharp edges turned towards the plate. The coffee-pot should always be scalded before the coffee is put in. This is the sugar-bowl: it should always be filled when taken from the table. The breakfast plates should always be hot.

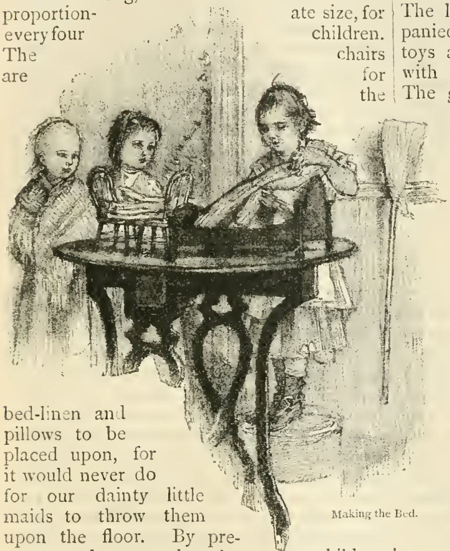
These and other necessary precepts are not inculcated in a direct dry way, and in just so many words; but by question and answer and comment, and by associating each individual article, as attention is directed to it, with its particular uses and treatment. In like manner, and in due order, the toys are removed from the table, washed in diminutive wooden bowls, and returned to their boxes, and after a song the lesson closes with a wand-exercise, such as is used in gymnasiums, to the accompaniment of music.



Washing the Dishes.

The more difficult art of setting a dinner-table is treated in a later exercise; but it is, of course, so much similar to the breakfast-table lesson as to need no description here.

The necessary and generally imperfectly understood science of bed-making forms the subject of the next exercise. The toys required are a doll's bedstead, about two feet long, and chairs of proportionate size, for every four children. The chairs are for the bed-linen and pillows to be placed upon, for it would never do for our dainty little maids to throw them upon the floor. By precept and example the children are taught how to air the bed, how to dispose the sheets and blankets, and how to make the whole smooth and neat; for, as the song sings—


Making the Bed.

"Beds made in a hurry,
A fret and a worry,
Are always unhealthy and musty, 'tis sure;
But left for an airing,
Pains-taking and caring,
And one must sleep sweetly, to know it is pure."

The cardinal rules for bed-making are here introduced in rhyme, each child repeating one line. The last three lines close the exercise as follows:—

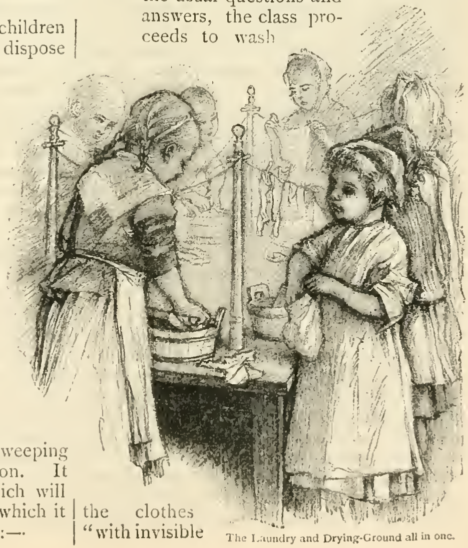
"So now say your prayers; lay aside all your cares,
And rest your small head, for your teacher has said
You're a dear little girl, and can make a nice bed."

As a pendant to bed-making a sweeping lesson is introduced in this session. It opens with a song, the metre of which will suggest to many readers the air to which it is sung in Miss Huntington's classes:—

"Away now swiftly flying,
It is our sweeping day;
For brooms and dusters hieing
To work without delay.
First open shutters wide,
Move little things outside,
Then sweep, sweep, sweep, my little maid,
To make your room so neat.
Then sweep, sweep, sweep, my little maid,
To make your room so neat."

The lesson is followed by a game (accompanied, as usual, by music), in which the toys are the little brooms, each ornamented with a bright ribbon, and skipping-ropes. The games may be of any kind the toys may suggest, and, of course, "skipping" is one of them. Care must be taken, however, that everything be done in strict time, so that the play may not degenerate into a mere romp.

And now we will suppose it is Monday morning, which is washing-day in all well-regulated families. Our Kitchen-Garden class is certainly well-regulated, for here we see four posts, about eighteen inches high, stuck into holes, two at each end of the table, and, stretched from post to post, a clothes-line of string. This is the laundry and drying-ground all in one, and presently the twenty-four little washerwomen enter the room with their washing-tubs and boards and bundles of dolls' clothing. After the usual questions and answers, the class proceeds to wash the clothes "with invisible


The Laundry and Drying-Ground all in one.

soap and imperceptible water" to a merry tune:—

"In the tubs so cheerily our little hands must go.
Washing all so merrily, and washing white as snow," &c.

More questions follow, bearing upon the relative treatment of various articles—the order in which they should be washed and the manner in which they should be arranged on the clothes-line; and when all have been taken down the class retires with the washing apparatus, and reappears armed with scrubbing brushes. From washing clothes to scrubbing tables is a natural transition, and with the rhythmic accompaniment of their brushes the children sing the "Scrubbing Song:"—

"Scrubbing away at the break of day,
To make our homes look neat;
For a good hard scrub is the very best way
To make all smell so sweet.

Chorus—Then scrub away in your very best way,
With a face so bright and cheerful,
For a cheery face meets much more grace
Than one that is always tearful."

And a "cheery face" is, indeed, one of the characteristics of a Kitchen-Garden class. Cheerfulness is the *genius loci.* The face, voice, and manner of the teacher inspire it; it floats upon the fragrance of the flowers, and is reflected by the brightness of the furniture and the general aspect of the surroundings. Insubordination is almost unknown; but in the rare cases in which it has shown itself the originator of the system, instead of "keeping in" the offender, or giving her an "imposition" (rightly so called), simply forbids the child coming to Kitchen-Garden for the next lesson—a punishment which has invariably been found effective.

Enough of the details of the method has now been given to show its general working, and it is impossible in so limited a space to do more than this. As has been said, the system was developed slowly, and with infinite thought. It is now almost perfect, and its author has prepared and printed by subscription a book which gives the fullest details, and which is, indeed, the teacher's text-book. But more important than the book is the spirit which animates the teacher. The system aims at instruction under the guise of amusement. The pedagogue must be hidden under the bright smile and affectionate nature of the elder sister or playmate. If the disguise be too slight—if, indeed, it be an effort to maintain it—the teacher may count on failure. Only those who have an inborn love for children, and a real sympathy with child-nature, can hope for success. Fortunately these qualities are given to many of those whom we speak of carelessly, but without intentional disrespect, as our womenfolk. The bread-winner gives his money to the cause of charity; his wife and daughters and sisters give their time and energy, and by their tender sympathy, bright faces, and gentle manners make the bread of charity sweeter to those who must eat it.

But philanthropy is nothing if not practical, and the most benevolent spirit is but a vain blessing if it incite not to good works. Given the enthusiastic spirit and the material on which to work, we must also have the apparatus. And here it was that Miss Huntington met her first great practical difficulty. It would seem reasonable to suppose that in these days, when almost everything is counterfeited in miniature for the amusement of the young—even to the very sea-beach, with whose sand the children love so dearly to build forts to be demolished by the incoming tide—there would be no difficulty in laying hand upon as complete a set of toy utensils for baby-housekeeping as the most exacting teacher could desire. But such was not the case. For her purpose Miss Huntington required that the toys should be in proportion, and yet be large enough to admit of their being exact counterparts of their grown-up prototypes. After a fruitless search at the shops she bearded the toy-makers in their factories, and it was not long before two dozen complete sets of household toys, made to her special order, were displayed in all their brand-new glitter before the astonished and delighted eyes of as many children seated at the Kitchen-Garden tables.

Before offering a few suggestions for the guidance of those who may be disposed to make the Kitchen-Garden experiment, I will sketch briefly, for their encouragement, its progress in the United States. The Kitchen-Garden system having been so successfully planted in New York and elsewhere, a number of ladies interested in it have formed themselves into a society, the declared objects of which are—(1) To secure the wide and correct diffusion of the principles on which the system is based. (2) To prevent its degenerating into a careless and erratic method of teaching. (3) To promote uniformity of action in all Kitchen-Garden schools. (4) To establish a place of reference, and for consultation with those interested in the system. (5) To assure its perpetuation.

In April, 1879, the society was formally incorporated, and in accordance with the laws of the State of New York, under the title of "The Kitchen-Garden Association." The statistics of the previous year show that there were in the United States during that time twenty-two classes, containing between five hundred and six hundred children, under the instruction of seventy teachers. Of these classes eleven were in New York, and the rest distributed among five of the principal cities of the Union. Miss Huntington herself has directly trained most of the seventy teachers, and all acknowledge the invaluable assistance her book has given them.

When the principle of the thing is thoroughly understood, such modifications as might be necessary to make its teaching accord with English practice in housekeeping could easily be made; while the marches, and the songs, with the airs to which they are sung, might be varied, where strict conformity to the established usage is not essential.

In almost every village there is some room — a schoolroom, for instance — the use of which can be obtained for two or three afternoons a week without expense. Such a room is almost sure to be bare and uninviting, but all ladies know how much can be done to make a room look bright and cheerful with those odds and ends which accumulate in every house, and are the bane of orderly housewives. Pictures, too, which never more expected to see the light of day, may be brought out, blinking, from their garret prisons; and when dusted and washed, and, if necessary, touched up—their frames, I mean—with paint, they may renew the pleasures of their youth and smile upon the rising generation. Only such, however, as are pleasing to the youthful eye should be accorded this privilege. In these days of cheap and good photographs and prints, there will be little necessity to ransack the garret for works of Art; and where Art fails let Nature herself step in and fill the void with her rich variety of form and colour in growing plants and plucked flowers, not forgetting the modest beauties of meadow, mossy bank, and hedgerow. When the Kitchen-Garden room is made habitable to the eye, so to speak, the actually necessary furniture for utilitarian purposes will be a piano, placed so that the player can see both the instructor and the children; two tables (to accommodate easily twelve children each) pierced near the corners, and about nine inches from the edge, with holes for the miniature clothes-posts, and twenty-four seats. Chairs with backs are preferable for three reasons—they are more comfortable than benches, more easily accessible, and *less like the seats used in schools.* This is a matter, however, which need not be insisted on at first if the room (a schoolroom) is already provided with the ordinary benches.

The outlay required for the equipment of a class of twenty-four children for the lessons which have been outlined in this paper amounts to from eight to ten pounds. The articles needed will be as follows:—Twenty-four of each of the following — tea sets, dinner sets, knives and forks, table-cloths, napkins, towels, dish-pans, brooms, skipping-ropes, wands, bags of clothes-pins; also six—three will do—bedsteads about two feet long, with mattress, bed linen, bolsters and pillows; two chairs with each bed, and eight clothes-posts about eighteen inches high; in addition, twenty-four bundles of Kindergarten sticks (which can be obtained at school-furnishing houses) and some dolls' clothing —any odd ones will do, provided they are all about the same size—for the washing-lesson, and bags to contain them.

The rough estimate given above for the whole outfit is based upon New York prices, but it is doubtful whether English toy-makers can supply articles at an appreciably lower rate. In consideration, however, of the large quantity to be bought at one time, and the purpose for which they are required, it would not be unfair to expect toy-makers to make some reduction in price.

In organizing a Kitchen-Garden great care should be taken to have everything in perfect working order, so that no hitch may occur. Children are the acutest of critics—especially town-bred children — and the novelty of their surroundings will not prevent them from seeing and noting anything that is likely to betray the pious fraud which is being practised upon them. While it is not for a moment to be supposed that all reference to the instructive nature of the amusements provided for them should be kept from the children, even if it were possible, yet it is absolutely necessary that they should learn to look upon the exercises as a recreation, and to this end the mechanism should be so perfect, and apparently automatic, as not to suggest that it is mechanism. Many difficulties will arise, and some will appear insurmountable; but as the idea is considered by earnest would-be "Kitchen-Gardeners," and the plans thought out, many of the mountains will dwindle down to mole-hills, while the really difficult obstacles will serve as landmarks to recall the triumphs that have been won.

Much is being done to raise the standard of cookery in England, but nothing has been attempted to train the housemaid to a more intelligent discharge of her duties. This need, so sorely felt in America, Miss Huntington's system bids fair to supply. And though England is blest with far more efficient servants than America is unwillingly obliged to put up with, there is no doubt that domestic service even here is not what it used to be. Other callings requiring equal skill, and affording higher wages, with greater independence, attract many who, in days gone by, would have entered service in their teens to grow up with the household. But domestic service is still a fact, and an important department of labour, and if English ladies would have around them handmaidens who need not fear comparison with the "neat-handed Phyllis" whose trim figure is not the least conspicuous in pictures of the domestic life of our grand-parents, let a School for Housemaids be enrolled among the great progressive institutions of Great Britain.

VICTORIOUS FAILURES.

PARADOXICAL as the title of this paper may seem, it is in reality not so; for while there are many victories as disastrous as defeats, so there are many defeats which are equivalent to victories. A failure may be pronounced a success in the same ratio that it leads to ultimate triumph. There is a deep and world-wide significance in the legend of King Robert Bruce and the spider. Whether the story be true or not I do not care; it answers my purpose. Again and again was the spider beaten back in the endeavour to accomplish its engineering feat; and yet seeming failure was but the nurse of courage till at length final victory crowned its enterprise. Given proportionate energy and determination in the breast of every man, and he might move mountains. He would be proof against defeat, invincible against fate. For many weary years, Bruce himself was to all seeming a hopeless adventurer, schooled in hardship and stricken by adversity. For long, we are told, he listened in Highland glens to the bay of the bloodhounds on his track, or held single-handed a pass against a crowd of savage clansmen. It seemed incredible that such an one should ever come to wear the crown of Scotland. But all his severe training was not actual failure; it was the preparation for victory. Every hardship encountered brought him one stage nearer the goal; and how then can such enterprises be termed failures?

Seneca says that a virtuous man struggling with misfortune is such a spectacle as gods might look upon with envy; and we may of course widen the scope of that word virtuous to include all brave spirits struggling after noble and definite ends. If failure and success are to be measured by the immediate effects which human actions produce upon mankind, then some of our best and greatest men were conspicuous failures. Take one or two examples as they occur to us. On a certain Sunday in February, 1526, Cardinal Wolsey sat in great state in old St. Paul's. Beneath the pulpit were gathered baskets of books, which were speedily to be burned in the fire lighted before the great cross. These were Tyndale's Testaments, produced with great labour and under severe hardship, and given to the people of England to be their moral and spiritual life-blood. They were all destroyed, and ten years later the body of Tyndale also had perished like his books in the flames. But was the truth stamped out? On the contrary, it rose again stronger than ever. And Tyndale, was he defeated and his work a failure? Let the millions who have reaped the advantage of his brave Christian courage and labour testify. Think, again, of Avisseau, the potter of Tours. Three hundred years had passed away since Palissy had died and carried with him his secret to the grave. Avisseau aspired to bring back to men the knowledge of the lost art. But he laboured on, day and night, apparently in vain. His goods were sold and he lost all; and at length he was driven to exclaim, "Ah! could I but buy one piece of gold with a whole cupful of my blood!" Surely here was failure, blank and utter! No; daylight was in view, though the world saw it not. Avisseau had a wife cast in the same noble and heroic mould as himself. She gazed lovingly and lingeringly upon her wedding-ring, but at last drew the little sacred thing from her finger and gave it to her husband. "'Tis our own," she said; "then take the gold and melt it down." It was a moment of terrible agony for the man of science, but his wife insisted upon the talisman going into the crucible. The anxious moments passed, and it was found that the sacrifice had not been made in vain: Avisseau rediscovered the secret of enamelled gold. No failure here. Another and more recent example where the human mind has risen beyond the depressing influence of failure, is furnished by the career of Sir Walter Scott. At the age of fifty-five, the distinguished novelist found himself penniless after many years of strenuous labour, and burdened with a debt of £117,000. Such a sum would seem appalling to ninety-nine men out of a hundred, and would completely paralyze their energies; but in the case of Scott it had a precisely opposite effect. He at once set himself to the Herculean, and to all appearances impossible, task of clearing off this great incubus. The valiant man toiled on until death overtook him, with a success that is matter of history. Time would fail us to recite a tithe of the instances akin to these.

The majority of men make a profound mistake in their judgments upon this question of success or failure, and it is the office of posterity to rectify their errors. We all know how seven Grecian cities claimed great Homer dead, through which the living Homer begged his bread. The fact is, there were two Homers—the Homer of the flesh, the poor, despised, blind old beggar; and the potential Homer, the first great poet and the wonder of the ages. Judged by the worldly standard, the first Homer was a sad and miserable failure; yet it was the same man of whom Alexander spake, when he found a rich cabinet among the spoils of Darius, and said that he should reserve it to keep his Homer in, for "he was the best and most faithful counsellor he had in his military affairs." So, as Montaigne reminds us, when Xenophanes complained one day to Hiero, the tyrant of Syracuse, that he was so poor he had not wherewithal to maintain two servants, the tyrant replied, "Why, Homer, who was much poorer than thou art, keeps above ten thousand now he is dead." So that as success does not always depend upon present conditions, neither can it be permanently hindered by them. Dionysius, moved to envy in that he could not equal Philoxenus in poesy, and Plato in discourse, condemned one to the quarries, and sent the other to be sold for a slave into the island of Ægina. How stand Dionysius and Plato now?

The monetary value of things is also another fallacious estimate placed upon them by mankind. Following this test, Mr. Boucicault's melodrama of *The Shaughraun* must be infinitely superior to the tragedy of *Hamlet*, as the modern dramatist received I believe something like £30,000 sterling for his work, while Shakespeare only received £5 for his. But *Hamlet* stands now at the head of all literature, and is likely to do so until the end of time. The old adage that the worth of anything is just as much as it will bring must be accepted with a very considerable grain of salt. It is true, no doubt, of those things which perish with the using, and which minister to man's physical wants; it is strikingly untrue of the productions of human skill and genius.

Failure may be regarded as success in so far as it leads to renewed effort. Of course there may be instances when no amount of application in the same field can bring about the desired end; and in these cases perseverance must necessarily be foolish and futile. But these examples are exceedingly rare. In the realms of thought, imagination, and science, failures to-day are but the groundwork of success to-morrow. Original minds in past centuries dimly saw the possibilities which we have made actual, and their failures to translate their nebulous ideas into action cannot in any sense be regarded as defeats. They originated principles which have since been translated into grand concrete forms, and were therefore the pioneers of these later days.

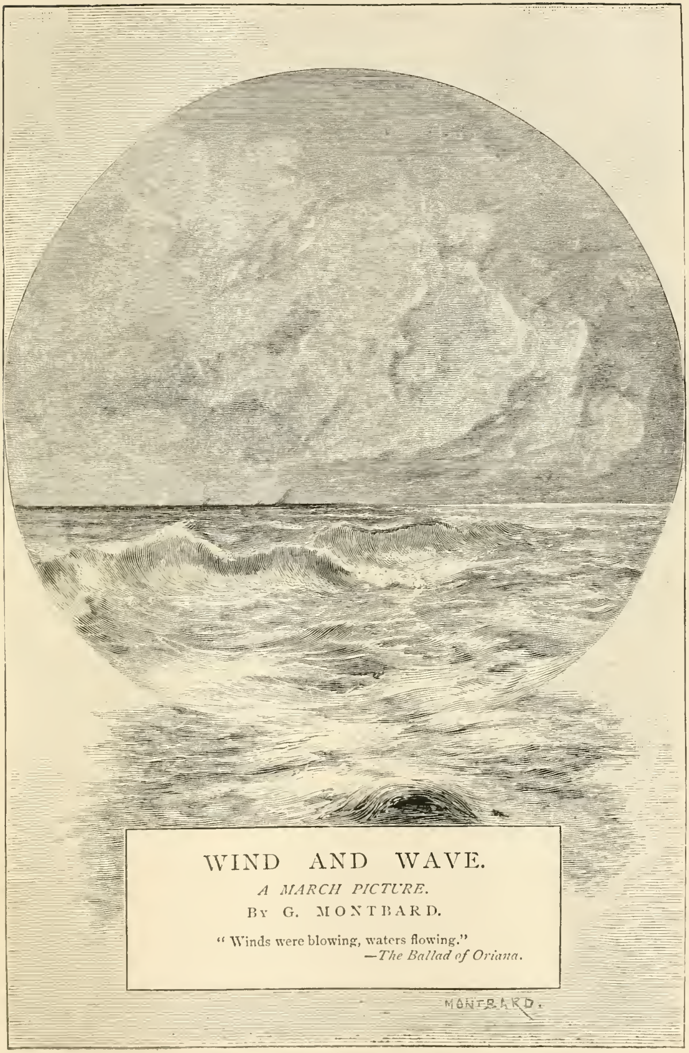
Failure results in many instances from our not having a precise and definite object in view. Hence, Cervantes makes the inimitable Sancho Panza say, "Some people go out for wool and come home shorn." Numbers of individuals start out for the Land of Promise, but beat a precipitate retreat immediately they sniff the nauseous odour of the Slough of Despond; and perhaps it is as well this should be so, for if they cannot combat the initial trials of the campaign, how would they fare when the battle should wax hot with them in the Valley of Great Controversy? Now to a lofty soul, fully conscious of the nobility and grandeur indwelling with it, trials act but as incentives, and the brambles which prick and sting suffice to rouse him when he is in danger of sleeping the sleep of death. But there is forced upon us the melancholy reflection that too often the goal aspired after is as deep and utter in its inadequacy to satisfy the mind, as are the difficulties great and numberless through which the man passes to attain to it. The great thing is to set before us an end worthy of our powers, always remembering that he who aims high is sure to achieve more than he who is contented with a lower and meaner horizon. Every man has it within his grasp, at least, to achieve one great and noble success, and that is a good life. This no one can mar but himself, and if it be a failure at the last, on his head alone must rest the blame. Live nobly, and Heaven itself will preserve thy fame. But to do this, a man must live conscientiously, manfully, virtuously. He must have that sheet anchor of the soul, faith in Providence; and then, if all his earthly affairs should have stamped upon them the word "failure," he himself will remain calm and unmoved amidst the wreck of all things. Let him do and suffer as his Maker wills, and victory must be his.

That our achievements may be worthy, let us not fret unduly over the future. For this, indeed, if we be men, and acquit ourselves as men, we have no leisure. Nothing is more enervating than to discount the chances of success; and if all men had done this, England, in this nineteenth century, would have been little in advance of the Middle Ages. That which we have to do, let us do with a will, and in that spirit of content and reverence of which George Herbert sang so sweetly. To know ourselves is a great thing; but to be for ever turning ourselves inside out is to enfeeble the mind and paralyze the action. Let us in to the fight with energy and vigour, and whatever be the nature of our aims, in their pursuit let us be all that is manly and sincere. Let us have no double-dealing, no swearing falsely, like Ananias and Sapphira, as to the price of the field. So surely as we use the devil's scales towards others, so surely must we come short in the balances of God. With truth and right for watch-words, then, if, as mortals, we cannot command success, we shall have done more, we shall have deserved it.

Of course the higher a man's aims the stronger must the animosities be which he will enkindle. But let him remember that the praise of one just man outweighs the misrepresentation and abuse of a thousand enemies. On no account must he fall into the despondent condition of Dion, who, when apprised that Calippus watched all opportunities to take away his life, replied, "that he had rather die than live in such misery, that he must continually stand upon his guard, not only against his enemies, but his friends also." Nothing great or lasting is achieved without sacrifice, and it is sometimes more difficult for a man's friends complacently to regard his success than it is for his enemies. But if his friends fall away from him he must remain firm. Their applause is not as necessary to him as the approval of his own conscience. That is his guide, and his ultimate court of appeal.

Infinite in number, and as various in character, are our human ambitions. These goals of success are, indeed, coextensive with the race itself, for what man indulges precisely the same desires and day-dreams as his brother? Many of these ambitions are of a mean and vulgar type, and we may without scruple or lack of generosity rejoice when they result in failure. The time will come—though it is still far distant—when even the ambition of the warrior will be stripped of its false glory and grandeur, and he himself stand exposed as one of the greatest enemies of humanity. He has too long already retarded the march of mankind; and not until the sword has been returned to its scabbard, nevermore to be unsheathed, will men feel that they are brothers, and join hand to hand in the great victory of right over might. Meanwhile, we gaze through the vista of past ages, and almost insensibly breathe a wish to follow after and emulate the spirit of a veritably great man. Who is this hero? It is not Cæsar, as, after the defeat of Scipio and the capture of Pompey, he enters Rome amid unparalleled honours and congratulations; it is not Mahomet, after he has overrun the various kingdoms of Asia and Africa, and forced his new religion upon the conquered; it is not Archimedes, as he rushes through the streets of Syracuse, shouting, "Eureka! Eureka!" it is not Nelson, as, in the flush of victory, he breathes his last, exclaiming, "Thank God, I have done my duty!" it is not Columbus, when, after seasons of disappointment and deeds of cruelty, he sights the far-off land, and his eyes swim with exultant tears; it is not Wellington, as he cries, "Up, Guards, and at them!" and forthwith wins the great battle of all modern campaigns. No, it is none of these. But the scene is yonder at Rome, where stands one heavily bound with chains. His only crime has been that of living too purely and unselfishly. He has been before his judges, and is now led forth to execution. Here is human nature risen to its highest glory. Paul, formerly called Saul of Tarsus, a persecutor of the saints, dies for his faith, after a warfare that has embraced within it all trials, difficulties, and dangers. To the spectators of his martyrdom, here was a great and ignominious failure. The world, however, has long since crowned him victor, and the friendless martyr now occupies almost the largest space in its history, while his influence, ever-widening, will extend to the very latest generations of the human race.

G. BARNETT SMITH.



WIND AND WAVE.

A MARCH PICTURE.

By G. MONTBARD.

> "Winds were blowing, waters flowing."
> —*The Ballad of Oriana.*

TOILING BY TANGANYIKA.

By JOSEPH THOMSON.

II.

AND now commenced a piece of work which, for hardships, difficulties, and dangers, is perhaps unparalleled in the history of African travelling. It certainly far surpassed anything we had as yet met, though we had had our share of hard work. One hundred and eighty miles (as the crow flies) of mountains were traversed. No gentle undulations and rounded valleys, but savage peaks and precipices alternating with deep, gloomy ravines and glens. Ridge after ridge had to be crossed, rising with precipitous sides, and requiring hands and knees in the ascent. Now we would go up three thousand feet to descend as far—repeating the process perhaps three times a day, and never getting half a mile of moderately good walking ground. The streams falling into the lake ran, of course, at right angles to our line of route, and thus cut the mountains into innumerable deep gorges.

The rainy season had now set in with all the fury characteristic of the tropics, and the very floodgates of heaven seemed to have opened full to deluge the land. Yet through the remorseless downpour we must march hour after hour and day after day. The huge rolling thunderclouds overspread the heights, and the thunder with appalling roar echoed and re-echoed on every side. Now it was above us—the lightning flashes ever and anon splitting the clouds open with their awful power. Then we were in the midst of it, with view circumscribed by the enveloping darkness, while the ground shook and we perfectly cringed with awe as the gloom was for an instant dispelled with blinding effect. Pressing upward we would next stand triumphant upon some savage peak and look down on the incessant war of elements. And with what a wild exultant excitement did we watch the grand scene beneath! The rugged mountains and valleys, with the murky clouds rolling in dense masses around them, the swollen headlong torrents adding their monotonous roar to the ever-renewed thunder-peals, while the resistless wind whistled through the trees, bending them like straws.

Yet this savage and awe-inspiring grandeur was not without its relief. Here the sun, darting his rays through some rift in the overhanging cloud-bank, would glorify as with a golden crown some conspicuous peak, or smile upon some pleasant glade; and there glimpses of Tanganyika would be obtained thousands of feet beneath, its waters in the distance seeming as calm and undisturbed as the face of a sleeping child.

Amid such experiences, then, did we toil over our rugged way, plunging time after time through raging mountain streams, in frequent danger of being swept by the whirling waters to destruction; yet our only thought was onward. Our difficulties by no means dismayed us. We gloried in these awful scenes and the magnificent works of nature around us. As for myself, I felt as if, free and unfettered, I once more roamed on my own Scotch hills. I revelled in the sense of deliverance from the soul-wearing troubles of a large caravan, which, like an incubus, stifles all a traveller's pleasure; for when he would prefer knocking about unfettered in this place and in that, in search of something new or fascinating, he must ever keep on beaten tracks, always suspicious, always watchful of his men, while endeavouring with as much minuteness as possible to comprehend his surroundings; but now, with only thirty good men and true, I seemed to have no anxieties or cares. So light of heart did this feeling make me that I was tempted sometimes to execute a good Scotch dance for the benefit of the natives, in order to reduce the effervescence of my spirits.

But to resume the thread of my narrative. On leaving Iendwe we crossed the river Lofu and entered the chieftainship of Itawa. Ulungu now lay behind us. The people of Itawa were exceedingly interesting in their appearance and habits. They have remarkably well-made figures, and faces which were frequently very pretty, with small features, straight, well-shaped noses, and thin lips, not at all like the negroes we usually see in England; and then their colour!—such a pleasant warm brown as made dress appear quite superfluous.

It was one of my most pleasant entertainments to hold an evening reception seated on my camp-stool. You might then see a pair of negro Graces advance timidly, though giggling at the sight of the strange white man. I would, of course, courteously ask them to come forward, and smile on them with a paternal air, whereupon they would nudge each other and run away a bit to return again bursting with laughter. Then I would inspire them with awe by a sight of my white skin as I turned up the sleeve of my shirt.

These people shave their hair back from the brow, round which they tie a band of beads with much tastefulness and effect. They wear enormous cylinders of wood in the lobes of their ears, and copper pins sticking through their lips. Their dress consists almost entirely of a flap of skin behind. The absence of this would be considered highly improper, although, to me, its sole use appears to be as a protective from damp when sitting on the wet ground.

Not to chronicle *in extenso* our movements through Itawa, let me simply describe our reception at Pamlilo, the village of the chief. On the fifth day of our march from Iendwe I was, as usual, considerably in front of my men, who with their loads were not able to walk as fast as myself. The sky threatened a storm, which made me hasten to reach Pamlilo. On approaching the village nobody was to be seen, the natives being either out in the fields or in their houses out of the rain. The stockade presented a rather uninviting appearance, being ornamented with a few hundred human skulls in all conditions, from the freshly stuck up head to the bleached cranium, and all apparently snapping their jaws at the thought of a new companion as the wind wheeled them backwards and forwards. However, the rain was falling fast, and there was no use being squeamish. So into the village I marched unnoticed, and finding out a hut with a broad overhanging eave I took refuge out of sight, waiting till my men came forward, in order that I might appear with appropriate pomp. I had been thus ensconced nearly ten minutes, when suddenly the stillness of the village was broken by a loud peculiar shout. This was almost immediately taken up from every quarter of the village, until every stone seemed to yell out the strange cry. Drums added to the uproar, while women screamed, and the men were seen to hurry towards the gates, shouting and brandishing their spears. I was very much astonished at this; but, supposing it was simply the fashionable mode of receiving a caravan, I remained still, expecting my men every minute. However, the uproar continued without abatement, and my men did not appear. Thinking there must be something wrong, I emerged from my cover. To my surprise I found the gates closed, and the stockade and crow's-nests manned by an excited multitude brandishing their spears at some apparent enemy outside. It instantly flashed upon me that I was a prisoner and cut off from my men. My presence in the village was evidently unknown. For, on my appearance among them, every voice was silent, and the once excited multitude seemed to have become paralyzed with fear. I was supposed to be a ghost. Seeing this, I recovered my presence of mind, and, striking an attitude like Hamlet's ghost, I moved forward with slow, deliberate steps, and a severe expression of face. At each step the warriors recoiled. Struck with awe, they looked at me with staring eyes and open mouths in breathless silence. This was too much for me, and, unable to keep up the character, I burst out with an irrepressible roar of laughter. The effect of that laugh was tremendous. The amazed savages recoiled still farther, leaving the gate free. With a bound I reached it, and before they could recover their senses it was open, and I was outside, to the unbounded joy of my men, who were trembling for my safety.

I immediately dispatched messengers to demand why they had received the great white man in this inhospitable manner, and made them shake with fear at the threats I gave free vent to. They were soon brought to their senses, and apologised humbly, and explained the matter. I then, to show there was no ill-will, went into the village, though the inhabitants had evidently not got over the feeling of awe with which I had inspired them, and prudently kept clear of me.

As Mlilo, the chief, was a potentate of some note, I gave him a handsome present. I was received for that purpose under the eaves of a huge granary, the roof of which was so large in proportion to the house that it looked like an umbrella with a short and thick handle. The reception was very imposing—indeed, it was the only case I had seen in which some warlike display and discipline was observed. I was, however, treated very scurvily, and got no return present. In fact, it was only with difficulty I got a guide.

Leaving Pamlilo, with much show of indignation, we continued our march. Our route led us still over the mountains, which are very poorly populated, owing to the dearth of water in the dry season, and the absence of ground fit for cultivation. On the third day from Pamlilo we approached the boundary of Itawa. This fact was abundantly indicated to us by the absence of inhabitants, the deserted villages and fields which, for a distance of forty miles, marked the limits of the debatable ground. These marches were excessively severe. Rising at break of day we partook of some sugarless coffee, accompanied by some cassava or other native food. Then off we marched in the chilly morning, pushing through grass from four to ten feet high, laden with cold dew, which drenched us thoroughly. Then a precipitous ascent would test our limbs and lungs, till, reaching the height of two thousand feet above our morning's camp, we would commence our descent on the opposite side, slipping and falling, ever in danger from rolling stones from behind, and requiring to exercise the utmost care and caution. Arrived at the bottom we would vary our march by plunging through a foul, reedy swamp, by a hippopotamus track, full of treacherous holes, into which we would unexpectedly sink with an electric shock to our nerves. Then wading through a marshy stream, not unfrequently up to the breast or neck, we would commence the laborious escalade of another mountain, which required the mutual assistance of the men to get their loads up.

We were very much amused at the number of wives our guide had, scattered over the country. First one and then another was picked up by the way, till he became a man of much importance with his numerous following, carrying his mat, cooking-pot, or other possessions. It appeared that this was his principal object in becoming our guide.

Leaving Itawa we entered the country of Marungu, ruled over by a number of petty, insignificant chiefs. This country was still more mountainous and rugged than the one we had left. The people, also, were in every respect different, partaking much of the wild and savage character of the scenery. The inhabitants were exceptionally numerous, notwithstanding their surroundings. They were black, sooty savages, with muscular figures, thick, everted lips, and bridgeless noses. Clothing was at a discount, and what there was of it was chiefly native-made bark cloth. There was no such thing as imported European cotton. Goat-skins, however, were most commonly used, worn simply over the back and shoulders. The existence of these natives must be of a miserable character, living as they do among treeless, grassy heights seven thousand feet above the sea. The soil is cold and clayey, while rain seems to fall incessantly, and, having almost no fuel, they have to warm themselves as best they may. Necessity, however, compels them to organize for the common benefit. As every family cannot afford a separate fire, there is a common meeting-house or shed in each village, with a good fire kept always burning for the comfort of the men, the women not being admitted. Food is abundant owing to the incessant rains.

A curious fact relating to these Marungu natives is the prevalence of huge swellings in the throat among those dwelling in the mountains, while those beside the lake are not afflicted with this disease. It is said that any one so troubled becomes cured in time by simply living on the lower level.

The greatest peculiarity of the Marungu is their extraordinary excitability. This was shown under various circumstances, and it placed our lives in constant jeopardy, from which we escaped only with the utmost coolness and self-possession. This characteristic is most marked among the dwellers in the mountainous region, where, broken up into small parties, they live in hourly danger of attack from their neighbours, or from the slave-hunting tribes around them. This fact, together with the hardships of their lot, and their entire isolation from all communication with traders, probably explains the annoying trait.

Even the existence of the white man was entirely unknown to them, and the first acquaintance with their peculiarities was sufficiently alarming. I was marching along in front, with only my gun-bearer, through an open grassy valley, my thirty men being some distance behind, when suddenly a clear, startling cry rang through the air from some unseen person. As I stopped in surprise, another and another cry was uttered from different peaks, till the country echoed and re-echoed with the unwonted sounds. Then on all sides people were seen congregated on the mountain tops and running from place to place. It was clear that we had heard the Marungu war-cry. Soon from the heights the warriors came dashing down at headlong speed, brandishing their spears, and still filling the startled air with cries, as if in great agony. My followers, seeing what was coming, began to hurry up to my assistance; but before they arrived, one party headed by a warrior, apparently in the maddest excitement, came dashing down, evidently intending to make short work with me. I did not move: but, opening my arms to show that I had no weapons about me, I shouted out the customary salutation and declared ourselves friends. The leader of the band, now within a few feet of me, let drop his uplifted axe in amazement. He clearly had not observed my appearance before, and as I stood there apparently unconscious of danger, and without weapons of any description, they seemed quite astounded, and doubtless concluded I was something unearthly. My men now arrived in great anxiety for my safety, and preparing to use their guns. But I at once ordered them to put the boxes, &c., in a ring and sit down—to keep cool and quiet, but to be ready for any emergency.

The natives now began to gather round us in hundreds, declaring that we were come to fight and make slaves of them. With the most demoniac faces they yelled and shook their spears and bows and arrows. Dancing round about us with the wildest gestures, they incited each other to the attack. It almost seemed as if they were on red-hot plates of iron, so much did they writhe and wriggle like men in torture. Now and then some of them would go rushing away for some distance, and, dashing themselves down on the ground, would roll about and bite the earth in the agonies of their frightful passion.

As it would evidently be some time before they were sufficiently calm to be spoken to, I told my cook to make some coffee to console myself in the interim, and we all affected the utmost coolness and unconcern. At last we got a word in, and asked them if they had never seen or heard of the white man before. We came to make friends with them, and not to fight and get slaves. Did people come with boxes and bales when they wanted to fight? If war was our intention, why were we now sitting peaceably amongst them? And more to the same effect. However, it was only after two hours' wrangling that friendship was established—the finishing coup being the sight of my white skin, where it had not been browned by African heats and damps. We then adjourned to the village, where we were hospitably treated.

In all their actions they showed the same excitability, always rushing to extremes. Their conversation was usually one continued scream at the pitch of their voices. On one occasion, when I was irritable through an attack of fever, they made such an infernal din that, unable to get them removed by mild means, I scattered them by throwing my camp-stool among them.

In all our marches through Marungu I found it was necessary for our safety that I should be at the head of my men. My appearance usually so amazed the natives that we got an opportunity of talking to them, when, if I had been behind and out of sight, they would have attacked us without parley. I found also here, as indeed with all the tribes, that my strong point was to show complete confidence in the natives, and never to appear suspicious. It may seem paradoxical when I say that my immunity from personal attack arose from my habit of walking about alone and without arms. This might be highly dangerous in a half-civilised country, but not so in a savage one. As they are ever at mortal feud with each other, and in constant fear of attack, they are compelled on all occasions to carry arms as an absolute necessity. Consequently, when they saw me walking about unarmed, sometimes actually miles from my men, they concluded that there was something uncanny about me, and that I had better be left alone. And then the entire mystery which surrounded the white man, with his seemingly boundless riches and his astonishing instruments, could not but awe the superstitious natives.

During this journey I had an extremely nasty attack of fever, brought on by the severe strain, the constant drenchings, and other hardships, producing an entire disorganization of the system. Its worst symptoms were frightful headaches, which left me neither night nor day, till I was so ill and reduced that I could have walked into the lake with the most philosophical resignation. Still, with dogged perseverance, I pushed onward, letting no amount of agony or weakness stop my daily marches. But I went like an automaton. I had worked up my machinery to convey me to the Lukuga, and mechanically I moved towards it.

We left Marungu, with its untamed barbarians, and descended into the lower and richer region of Uguha, the people of which, with their comfortable huts, neat appearance, and peculiar hair-dressing, made a wonderful contrast to the people we had just left.

A few days' march through Uguha, and then, on Christmas morning, 1879, an hour's journey after our frugal breakfast of cassava and a little honey brought us to the banks of the Lukuga—the goal I had set before me. It was to this place Cameron had come; and, after much careful observation, arrived at the conclusion that he saw straws moving towards the west, indicating a current setting out from Lake Tanganyika; that, in fact, it was the lake's outlet. A few months later, and Stanley stood at the same place; and where Cameron had seen a current, however slow, he saw a complete barrier, and declared that the existence of a current was impossible.

With these conflicting accounts in my mind, my astonishment may be imagined, when I beheld there before me a noble river, sweeping in rapid, swirling eddies, between high tree-covered banks, away towards the Congo and the Atlantic. It needed no straws to prove that; and Stanley's "barrier" was clearly a thing of the past. I expected to see reedy and papyrus-covered swamps, the quiet haunt of the hippopotamus and the crocodile, and I found a mighty torrent which no canoe could stem, and which could be crossed only with difficulty. I thought I had been the first to settle finally the question of the lake's outlet, but it afterwards appeared that Mr. Hore, a lay missionary stationed at Ujiji, had preceded me by two or three months. The sight, however, was a great Christmas feast to me.

On my way north I had heard that there were some Europeans a day's march from the Lukuga, at Mtowa or Kasengè. To this place I therefore directed my steps. Leaving my caravan outside the village, I marched up alone to the house occupied by the white men, and, taking them unawares, was received with intense wonderment. When their first speechless surprise was over, they greeted me most hospitably. They afterwards informed me that they thought they had realised that dream of some newspapers, and actually "found" Stanley fresh from the West Coast.

That day I luxuriated on the remains of a Christmas pudding, which they had contrived to make, and on New Year's Day the first letters I had received since I left the sea-coast, arrived and gave me a great treat.

Let me conclude by saying that it was five months before I was able to return to my camp at Iendwe. And yet, during that long period, my men under Chumah remained faithful to their charge, though they had for weeks given me up as lost. When at last we did meet, there was not a man missing, and not an article had been stolen, though all my goods were entirely in their hands. Surely this speaks volumes in favour of the native porters who have hitherto been so reviled!

A GERMAN "SISTER DORA."

BY AN ARMY CHAPLAIN.

AMÉLIE DE LASAULX, better known as Sister Augustine, was born at Coblentz in 1815. Her family originally belonged to Lorraine, but had left that province and settled on the banks of the Rhine about the middle of last century. Her father was possessed of considerable talents, but failed to turn them to much account. He had not been trained to any particular profession, but had tried his hand at most things with more or less success. At length, on the suggestion of a friend, he declared himself an architect, and entered on the duties of that profession without any previous training or practical knowledge of its details. As might have been expected, his first attempts were not very successful; but there were proofs of genius and originality in all that he designed, and after a time he attained to considerable eminence in ecclesiastical architecture. It was remarked, however, that his interest in churches ceased as soon as they were built: he was never known to enter them afterwards.

Little Amélie was less fortunate in her mother. Her father, with all his waywardness and eccentricity, was devotedly attached to his bright-eyed, lively little girl, whereas her mother seems ever to have treated her with coldness and reserve. She was naturally querulous and discontented; a striking contrast to her husband, who had all the gaiety of his race, and saw everything *couleur de rose.* Unlike Mrs. Croaker, whose merry laugh would have set a tabernacle in a roar, her presence had something of the chilling influence of the east wind; and when things went wrong with her, which often happened, she would remain sullen and silent for weeks. There was something infectious in this silence; it gradually overspread the whole family; they met at meals and elsewhere, but they met as Trappists who had abnegated the power of speech. One can conceive how trying this ordeal was to one who inherited the bright, joyous spirit of her father. She would have run some risk of having her temper spoiled, had it not been for the kindness of her uncle Longard, a counsellor of justice in Coblentz, whose hospitable home was always open to her. The counsellor cultivated the society of artists and men of letters; he was intimate with Mendelssohn, the painter Cornelius, Kaulbach and Boisserée; foreigners of distinction, among others the Count de Montalembert, were frequently his guests. One can conceive how glad the little Amélie was to exchange the dull taciturnity of her own home for this brilliant society, where she met companions of her own age, played charades, acted in children's plays and took part in other amusements suitable to her years. It appears, however, that she never learned to dance; on this subject, she remarks:—"I was once at Ems with my father; he took me to see them dancing at the casino. I stood at the door, and, looking with surprise at the whirling crowd, I said to myself, 'Surely these people are mad!'" This was the only ball she ever witnessed, and her opinion about dancing remained unchanged. But far more important things than dancing were omitted in her education; her father had adopted Rousseau's ideas on this subject, and allowed her to educate herself after her own fashion. She was his favourite child, the light of his eyes, the only bright sunbeam in his dreary home, the little wild-rose that shed its fragrance everywhere around. Her merry dark eyes were not to be dimmed by poring over books, her clear-ringing laugh was not to be hushed by the restraints of a school-room. She might read what she chose, and choose her own time for reading. This peculiar training gave her self-reliance and a certain independence of character, which stamped its impression on her future life.

It seems strange that one thus educated, and surrounded by such influences, should ever have become a Sister of Mercy. And in truth, life in a cloister was in a measure forced upon her: she had no natural vocation for it. Her family wished her to marry, and she was not without offers of marriage, but she rejected them all, and thus laid herself open to the charge of being proud. "No," she said, "I am not proud, far from it; there is one man whose boots I would willingly polish if he asked me to do it." Who this man may have been remains unknown; she never divulged her secret, and the object of her attachment, whoever he may have been, never discovered her preference. At length, yielding to the importunity of her family, she accepted the offer of a young doctor and tried to persuade herself that she loved him; a casual expression opened her eyes and dispelled the illusion. She did not love him, and she would not marry a man whom she did not and could not love. She withdrew from the engagement, and soon after had a violent attack of fever, to which she nearly succumbed. At last she recovered, but all her hopes and aspirations, all her plans and purposes in life were changed. She had trod the winepress of human suffering, and she left it chastened, purified, ennobled. Hitherto she had lived for herself; now she wished to live only for others. She had no desire to shut herself up in cloistered solitude, or to try the power of the cloister's magic charm on a wounded heart. What she wanted was to work, to work for others and not for herself; to present herself a living sacrifice to God and to suffering humanity; to give others the benefit of her own sufferings and of her chastening experience; to go to the house of mourning and not to the house of joy; to go there as a messenger of mercy, to smooth the dying pillow and to speak words of comfort and hope to the departing soul. It was a noble resolution, and God gave her strength to carry it out.

An opening soon appeared. She had gone to visit her brother Ernest, a professor in the University of Wurtzburg. It so happened that his house was close to a hospital, and, on seeing the patients entering, she exclaimed, "I can't be idle any longer; I must begin to work." She said that it was then that she discovered her vocation, and the idea haunted her the whole day like a mortal sin. It was not a passing thought or the sickly fancy of an invalid; it was the strong resolution of one who had discovered the true secret of her strength, and the purpose for which God had brought her into being.

The manner in which she carried out this resolution was characteristic; she consulted no one, she told no one, not even her father. She knew that he could not understand her motives, and she dreaded his opposition, which would cease when she had taken the irrevocable step and crossed the boundary which separated her from her family for ever. In the summer of 1838 she placed herself under the charge of the Superior of the Sisters of St. Charles Barromée at Nancy, and after a noviciate of three years was admitted into their number, and henceforth known as Sister Augustine. Her father was inconsolable; he had still to make his bread by building churches; but he hated the Church with a double hatred, because she had robbed him of his daughter. Amélie felt for him, and loved him as ever; but she had put her hand to the plough, and she could not turn back. When her noviciate was completed at Nancy, she was sent to Aix-la-Chapelle, and seven years afterwards removed to Bonn, where she had been appointed superior of a new Roman Catholic hospital. She held this appointment at Bonn for twenty-two years.

Under her charge the hospital of St. John became the model hospital of Germany, and as such was visited by the most distinguished foreigners who passed through Bonn. Many of her own country-women also, such as the Princess Mary of Wied and the old Queen Mary Amelia, came to visit her; the latter sent her her portrait by her grandson, the Duke of Coburg. Every one was pleased with her; and yet she spoke little. She knew how to be silent and to listen; she never obtruded her own ideas upon others; the result was that all were delighted with her conversation. When she met with those who were really interested in her work, and wished to know the secret of her success, she was more expansive. Novices were sent from all parts of Germany to be trained as nurses under her care; she treated them, to use her own words, "as living beings, and not as lifeless objects;" she not only taught them their profession, but treated them with motherly tenderness. The result was that all remained at Bonn as long as they could, and when they were obliged to leave, they did so with tears and vows of devotion to their kind instructress. The pleasure she found in her work atoned for all that she had lost in separating herself from family ties. "I am only sorry that my profession is not a living being, that I might press it to my heart. Is it not my profession which has made me myself again by its gentle violence? Does it not alleviate my sufferings by the delicious thought that every hour of my life is devoted to my fellow-creatures? I have been enriched by those who have nothing; I have learned to heal the sick and to bring the dying back to life. What more could I wish for?" She had found her true vocation, and she was happy. "The sick are my treasures; the sufferings of the soul and the body are my demesne; even war, which makes others poor, makes me rich." She did more than train the women; she assisted the surgeons in their operations, made up the medicines, examined the sick, and often watched beside them at night. Her active mind was never at rest; her lissom fingers were never weary; her genius for order, her industry, her clearness of intellect and practical sagacity made the hospital of St. John the model of what a hospital should be.

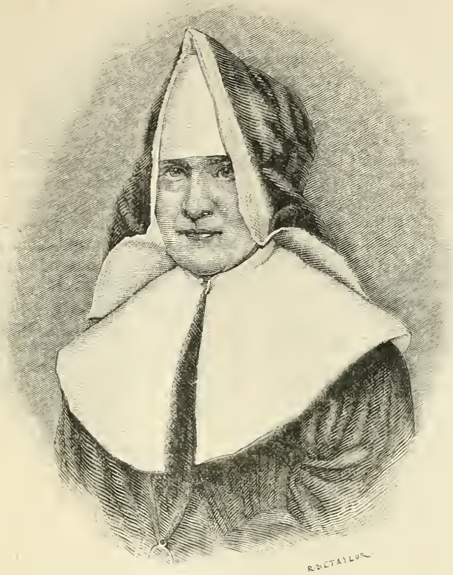
She was too practical and earnest to be influenced by superstition. The only modern miracles she believed in were the wonders of science, the results of human skill and ingenuity. All that was coarse, commonplace, and debasing in her religion she rejected without a scruple. No prints of bleeding hearts were allowed on the walls of her hospital. "They crucify my sense of the æsthetical." She was relieved by the rules of her sisterhood from the constant practice of the outward forms of devotion; the absence of these was to be supplied by private prayer. Gradually these rules were set aside by the influence of the priests, who introduced instead a weary round of senseless or childish observances which Sister Augustine could not abide. She felt sometimes that "her heart was too large for a cloister." When she went into retreat at Nancy in 1868, she wrote to a friend: "Great, indeed, is the collection of spiritual treasures which have been unpacked before me, but few of them are to my taste." She was glad when the period of her retreat was over; it was doubtful whether she profited much by it. She had too much common sense to receive that which fed the less enlightened faith of her more credulous sisters at Nancy. Miracles at that period were rife in the conventual establishments on the borders of the Rhine, and a priest was appointed by the Congregation of the Jesuits to visit these establishments and to report. One day he arrived at Bonn, and had an interview with Sister Augustine. With much pomp he recounted the miracles which had been done elsewhere, and, taking out his note-book, asked her to relate those which had occurred in St. John's. Judge of his surprise, his disappointment, when she quietly told him that she was not aware of anything miraculous ever having occurred in her hospital. From that day she became a suspected person.

When war broke out between Denmark, Prussia, and Austria in 1864, she hurried to the place where the struggle was going on, and devoted herself to the work of the ambulances. How well that work was done the army surgeons and the wounded, Danish as well as German, have borne evidence. She was to be found wherever the wounded or the dying required her aid; often exposing herself to danger, and never shrinking from any duty, however repulsive.

Again, when war broke out between Prussia and Austria, in 1866, she was present during the brief campaign. Three days after the battle of Sadowa she opened a hospital in the castle of Hradek, where eighty wounded men, stretched upon straw, were confided to her care. She did all that skill, patience, and self-devotion could do to alleviate their sufferings. She examined their wounds with a touch so light and gentle that no cry of pain was ever heard; by day and by night she was ever with them, watching over them, and speaking words of peace and of comfort. She had a message of love and mercy to all. Roman Catholics, Protestants, and Jews blessed the hand that bound up their wounds, the lips that cheered them in their agony. She scouted at the idea of proselytising; her work was to strengthen, not to shake, the faith of the dying, whatever that faith might be. One day a Lutheran minister was administering the Communion to a dying soldier. As he had no assistant Sister Augustine took her place by his side, and was handing him the elements with the deepest reverence, when the door opened and the chaplain of her own Church appeared. He stood riveted to the spot with surprise. She justified her conduct in these noble words: "There is only one thing greater than the human heart, and that is God in His light and His glory; but the human heart can contain the whole world, and the heart of a Sister of Charity ought to be open to all, and embrace even those who do not believe in a God. The arms of the Saviour on the cross reached through eternity, and the tenderness of His servants ought to embrace the past, the present, and the future."

At Hradek she found a worthy coadjutor in the curé of Problus, who, on finding himself deserted by his own flock, and his house partly destroyed by fire, presented his other cheek to the smiters by doing all that he could to help them. He visited the field of Sadowa after the battle, bringing bread to the famished and water to the wounded. When the field was cleared of the wounded, he followed them to the hospital at Hradek, and on witnessing the skill and self-devotion of Sister Augustine, he could not restrain his admiration. "Sister, I am sure that the angels are preparing a place of honour for you in heaven for all the good you are doing." She blushed and said, "How can we do enough when we are labouring for eternity?" The curé's cassock had been torn to shreds in carrying off the wounded; she made him a new one, and gave him her crucifix on parting. The curé made a solemn vow that he would never part with it. "I shall never part with it while I live, and when I die it shall be the only ornament of my humble tomb." The surgeons and soldiers shared in the curé's admiration. One day the loud cry, "Sorella! Sorella!" was heard over the whole hospital. It proceeded from an Italian trooper who had been mortally wounded, and whose life had only been prolonged thus far by her constant care. She hastened to his side; he was dying, but the expression of his face told that he had something urgent to say. She bent down her head and listened. Collecting all his strength, he said in his broken German, "Wenn sorella crepirt, gleich bei Jesus!" ("When Sister dies, at once with Jesus.") He clapped his hands with childish joy on catching her smile in reply. It was his last utterance, and his last thought was of the Sister's soul, not of his own.

On returning to Bonn she carried with her the seeds of an incurable disease, which she had contracted by overtaxing her physical strength in ministering to the wounded, but her indomitable spirit enabled her to suppress all outward signs of suffering, and she wòrked on to the last. Her only regret was that when war broke out between France and Prussia in 1870, she was unable to accompany the Prussian army to the field. Moreover, she had French blood in her veins, and could not but look with horror "on this fearful Franco-German War, whose deadly finger has sprinkled the lintels of every door with blood." Physical weakness prevented her from joining the ambulances in the field, but fifty military beds were installed in the hospital of St. John, and the wounded of both nations were received without distinction. She was too weak to examine their wounds, to nurse them, or to watch over them by night, as she had done in Bohemia; she could only visit them and comfort them with her bright smile and kindly sympathy. It may be observed that she was peculiarly tender and compassionate in her bearing towards the French prisoners; she knew that they were suffering for the sins of others; she saw in them the unfortunate victims of war—defeated, wounded, and exiled; she spoke to them in their mother tongue, anticipated and provided for all their wants. This sprang from a refinement of charity that was incomprehensible to the wounded Germans, who sometimes accused her of partiality. "If I were a Frenchman," growled one of them, "I should have got what I wanted long ago." She might have replied, "Son, thou art ever with me, and all that I have is thine, but this thy brother was lost and is found."



Amid all her sufferings and trials she never lost her natural liveliness and gaiety. She did not think that because she was a nun she had ceased to be a woman, or was bound to do violence to her womanly instincts. The merry laugh that cheered her father's home was often heard in the hospital of St. John. When she escaped for a little from her hospital in Bohemia to have a run through the woods, she could not always restrain her exuberant spirits; this, doubtless, was the rebound from the state of mental tension in which she lived. One day in passing from one ambulance to another, she found herself on a solitary road which led through a forest; believing herself unseen, and yielding to a habit of her childhood, she began to clear the heaps of macadam that lay along the road with a hop, step, and jump. She was ardently engaged in this exercise when she was interrupted by a shout of surprise. On turning round she beheld a band of soldiers advancing; there was no escape; she stood, somewhat abashed, till they passed. They probably never saw a nun performing such gymnastics before or since, and regarded her with some curiosity. She loved all that was beautiful in nature. "I love flowers; they come direct from the hand of God." The sight of the noble Rhine was to her a source of constant pleasure. In her last illness she was allowed to pass some hours on its borders in company with another nun; she began to recite some verses from Danté, while the other kept her eyes fixed on her book to shut out the world and its vanities. "Look up, sister; take your eyes off your breviary; we have not such a sight as this every day." But far dearer to her heart than flowers or external objects of beauty, were the friends whom she had never ceased to love. One morning, after listening to a tiresome discourse to the effect that we must cease to love our fellowmen, if we would love God aright, she wrote in her journal, "My God, if this be the way in which I am to seek Thee, I shall never find Thee."

Mention has been made of her brother Ernest, a professor in the University of Wurtzburg. He became one of the leaders in the liberal Catholic movement which sprang up in Germany about a quarter of a century ago, and published several works of great talent in favour of that movement. Those books were condemned and placed in the *Index*, to his deep mortification; and his sister, though she did not share in all his views, sympathized strongly with them. But a greater affliction was to overtake herself, and from the same source. The new dogma of Papal Infallibility had been given forth, and all the faithful were called upon to subscribe to it. The reason, the conscience of Sister Augustine, revolted against this dogma. She held with Montalembert and Döllinger, that infallibility was to be found in the Church and not in the Pope. She looked on with disgust while the German bishops, one after another, accepted a dogma which they had previously denounced. In her journal she gave expression to her indignation against "these heirs of the Scribes and Pharisees," and prayed "that the Lord would come with His fan, and clean out His threshing-floor;" but she remained silent as long as silence was possible. It was not to be expected that one who had never witnessed a miracle in her hospital would escape the keen scrutiny of the Jesuits. The question was put, and answered by lips that had never told a lie. It was thought that time and solitude might bring her round. On the 7th of November, 1871, she was deposed from her charge as Superior of St. John's, and sent to Vallendar, to a hospital of the same order, the head of which was her friend. Her disease was gradually undermining her strength; but what she felt most was being debarred from the Communion. When this want was supplied by the secret act of a friendly priest, she recovered her former gaiety and cheerfulness. She spent many hours in silent meditation, watching the Rhine as it flowed past; she gave the sister nurses the benefit of her long experience, and entreated the sisters at Bonn to show the same deference and respect to her successor as they had ever done to herself.

Then a rush was made to convert her. Black friars, white friars, grey friars, Jesuits, priests, laymen, and friends came swooping upon their dying victim. They plied her in every way; arguments, threats, invectives, insinuations, casuistry, artifices, prayers; the relics of saints, miraculous water—all the ecclesiastical artillery which the Church of Rome can command—were brought to bear upon the fortress of her soul; but it remained impregnable. The struggle cost her many tears, and she had to bear her sufferings alone, supported only by the strength of her convictions, and her faith in the living God. "The Popes who have been canonized never believed themselves infallible. I hope to go to them." She had been in the habit of using morphia to deaden the pain she suffered; she now gave it up, for fear that some expression might be extorted from her in a moment of weakness which might be construed into a recantation. She was much pained by observing the chagrin which the Superior of Vallendar felt at her resistance, and said to her: "My dear Hedwig, it is no doubt trying for you to have an excommunicated person in your convent, and to be obliged to superintend her funeral. Do not trouble yourself about it. You will put me in my coffin, and then the boatman will take me to the other side of the Rhine. You will find his fare in this paper. My father, my mother, and my brother are buried there. Some one will be found to lay me beside them. Can any one be so abandoned of God as to believe that I am lost because I cannot believe in the infallibility of the Pope?" On the 28th of January, 1872, she was relieved from all her sufferings. Her last words were: "Lord Jesus, I live in Thee: I die in Thee."

As soon as she was dead, her body was stripped of the vestments of her Order to show that the community rejected her as an unworthy member; it was then placed in a boat, without a single attendant or mourner, and conveyed to the other side of the Rhine. It remained in the boat while the boatmen entered an inn to refresh themselves. The village children gathered round it for a time, and then hurried away to resume their usual sports. It was then carried into the public room of the inn, the walls of which were festooned with faded flowers, the souvenir of a recent ball, and placed on a table stained with beer and wine, to wait the arrival of the train from Bonn, which brought a few friends, and some of the servants of the hospital who could not be prevented from paying this last tribute of respect to their former Superior. The body was lowered into the grave; a friendly hand dropped some flowers on the coffin; a few prayers were recited, and all was over.

Such was the end of this noble woman. No monument marks the spot where she lies; but a more befitting monument has been erected to her memory by the distinguished friend who has told us the story of her life.* That life shows that the highest Christian virtues are attainable in the Church of Rome; it shows also that these virtues count for nothing if they be accompanied with the smallest *soupçon* of heresy. To expel from her bosom one who was an honour to Christendom, to refuse Christian burial to one who had attained to the highest Christian excellence, was at once an error and a crime on the part of the Church to which she belonged. But there is a Nemesis in such cases; who that looks at the present state of Germany will deny that the expulsion of Sister Augustine has been already avenged?

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* Since this article was written, "Sister Augustine," an authorized translation of the Memoir, has been published by Messrs. C. Kegan Paul & Co., and with their kind consent we have reproduced on wood the very striking portrait which forms the frontispiece to the volume.—Ed. *G. W.*

P. C. B.

THE CAMORRISTI.

By Madame GALLETTI.

CHAPTER III.

THE next morning at daybreak Pasquaré arrived duly with his equipage at Marotti's door. It was with the deepest regret that the warm-hearted family speeded their parting guest, wishing him "buon viaggio," and sighing as they thought how unlikely it was that they should see his face again. He did not promise to return, but he left some vague hope in their hearts by his last words.

"Do not give way to despair. Good fortune comes sometimes when it is least expected."

There was no crowd of beggars this time, the lecture had had its effect; only a few faces at the windows, and a few children standing with their fingers in their mouths, as the travelling-carriage rattled down the uneven street. It had scarcely started when it was passed by another carriage, open, and drawn by a pair of sleek ponies going at a fast trot. Within sat two men with queer vulture-like faces. One of these, the driver, checked his steeds to peer curiously into Pasquaré's vehicle as he passed. He then averted his face with a muttered oath, and lashed on the ponies with sudden fury. When he was out of sight, our vetturino turned round to inform the traveller that the chief "briccone" (rascal), or, as he was going to explain, the sindaco of Monte Brigida had just passed, when the livid face of the inmate of the carriage arrested his attention.

He halted, got down, and opening the creaking door—"You are unwell!" he exclaimed. "Can I do anything to help you?"

"Let me out to breathe the fresh air," gasped the stranger; and taking Pasquaré's proffered arm, he seated himself by the roadside, and wiped the drops of moisture from his forehead. Shortly, however, recovering himself, he re-entered the carriage and desired the vetturino to drive on fast to his destination.

Meantimes affairs at Monte Brigida pursued their usual course. The men (that is, the most industrious of them) went forth to till the land, and the women went to fill their pitchers and to gossip at the spring just outside the village, where a rude basin had been constructed, which dignified it by the name of a fontana. It was all overhung with maidenhair fern, such as an English gardener would have been proud to have reared in his conservatory; but little the village gossips heeded those weeds, or the lovely blue of the sea seen in vistas between the hills, or the soft lights in the harmonious undulations which rose towards the west in fainter and more shadowy lines, until they lost themselves in the sharper outline of the Apennines, whose snowy summit showed in bold relief against the cloudless sky. They remarked, indeed, that it was "bel tempo," and, therefore, a good opportunity for washing out their rags and tatters, and spreading them to dry on the hedges bordering the high-road, in serene confidence that no passer-by would think them worth the stealing. How unconsciously picturesque they all were!

The visit of the stranger the evening before afforded an exciting topic of conversation, and together with the mysterious death of Matacchione's cow (clearly the result of bewitchment) and speculations as to the luckiest number in the next lottery, kept tongues wagging until the return of the postman. The letters (on the rare occasions that there were any) were locked up in a leather bag, which was looked upon with little interest; but the large basket on Meconi's head contained a variety of miscellaneous articles, which were eagerly inquired after by their respective owners—somebody's boots, somebody else's hat, a pair of fowls, sundry lemons, &c., &c. The sindaco's return was not the signal for any exhilaration. Sullen looks greeted him, but strict obedience, as he passed through the village levying a sort of black mail at every other house.

At the osteria alone he was welcomed with something like cordiality. There a choice society was assembled, engaged in drinking, smoking, and conversing; the Church being represented by the curate, and the army by a brigadier of carbineers who contrived, although quartered at Oliveto, to spend most of his time in tippling and swaggering at Monte Brigida. Two humbler adherents of the band were there in the shape of the two guardie, Cico and Trico. These two men, maintained at the public expense ostensibly for the purpose of keeping order, were looked upon with fear and dread by the quieter and more respectable portion of the population, whilst their boon companions were chosen from amongst the black sheep of the village.

The conversation here again turned upon the mysterious traveller. The curate had insinuated in the roundabout way in which he was in the habit of insinuating things that conspiracies were afloat, and that the stranger was probably a spy in league with old Marotti and others. Whereupon the military hero began to swear many oaths. "Why were prying strangers allowed in the village? What did Pasquaré mean by bringing travellers in his infernal old coach to disturb quiet folks? If only he had been there at the time, he would have given the pair a lesson they would not have forgotten in a hurry," with much more to a like effect, which made it evident that the gallant soldier had been doing full justice to the wine. The tavern keeper, who found that the prosperity of his business required strict neutrality, said he was sure there was little custom enough; how was a poor man to live if no outsiders were ever to come and have a glass of wine! "Do I not come all the way from Oliveto, you ungrateful beast?" roared the soldier with many more oaths. This was true, and the frightened host dared not hint that his military customer owed a very long bill, to the payment of which he never alluded in the most distant manner.

The sindaco, taking advantage of the pause which now ensued, cleared his throat in a way which enforced attention, and looking round in an impressive manner, said—

"What if I were to tell you that I know the whole history of the man of whom you were just now speaking. He is a criminal of the lowest class. A man, who before I left Naples, was notorious—who—— Ah, Signor Marotti, come sta?" with peculiar blandness as the old man entered demanding a bottle of wine and a few slices of sausage. "How is it, may I ask, that such a worthy person as you are receives and harbours felons? Your last night's guest was a dangerous inmate. I hope you have counted your valuables, and that there are none missing."

"Of valuables there are none left, as you very well know, Signor Nicolai," returned Marotti, "and as for my guest I know nothing about him. I simply afforded shelter to a passing traveller, as I and my ancestors have been in the habit of doing from time immemorial."

"You did not happen to observe a certain mark upon his wrist?"

"I did, and as I always wish to be charitable, concluded that my guest had been imprisoned for a political offence, a misfortune which happened to yourself, if I remember right, Signor Sindaco."

The sindaco visibly paled, and a little smothered laughter pervaded the assembly, for not even his most staunch adherents went so far as to feign belief in his political heroism; and Marotti made a triumphal exit with his bottle of vinaccio and his raw sausage. It was long since the old man had shown a spark of spirit, but the conversation of the previous night had stirred the smouldering ashes which oppression had not quite extinguished in his heart. Meantime Nicolai recovered himself, and whilst inwardly vowing vengeance against Marotti, whose hatred he returned with interest, he prepared to regale the company with a detailed account of the mysterious traveller's early career. Once more clearing his throat he was about to begin his interesting narration when an interruption occurred. An excited peasant rushed breathlessly into the room and seizing the curato, who sate serenely smoking, by the arm—

"Come," he urged eagerly, "my wife is dying—there is no time to lose."

The priest coolly shook off the intruder and replied, "If your wife is ill, the best person to send for is the doctor."

"He has been and done all he could—that is, he bled her. You know she is old and very feeble, and she never recovered the hard work she had to do when I was down with the fever, nor that walk she took to the port to sell the pig, which we couldn't sell after all, and now the doctor says she can't live through the night in spite of all the bleeding. So he is gone, and now only the last sacrament can do her any good, my poor Santa!"

The priest continued to sip and to puff, and settled himself a little more comfortably in his chair. "Three months ago," he remarked, "I was called to administer the last sacrament to your good wife; I should like to be quite sure that she is dying before I put myself so much out of the way again."

"It is really true this time, good Signor Curato, and she cannot die happy without the consolations of religion! Things have gone badly with us, but we have a pair of fat fowls, if you care to have them."

The holy man's best eye began to twinkle. "I know what your fat fowls are like, Trovatello," he said, "all skin and bone, and as tough as leather—you were saying something about a pig."

Here the sindaco interposed. He wanted to get on with his story, and had no fancy to sit listening whilst the curato drove bargains. "Sfacciáto!" (bold face) he thundered to the peasant. "What manners are these? Disturbing your betters over their wine? Are we all to be at your beck and call every minute of the day? Get out, or Trico shall kick you out."

But the peasant remained immovable. "Our pig!" he exclaimed, addressing himself still to the priest. "No, I can't let you have that! It is all we have got to reckon on."

"Once for all, will you go?" roared the sindaco, whilst the curato poured himself out another glass of wine; but Trovatello did not stir.

"You shall have the pig," he said at last, and muttered under his breath, "If ever I catch you alone on a dark night, you old birbante!"

The curate put his pipe down leisurely, finished his wine, and rose slowly from his seat. Trovatello seized him by his coat-sleeve, and dragged him forth. But it was too late. They arrived only in time to see poor old Santa draw her last breath. Charitable Mariangela, who had been nursing the sick woman, broke into sobs and reproaches.

"Shame on you delaying so long, and letting the poor thing die without the ostia!"

"Was it my fault?" cried the husband bitterly. Then turning to the priest, whose countenance had fallen a little bit, for he loved pork, and had not intended to be too late, "Be off!" shouted the infuriated peasant, shaking his clenched fist in the curate's face, "before I break every bone in your body."

The woman who had just breathed her last was the heroine of a strange story. Ill-favoured, and even deformed, she had been at five-and-twenty a lone woman supporting herself by her own industry. One day as she returned from a fair she espied a little bundle by the road-side. The bundle turned out to be a baby, and Santa took it home and brought it up with the help of her goat. The foundling was never claimed, and the only clue to the mystery of its birth was the fineness of its linen, and the clean and healthy condition in which it was found. This led to the belief that it did not belong to a poor or a low-born mother. Trovatello, the only name by which the babe ever was known, grew and flourished, and became a fine young man. His character was as strange and unaccountable as his origin. His tastes were solitary and morose. He made no friends and seemed impervious to feminine charms. But a strict sense of justice governed all his actions. Whoever did Trovatello a good turn knew that he would be rewarded, and who injured him lived to repent it. To Santa he considered that he owed his life, and he repaid her by taking away her reproach amongst women—he married her. And so it came about that she who in her youth had found favour in no man's eyes was at fifty the possessor of a young and handsome husband.

Trovatello never stood any joking upon this subject. When asked by some indiscreet or thoughtless person what made him marry old Santa, he would reply gravely, "Because I loved her," and in his way no doubt he did love her, although of outward signs of affection he was no more prodigal to her than to others. He seldom conversed with her, and had never been known to kiss her; but they worked together cultivating a little patch of ground upon the produce of which they lived. Santa was well content, considering herself amply rewarded for her long devotion to the foundling by that proud title of wife, even though it was no more than a title. Mother was a name which, even had she coveted it, Trovatello would not have bestowed upon her. He believed that a high-born lady was his mother, although on what grounds he never divulged. That was his secret.

It was a sorrowful procession that followed the old woman to her last resting-place. Many women shrouded in black shawls chanted a mournful dirge, as they walked behind the sacristan bearing aloft the silver cross; for old Santa had been a favourite.

CHAPTER IV.

OLIVETO was the chief town of the district. A hill and two valleys separated it from Monte Brigida, so that it was a good two hours' walk, and was looked upon by the inhabitants as an excursion only to be undertaken on great occasions. Once a year a grand fair was held in the market-place, and on that day the inhabitants of all the villages for many miles round were to be seen wending their way there, dressed in their best clothes, and driving before them their pig, their cow, or their donkey, to sell to the highest bidder.

Marotti and his daughter started betimes with the rest. They were going to visit Pietro Fontana in his prison, and take him the few little luxuries they could afford, and Teresa had her embroidery and her mother's to take to the good nuns who had procured them the order, and under whose auspices she had been brought up; but besides that they too were bound for the fair, in the capacity not of sellers but of buyers. Old Marotti had long been saving for the purpose of investing in a mule or horse, which should render their visits to Pietro easier and more frequent, for Teresa was apt to get overtired. She was not made of such tough fibre as the peasants.

It was April, and the country was looking its prettiest. The corn was green, and amidst it flourished the loveliest and rarest wild flowers; the flax covered acres with its soft blue, contrasting brilliantly with patches of deep-red clover. No hedges portion off the land into fields. Trees are too ruthlessly cut down and stripped in what was once a thickly wooded country, but at intervals an oak may be seen which would not disgrace Windsor Forest, and groups of fine elms have been spared here and there. The olive is cultivated assiduously, and poplars are planted for the vines to "marry," that is, to climb up and garland; the vineyards thus made being highly picturesque, if erroneous from a utilitarian point of view.

"Get up, get up, Sor Gabriele," said the driver of a cart drawn by a pair of gigantic oxen, and containing besides himself and his large family a quantity of live fowls for sale, tied together by the legs and protesting against their hard fate with all the shrillness of which they were capable.

"There is room for Tetella, perhaps," said the old gentleman, hesitating.

"There is plenty of room for both," insisted the good-natured driver. "Get down, Domenichino. It will do thee good to walk a bit."

Domenico, the son and heir, cheerfully acquiesced, and without more ado our pair were hoisted up and found themselves in the midst of three generations of the carter's family. There was the "Nonna," or grandmother, in her black velvet bodice and large-beaded coral necklace, her wrinkled fingers laden with rings—for she came of the peasant aristocracy and was very proud of her pedigree. She could count it back three hundred years. Then there was the buxom mother of the family, with her blue and red striped skirt looped up over a dozen or more stiff white petticoats made of homespun linen, and her red kerchief folded square upon her head; and there were daughters of all ages dressed in the same fashion, down to the tiny one of two years old, who looked the quaintest little object in her stiff bodice, kerchief crossed over her chest, and her matronly apron. The youngest of all—the baby—was rolled up tightly into a compact parcel, tied at intervals with twine, and thus stiffened and unable to move its unfortunate legs, was treated with as little ceremony as any other parcel, being stuck upright under one of its mother's arms, so as not to interfere with the distaff from which the good woman was diligently spinning wool.

"There goes Matacchione," cried one of the children. "Poor Matacchione, with his other ox to sell. It is of no use without its fellow. Hé, Matacchione! and how's the babbo?" was shouted in chorus as the dejected proprietor of the solitary ox was overtaken.

"The babbo died this morning," was the mournful reply. "It must be a jettatura. First the ox, and then to complete it all, the old father." He spoke as if the last bereavement was but a trifling misfortune in comparison with the first, and in this view the sympathetic friends perfectly acquiesced.

And the cart lumbered on, leaving Matacchione plodding by the side of his beast. Now they had crossed the first valley, ascended and descended the second hill; and opposite, with only the valley between, on the incline of another and steeper hill, the picturesque Oliveto came in sight, with its church towers, its uneven streets, and its surrounding avenue of olives and ilexes. The market-place just now was inundated by a heaving, surging sea of white ox backs. On a closer view many other objects became perceptible. Mules, donkeys, sheep, pigs, and fowls; men, and women, and children; gay booths decorated with bright-coloured kerchiefs, and glittering ear-rings, pottery, vegetables, fruit; and such an uproar!—lowing, braying, grunting, cackling, swearing, bargaining, gossiping, quarrelling, and lovemaking. Teresa looked more scared than ever, as, clinging closely to her father, the pair threaded their way through the heterogeneous crowd. There were a few young men belonging to the aristocracy of the town, come neither to buy nor to sell, but to kill time and stare at the women. They were pale, effeminate-looking creatures, who lived in perfect idleness upon their estates, and spent the greater part of their time in lounging at the café. Teresa had a great dislike to encountering these young men, who always stared her out of countenance. Jerking her head round in the way which had become habitual to her, and giving a sudden start, "Oh, father, there *he* is!" she whispered. "*He*" meant the mayor of Monte Brigida, who, mounted on one of his ponies, appeared to be surveying the scene with an air of nonchalance.

"Never mind; he can do thee no harm here," returned Marotti. "Let us think of business. Look, there is old Pasquaré with one of his post-horses for sale; it is but a poor creature, but it might do for us if he would let us have it cheap."

There was Pasquaré, indeed, eagerly advocating the merits of a wretched broken-winded animal, who could no longer be lashed into the pace necessary for posting.

"Gone in the forelegs! Not at all," he was protesting. "You should just see her go! Here from the port in two hours. Broken-winded! You are surely joking. A little cough, that's all. You shall have her for three hundred francs, Signor Conte. It's giving her away for nothing, but to oblige *you*——"

Here Marotti interrupted the harangue. "Ecco, Pasquaré! I will give you fifty francs for her. You'll not get a better offer."

"Signor Marotti!" said the vetturino with dignity, "I do not quite understand this joking. Still, to oblige such a very old friend as you are—two hundred and fifty——"

"Sixty," bid Marotti.

"You perhaps mistake the mare for a donkey, mio caro signore, or you take *me* for one. Two hundred—that is my last word."

"I will give you eighty," returned Marotti, "and that is *my* last word."

Seeing that the contracting parties were getting on but slowly with their bargaining, although it was perfectly evident that they intended to come to terms in the end, the bystanders began good-naturedly to help a little at the work.

"Make it ninety," suggested some one to Marotti. "The beast is not so bad, but she will go a little at a slow trot."

"Come down to a hundred and fifty," was urged on the other hand to Pasquaré. "You'll not get a better bid."

The sum was finally fixed at a hundred francs, much to the satisfaction of both parties, it being exactly what the one had meant to give and the other to take from the beginning. Arrangements were being made about the transfer of the animal, and Pasquaré, as a matter of form, was inquiring if no one felt inclined to bid a little higher. "Here was a treasure going for nothing," &c., when a voice most unexpectedly answered—

"I don't mind giving a hundred and ten for her."

It was the sindaco of Monte Brigida, who suddenly reined in his steed in the midst of the little group. There was an astonished pause. Then poor Marotti, in despair at seeing his hardly bargained-for acquisition slipping from his grasp, cried out, "A hundred and fifteen."

"A hundred and twenty," pursued the sindaco.

"Come away, father," cried Tetella in an agony; "do you not see that he means to outbid us?"

She could scarcely breathe in the presence of her enemy, who favoured her with a triumphant leer. The old man bowed his head, and was preparing to leave the field to his adversary when Pasquaré, who had been having a hard struggle with himself, called out—

"Stay, Signor Marotti. On second thoughts, I had rather sell the beast to you than to any one else. I know you will treat her well, and I should be sorry the poor thing should come into bad hands in her old age."

"Then I am to have her for the hundred and fifteen? Thank you, Pasquaré."

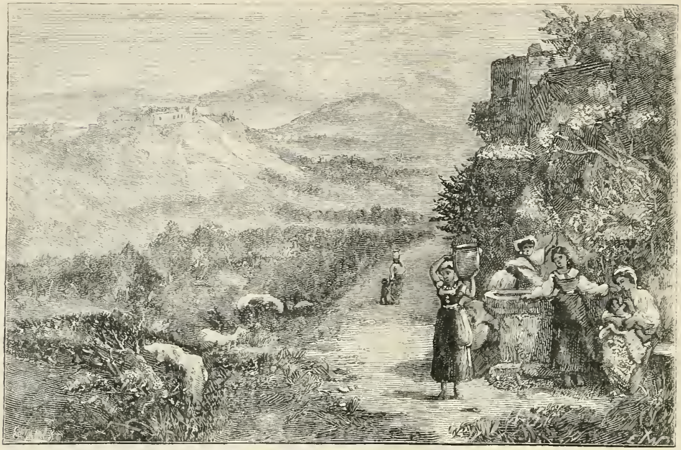
"You shall have her for the hundred. She's worth double, to be sure, but as we had already settled the price, and I was always a 'buon diavolo'——"

"Bravo, old Pasquaré, bravo!" was shouted.

"You cursed fool of a vetturino!" swore Nicolai, unable to contain his rage.

"Fool may be," retorted Pasquaré, waxing wroth, and either emboldened by wine or encouraged by applause, forgetting his usual prudence, "fool may be, but not such a knave as to be an accomplice in any of the mean tricks of the *camorristi*."

"You shall be made to repent to the last day of your life what you have dared to call a public functionary," said Nicolai, changing colour and beating a sudden retreat. Smarting under his defeat, he hastened to find and consult with his familiar spirit, the municipal secretary, without whom he scarcely stirred. This man bore a most striking likeness to his



"The women went to fill their pitchers and to gossip at the spring."

chief; so striking as to make it difficult to believe that the resemblance was purely accidental; but if they were brothers, as was the natural supposition, why did they bear different names?

"It is all him," observed the sindaco to his double, speaking in the Neapolitan dialect. "You know whom I mean."

The double made an affirmative sign.

"He came in Pasquaré's carriage, and he put up at Marotti's, and he recognised me. I saw it in his face. There is some mischief brewing, depend upon it. We must muster our forces."

"We have plenty," observed Carlini, "and powerful enough if we go to head-quarters."

"The elections will be coming on. How many votes can we command for the Marchese Savini?"

"Let's see. Well, at all events, we can promise a great many; and with the deputy on our side we need not fear much."

Two hours afterwards, as Marotti and his daughter were traversing the principal street on their way home, they again came across their sindaco walking arm-in-arm with the Marquis Savini, the richest proprietor and the most influential man in the town.

CHAPTER V.

PIETRO FONTANA was a man not easily dashed by misfortune, and our travellers found him sitting on the rough wooden table, almost the only piece of furniture allowed him in the prison, working briskly at his oak carving and singing blithely over his work. He was a highly favourable specimen of an Italian, and if he inherited some of the characteristic faults of his countrymen, he possessed, besides their peculiar charm, some virtues not often found amongst them. He had a countenance so expressive of vivacity and intelligence as did one good to see, and a sweet sunny smile, capable certainly of changing into a very ominous frown now and then. It was all storm or all sunshine with Pietro. He knew no half moods; indeed the complaint called in vulgar speech "the sulks" is almost unknown in Italy. He loved his art (for he was not only a carpenter but a carver and designer in wood) with an intensity surpassed only by his love for Teresa, and he hated his enemies with perhaps an unchristian degree of fervour. He hated, too, all injustice, falseness, and oppression. He liked the good things of life well enough, but was neither an idle nor a self-indulgent man. He enjoyed tumult and danger rather too much, and for his tendency to explode with wrath on every small provocation was nicknamed "Volcano." At sight of his visitors a beaming smile broke out on his bright face. When the first warm greetings had been exchanged and the contents of the provision basket opened and inspected, the news on both sides had to be communicated. There was more than usual. Pietro had to tell how a rich count had been much taken with his carving, had ordered two picture-frames, and had promised to recommend him to Roman friends, so that the year in prison had not been lost.

On the other side, there was the visit of the stranger to communicate; but it was no news to Pietro, who had also received a visit from the mysterious gentleman, about which he did not seem disposed to be communicative just then, a circumstance over which his visitors would have wondered, had they not been eager to relate the still more interesting episode about the horse. Pietro was furious at the sindaco's meanness.

"It is not the first time he has played that trick," exclaimed the young man. "It was the same with Mariangela's cow. He bid against Matei to spite him; and when he had raised the price beyond the other's means did he buy the beast himself? Not he. He gave the widow five francs to sell it at the next fair and keep the matter dark from Matei. That's how he manages when he has a little overreached himself and raised the price too high; but what he likes is getting people to give more than they can afford. Then he has nothing to do but to sneak off and laugh in his sleeve. Bravo, old Pasquaré! It must have been an effort of virtue to refuse an extra fifteen francs. When I get out of prison I'll make it up to him," and Pietro's clouded brow became sunny again as he thought how utterly the enemy had been discomfited in his last manœuvre. Then, after a few moments' pause, during which he appeared to be thinking very deeply, he said, "I think I see my way out of this horrid place. You know that the King is to pass by here in a month's time, and that he is going to stop at the port?"

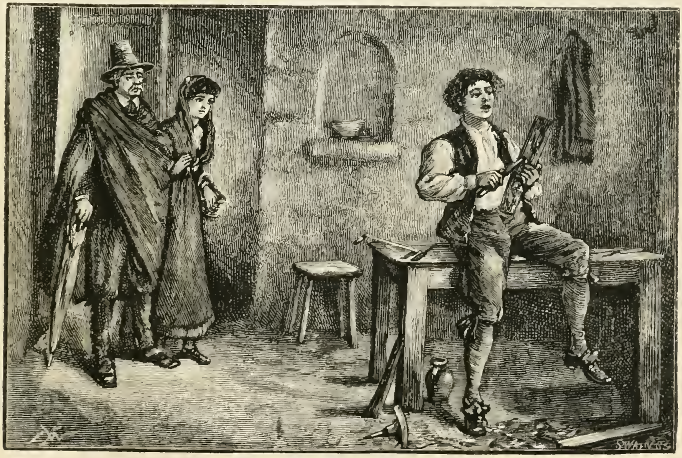
The listeners were taken aback at this news. They had heard nothing of it.

"How is it," wondered Pietro, "that I contrive to hear more of what is going on in the world here in prison than you who are at liberty to go where you will?" There being no satisfactory solution to this problem, he resumed. "If his Majesty stops but five minutes, there will be time to present a petition. Tetella, angiola mia, wilt thou do something for thy Pietruccio?" turning eyes full of tender confidence on his betrothed, for well he knew that there was nothing she would not do for him. She was a different being when with her lover. He seemed able to infuse some of his exuberant vitality into her, and her cheeks glowed and her eyes brightened at the delightful prospect of being able to be of use to him.

"What can I do?" she asked eagerly.

"Present a petition for my release with your own hands to the King."

Tetella gave a great gasp. It did seem a terrific ordeal.



"Singing blithely over his work."

"Pietro, she is too timid," urged the father.

"And can she not prove her love, the love she has so long professed for me, by conquering this timidity for once?"

"Yes; I will—I will," cried the girl.

"That is right, Piccina," taking her hand in his and imprinting a kiss upon her brow, for Pietro was as much brother as lover to the girl with whom he had shared every joy and sorrow from infancy; then turning half apologetically to his future father-in-law—

"I should not ask such a thing of Teresa if only my own selfish interests were concerned; but much may depend upon my speedy release." Then, "Has there been any talk in the village about this guest of yours?" he inquired abruptly.

"Yes; I was going to tell you that Nicolai pretends to know all about him. He declares that our traveller is an escaped criminal, and—it must be confessed that there is the fetter mark on his wrist. I saw it."

"So did I," returned Pietro significantly; "and we all know that our sindaco bears a somewhat similar mark. Sor Gabriele, I have much to say to you, but it must be said to you alone and in the very strictest confidence. Instead of accompanying Tetella to the convent, I must beg you to stay and listen to what I have to communicate."

"Tetella is very discreet," said Marotti.

But Pietro had no faith in the discretion of women. He thought that the less they knew of everything except sewing and cooking the better, and was one of those men who consider general imbecility an eminently attractive quality in womankind. He would not have fallen in love with Teresa if he had believed her to be many degrees removed from an idiot, and would probably have liked her less could he have discovered how much he under-estimated her mental powers, which were rather above than below the average. So, albeit with a sigh and a little joke about the grudge he owed the nuns for wishing to make her one of themselves, he bade her a tender farewell; and she, feeling a little hurt, but never dreaming of questioning Pietro's will, betook herself to the convent, where the most peaceful days of her life had been passed. The large square building, surmounted by a cross, decorated outside with a painted madonna, and enclosed in a walled garden, was situated on the outskirt of the town. To get to it, Tetella had to pass a little way along the promenade where the fashionable world had just begun to assemble, and were listening to the airs from Verdi and Rossini's operas, which the military band was striking up. Very different from this scene was that which awaited Tetella within the convent walls. There, but a stone's throw from "the maddening crowd's ignoble strife," the gentle nuns "held the peaceful tenor of their way," as undisturbed by what went on around them as if they lived in another planet. Teresa was always a welcome guest, despite a little soreness occasioned by her having imbibed certain heterodox views from Pietro. She had ceased to believe that the Pope slept on straw since Pietro had been to Rome and had described to her the luxuries of the Vatican; and since then she had refused to send his Holiness any of her earnings, being of opinion that her parents needed them more. She had also, since she had become acquainted with the curato, felt her faith in the sanctity of the priesthood sorely tried, and worse still, confessed to a certain amount of respect for the wicked "Vittorio" (the only name by which his Majesty was ever designated in the convent) and to an admiration of that arch-fiend Garibaldi, who was Pietro's idol. But the good ladies were too just to lay the blame of these heresies on *her*, poor innocent! They vented all their wrath on that ill-conditioned young man who had stolen the lamb from their fold.

It was an hour of relaxation, and the nuns were promoting the merry games of the children, their pupils, in the pleasant garden, where the lemons were ripening under the wooden shed, and the almond-trees were a mass of pink blossom. Feeling at home in this peaceful and innocent world as she never did outside it, Teresa was soon romping with the children, and when her father came to fetch her he scarcely recognised in the bright, animated creature before him his usually subdued and timid little daughter.

"I believe that you have mistaken your vocation, and that you ought to have been a nun, Tetella," he exclaimed.

The mother superior sighed. It was no subject for joking, in her opinion, that one who so clearly had the vocation should not have been true to it.

"*You*, too, look brighter, father," Teresa ventured to say as they wended their way home.

"Yes, figlia mia. I think I see a prospect of better times for us. Do you remember what faith that unknown traveller inspired us with? Well! I do not think we did wrong to trust him, and Pietro does not think so either."

CHAPTER VI.

A FORTNIGHT had passed. The days were lengthening, the corn was growing tall, Matacchione was recovering his spirits after his recent bereavements, whilst Trovatello became more and more morose, in spite of many touching attentions from the village belles, some of whom were ready enough to console him and supply old Santa's place. The sindaco grew daily more savage in temper and more tyrannical, until the women trembled and the children fled at his approach, whilst the men muttered oaths and clenched their fists behind his back.

Affairs were in this state when the isolated village was again startled by the arrival of a stranger; a gentleman of more imposing appearance than the first. Tall, upright, with an air of one accustomed to command, the general opinion was that he was a prince at the very least. The first thing this mysterious person did on his arrival was to hire a room in the disused convent, then to purchase the best bed and the most comfortable chairs that the village afforded; to make arrangements for regular supplies from Oliveto, besides buying, without disputing the price, the fattest chickens and the finest hams that could be procured. It was evident that this great man, of apparently unbounded wealth, meditated a long sojourn in their midst—but why? The village gossips stared and gaped, and when they did venture to discuss the awful mystery, spoke of it with bated breath, and by-and-by with doleful sighs and shakings of the head, for many things concurred to make them think that it all boded no good.

The morning after his arrival the stranger presented himself at the municipality, where a council was being held. The "giunta," as it is called, consisted of the sindaco and four assessors, who were sitting on red leather chairs around a green baize table strewed with papers. The secretary was very busy writing, and the sindaco occupied the central arm-chair with an air of great authority and dignity. The gravity and business-like air of the assemblage was quite impressive, and perhaps was the cause of the very low bow and air of exquisite blandness with which the new comer presented himself. He was received with an equal courtesy. The mayor rose and at once offered him a seat, inquiring with great politeness to what fortunate circumstance he was indebted for the honour of his visit. The secretary looked a little nervous. He buried his head in his papers and wrote on harder than ever. In this task he had been engaged all night, for the mission of the new comer, so mysterious to most of the villagers, had been the subject of a shrewd guess on the part of the municipal worthies and the signal for prompt action. Forewarned is forearmed, and they lost no time in beginning to arrange their accounts.

"I am sorry to interrupt the sitting of the council," began the stranger, "but I am a government official. I have been sent here by command of his Majesty, on a delicate—to be plain, on a painful mission. I have received instructions to inquire into certain irregularities alleged to exist in the municipal accounts."

The sindaco looked around with an air of dignified surprise. "Gentlemen," he said, with solemnity, "you hear of what we are accused!"

The thrill of astonishment and horror which went through this virtuous assembly would have annihilated an inexperienced person, or at least would have caused him to blush and apologise profusely; but the King's delegate continued without even noticing the interruption—"I hope, indeed trust, that there has been some mistake, and that I shall find all the papers pertaining to the public interest in the most perfect order, in which case nothing will remain for me but to apologise for this intrusion and for the unavoidable annoyance which I am obliged to cause you."

This courteous speech, delivered with the utmost suavity, did not seem greatly to reassure the sindaco, and when, at the conclusion, the visitor showed him a paper signed "Victor Immanuel," he sank back pallid and trembling in his chair, for his worst fears were confirmed. He recovered himself quickly, however, and acted injured innocence with a skill which would have done credit to the first tragedian of the day.

"Gentlemen," he said, in a voice broken by emotion, "it is clear that we are the victims of some wicked conspiracy." Then turning a face full of virtuous indignation to the King's delegate, "Signore, it is now seventeen years that I have regulated the affairs of this village, ever labouring for the welfare of its inhabitants, loving and in return beloved by them. They elected me sindaco of their own free will, and have given proof of their entire confidence in me by electing me anew every third year. Some malignant person or persons, envious of the popularity and esteem which I enjoy, have sought to ruin me. For some time past I have become aware of a secret persecution levelled at me, the reason of which I cannot even guess, and I am condemned unheard! O Signore" (looking around on his confederates with the air of a persecuted saint), "that *we* should have lived to see this day." With that he wept, and the other victims of cruel persecution likewise broke down and mingled their tears and lamentations with those of their chief. The sight of grown men sobbing like children would excite in England either laughter or contempt; but in Italy men are not ashamed of tears, they weep as freely and unrestrainedly as women, and from many of their own countrymen such a scene would have called forth sympathy; but the "regio delegato" witnessed it with perfect composure, only remarking drily—

"If, as you say, your conduct has been so highly estimable, the more minute my investigations the more you should be pleased, as of course all will reflect to your credit. Therefore, let us lose no time, but at once proceed to the examination of these accounts."

"They shall be quite ready by to-morrow."

"But I would begin to-day."

"If you will but allow my secretary and myself to arrange the papers, and put them in the proper order. I am speaking in your interests, for it would facilitate your task, and economise much of your very valuable time."

"My dear sir, municipal accounts should always be perfectly arranged, and in the proper order."

"No doubt. You are perfectly right, and I plead guilty to a little carelessness and a little 'imbroglio,' which has crept in owing to the want of capacity of my secretary; an excellent man, but not bright. A little attention will, however, soon put all to rights, and in the meantime my carriage and horses are at your service; there is a ruin just a mile from here."

It was of no use. The "delegato" could not be persuaded to inspect ruins whilst the mayor and his secretary finished arranging their accounts. There was nothing for it but to produce the books and submit them to a scrutiny which appeared likely to be very uncompromising. There was something in the quiet air of determination and the look of concentrated force about this new-comer which occasioned the sindaco a very considerable amount of uneasiness.

"I scarcely thought that even *he* could have dealt me such a blow as this," he thought, with rage and bitterness in his heart.

Meantime the delegate was poring over accounts, the intricacy and confusion of which would have puzzled the clearest head. At last he looked up and said—

"Your secretary is, as you remark, an incompetent person. He certainly wants lessons in the art of intelligible book-keeping."

Carlini admitted the fact with engaging candour. He was ignorant—stupid, perhaps, but honest—and he had done his best.

"Scusa, signore," said Nicolai, in a feeling tone, but I have known the poor fellow for years, and he has served me faithfully according to the best of his ability. I had not the heart to dismiss him."

"I respect your charitable feelings, my dear syndic, but when public interests are at stake—hem."

"Bricks for rebuilding the school-house. Excuse me, but these bricks appear to have cost this poor village an enormous sum. Are you sure that there is not some mistake? The inhabitants, too, pay very heavy taxes. You have, of course, well studied the code on the limits of taxation."

"A person so well-informed as yourself must surely be aware," returned the syndic, "that no taxes can be imposed without the consent and the signature of the prefect, by whom almost all the deliberations of this council have to be approved before they can be applied; allow me to show you."

"Yes, yes. I have no doubt you can show me the signature of the prefect; but it is a mere form. It is impossible that the prefects can read all the papers which come before them to sign. All the deliberations of a hundred municipalities! Imagine what a task! No doubt, legally speaking, they are open to reprimand for not performing this impossible task, but the moral responsibility lies, gentlemen, entirely with *you*, and allow me to remind you that it is a very heavy one."

Here the speaker looked severely around, as if in search of some sign of compunction or remorse in any of the faces around him, but he could detect none.

"The worst lot I ever had to deal with," was his mental comment as he again applied himself to his intricate task.

"Monte Frumentario—this appears to be some long-established charitable institution, by which a certain amount of corn, 200 rubia (is it not?) is stored yearly in a barn and distributed gratis amongst the very poor. According to these books 120 rubia were distributed during the past year; there therefore remains in store——"

"More has been distributed," interrupted the sindaco, "than is mentioned here. I plead guilty to carelessness, but I can assure you that the poor have fully benefited by the charity. Perhaps you would like to interrogate them?"

"I should."

The contadini were accordingly summoned. They came, like Agag, delicately. A summons to the "municipio" could mean nothing good; for the "municipio" was associated in their confused heads with awful rites and mysteries. It was there they knew that plots were contrived against them, and the famous Venetian Council of Ten could not have inspired more dread in the benighted minds of these poor people than did that group of village authorities sitting at the green-baize table.

"Matacchione," said the mayor, glaring at the owner of the lost ox in his most authoritative manner, and speaking in a tone that allowed of no dispute, "you have received five rubis of corn from the Monte Frumentario."

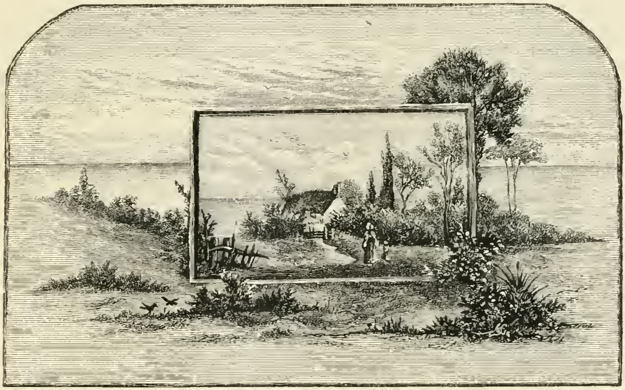
"Si, Signore," replied Matacchione, looking from one awful being to another. It must be right to agree in all they said.

"That is well. Mariangela, how much was it you had at the time of the sowing?"

"Four rubis," replied the widow without hesitation. The mayor looked quite benign. The rest now had their cue. They had all been profiters by the charity, so that there could be little or no corn left in the barn.

"May we now dismiss these poor people?" asked the mayor deferentially. "You are satisfied, I suppose, with their replies."

"They may go," said the delegato, but not in the tone of a person convinced.



OVER THE SEA.

I SIT in the fading light,
And watch the shadows fall;
My day has turned to night,
And darkness covers all;
The sunlight's gone far over the sea,
But the morn will bring it back to me.

My summer birds are gone,
I cannot hear them sing;
I missed them one by one,
Till all had taken wing;
My summer birds flew over the sea,
But the spring will call them back to me.

My summer flowers are dead,
The jasmine and the rose;
The autumn leaves are shed,
And buried in the snows;
But the flowers are blooming over the sea,
And the spring will give them back to me.

My darling child has passed
Up to the Promised Land;
The anchor she has cast,
Away on the golden strand;
But I shall follow over the sea,
And Heaven will give her back to me.

HENRY BURTON.

MODERATION.

By the Rev. WILLIAM M. SINCLAIR, M.A.,
Vicar of St. Stephen's, Westminster, and Chaplain to the Bishop of London.

GREAT as was the personal authority of the apostles, they were not without their troubles in the management of the Churches. It was necessary for St. Paul to exhort Titus to put his people in mind to be subject to ministers and governments, to obey magistrates, not to allow any headstrong temper to interrupt their readiness for good works, not to be eager with their tongues in depreciating others, not to be always throwing down the gauge of combat, but to act in a spirit of gentle forbearance, not standing obstinately on their rights, showing all courteous mildness to all sorts of men. The apostles themselves, St. Paul and the others, had known in times past what it was to have this temper of arrogant folly, this disposition to disobedience; they too had been deceived, they had followed their own whims and caprices, and defied others to interfere with them. They had lived in malice and envy, hateful and hating one another. They could sympathize with the weakness of those of their people among whom this growth of unregenerate days had not been eradicated. It was not till the goodness and the tenderness of God our Saviour towards men had appeared, that they had themselves learned the beauty of the Christian character.

So difficult indeed it seems to have been to teach men at once, the difference between the motions and actions of the world and of the kingdom of Christ, that even the chief officers of the little new religious communities were directly and specially exhorted not to be combative, to avoid conflict, to be animated by this willingness to forego their personal rights.

St. James, in writing to the Churches at large, was at great pains to point out to them the ideal of the new kind of temper. The man who exhibited it would not be the nerveless, yielding object of contempt that the world would think him. On the contrary, he would be of all other men the one really wise and endued with true knowledge. His mark would be that, with a fair and unimpeachable behaviour in all things as his background, he would look to his acts to argue for themselves in the peacefulness of perfect good sense. If they had the spirit of bitter zeal and disputatiousness in their hearts, there was every reason to be ashamed. By such conduct they gave the truth the direct lie. They might think such a disposition marvellously ingenious and clever. They might smile and rub their hands over their success. But let them know that they were exhibiting the most unmistakeable characteristics of the world, the flesh, and the devil. All their ingenuity was earthly, carnal, devilish. Wherever bigoted zeal might be, wherever disputatiousness, there, as a matter of course, St. James would show them not only the lawless and confusing spirit of sedition, but every evil work. The wisdom that was really not of the earth, not of man's fallen nature, not of the devil, the wisdom that actually did come from above, the only wisdom that could be called Christian, this was first in itself holy, upright, impartial, and then in each and all of its outward manifestations quiet and peaceable, mild and forbearing, not requiring authoritative commands, but listening to reasonable persuasion, full of compassion for the feelings of others, full of wholesome fruits, absolutely free from bigoted partisanship, absolutely free from all disingenuousness or insincerity.

Even to household servants, who from their situation had little chance of redress for misunderstanding, St. Peter commands this same unexacting habit of mind. They were to obey their masters with all dutiful respect, not merely the good and equitable, but also the wayward: for this is Christian grace, if a man in order to do his duty to God when he has not really done anything wrong, puts up with personal vexations.

And St. Paul, when he wishes to make the strongest appeal of which he can think to the loyalty of those Corinthian converts, in whom, perhaps, he took the deepest interest because they gave him the most trouble, can imagine no more powerful and penetrating argument than that gentleness and reasonable forbearance, which was the chief characteristic of our Lord Jesus Christ.

With what perfect dignity and wisdom our Lord Himself had always moved, with what complete and unprecedented success He had carried out His plans and founded His kingdom, and yet how little He had claimed for Himself! "The words which I speak unto you," "The works which My father hath given Me to do," the power of truth, the power of goodness—these were His chief credentials. He seems even to have smiled at the small amount of force He was using. He called

His method of establishing His kingdom a little leaven, hardly seen, hardly noticed. He called it a grain of mustard-seed, one of the least of nature's germs. Yet He knew all the while that this little would leaven the whole lump; that this small seed would have a mighty growth. So that He sealed His life by the sacrifice of His blood, so that He conquered death by His resurrection, so that He fixed for ever the belief in a future life, so that He gathered round Him the faithful few who would hand on the record of His sayings and doings, for the rest He did not care. He came not to strive or cry. He raised no finger against the religious institutions of His nation; He was born but to give those institutions their crowning interpretation. He waged no war against sect or party; He contented Himself with rebuking that sort of qualities from which sprang the evils of the day. He did not force His teaching or His beneficence on any; when they besought Him, He departed out of their coast. When one city would not hear Him, He passed on to another. He often lamented that His power of doing good was limited by their unwillingness to receive and believe Him. Few startling wonders were performed by Him. There may have been many who would have been glad to receive back their dead; yet our narratives represent Him as only recalling three to life. He did not attempt to spend His whole time in prayer: when He gave a night to it on the mountain it is matter of remark. He did not occupy His whole time in preaching or healing; He went to entertainments, and did not reject the company of sinners. Far from insisting on ascetic habits, He Himself tells us that His enemies called Him a gluttonous man and a winebibber, because He did not care to condemn the kindly race of man in the innocent enjoyment of eating and drinking. No doubt the whole world could hardly have held the books that would have been written had all His words been transcribed, but He has been content that we should only have four short memoirs. He knew that there was nothing of what He told us which we should carry out to the full, so He saw that these brief records would be all that we should require. How loyal He was to constituted authority, attending regularly the feasts, distasteful as the actual condition of the Temple must often have been to Him, and paying the legal dues! How gentle He was to His raging adversaries; how calm, mild, and courteous to His pliable judge; how meek and compassionate to His faithless followers and His cruel executioners! Throughout His whole earthly life, thirty years of which he thought right to spend in obscurity, He set the most perfect example of this spirit of gentleness, reasonable forbearance, restful confidence in the victory of the truth, trust in the capacity of His Father to do all things well in His own time, indifference to fame and immediate success, mildness, meekness, contentment in waiving His rights and claims and powers, peacefulness, humility, the wisdom that is not from the earth but from above.

And St. Paul himself, fiery as he was, how deeply he drank of the same spirit! What a humble estimate he had of his own importance! While the world was waiting to be evangelized, he was willing to stay two or three years in one place if so it seemed right. Much of the time that was so invaluable to mankind he spent in supporting himself by his trade, when he might have insisted on maintenance from his past converts, to enable him to go again and again among ever fresh fields. Instead of adopting any unbending rule of practice and conduct, he loved to become all things to all men if he might save some. How humble and modest he was in his dealings with his Churches, his own eloquent epistles record. Instead of rebuke, remonstrance; instead of dogmatic direction, tender warnings to beloved sons; firmness everywhere and always, about the broad great truths he was commissioned to deliver, but the utmost adaptiveness to times and circumstances, the greatest gentleness and self-denial, willingness to eat no meat while the world standeth if he made his brother to offend, urgent insistence that no liberty should be a stumbling-block to them that were weak; seeking not his own, bearing all things, enduring all things, preaching not himself, but Christ Jesus the Lord, and himself the servant of the Churches for Jesus' sake; taking care to do nothing to spoil the Word, but by manifestation of the simple truth commending himself to every man's conscience in the sight of God. Looking upon himself as working together with the unruffled tranquillity of the Almighty, it was by much patience, by simplicity, by knowledge, by long-suffering, by love unfeigned, that he proved his ministry, and did his immortal work.

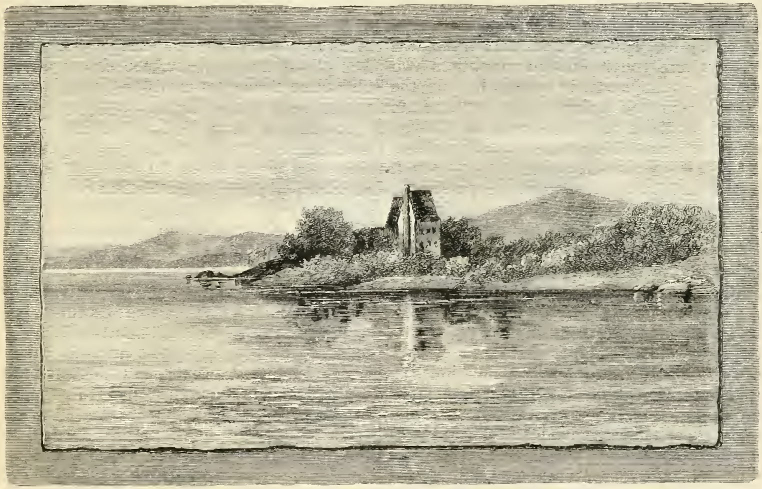
And are we so perfect in all the graces of the Christian walk that the lesson of Moderation is no longer needed? Let your moderation be known unto all men. Is it not often the case that if a man is but orthodox in his belief, and careful against any literal breach of the commandments, he does not ask himself whether he is realising in his life the Spirit of Christ? And yet, if any man have not that Spirit he is none of His. How strange it would seem if a Paul or a James were among us, to analyze for us the quarrels, the schisms, the struggles of the past history of Christendom, which has had, nevertheless, these words and this teaching constantly before its eyes; or to unfold the perplexities of the wars and fightings that are among us now! How clearly he would show the disastrous evils of immoderate self-importance; the danger of developing some favourite side of your nature or some one special aspect of truth at the expense of others, and insisting urgently upon them; the peril to truth, and peace, and godliness of allowing successive single ideas to dominate in the mind and arrogate to themselves an unreasonable and unwarrantable necessity! He would explain how from this thoughtless and passionate spirit every heresy had sprung, the heresies of Rome no less than the heresies of Arius, and Sabellius, and Nestorius, and Eutyches. Penetrating the secret springs of human weakness, he would teach us that all divergences from the general body of Christians arose because either one side or the other exaggerated some particular view or thought to the pitch of exclusiveness and isolation. He would point out how through the past eighteen centuries of political life wherever party had engendered intemperate zeal, and wherever that zeal had degenerated into strife, the strife often ending in an appeal to the sword, it was just because this unyielding self-confident spirit of egotistic insistence on personal opinions, this refusal to admit that there may be two sides to a question, this determination to push to the end the interests of a particular class or party or view, had not been crushed by the gentle reasonableness and forbearance, the abstention from pressing any personal right or claim, the refusal to take advantage of others, which are the marks of the Spirit of Christ. He would show us too how, even in intellectual matters, this characteristic defect had worked havoc. He would explain how alienation from Christ and from God may be the result of pushing too far the right of imaginative criticism; by looking, for instance, at difficulties and objections through magnifying lenses of the strongest power, while for the evidences and probabilities is used the large end of the telescope, which diminishes to a point, clouded by prepossession. Much, no doubt, of that want of peaceful moral progress for which we are, perhaps, to blame ourselves as much as anybody, that waste of wholesome energy by the friction of party spirit which as Christians we most heartily deplore, is owing to this temper of bigotry to an idea, this lack of self-discipline, this neglect (in favour of misguided and obstinate enthusiasm) of the most obvious Christian morality, of the very primary lessons of the Christian disposition. So we help to swell the false currents of thought and practice. So we shock the feelings of intelligent observers, and make the Christian life to them a needless difficulty. So we mar the peace which Christ bequeathed us. So we introduce the weakness of disunion into the kingdom of heaven. So we prevent the grand and ever-growing force of harmony. We obscure truth with clouds of retaliation, and false issues, and meaningless controversies. We set up false standards of right and wrong. We blunt, in striking each other, the weapons of our warfare against evil in ourselves and in the world.

If the inauguration of the reign of peace on earth and good-will towards men is to be more to us than an empty phrase, if we do care for the good of others, if we do long to achieve something for the spread of that most glorious empire over the hearts of men, then we shall withdraw our hearts as far as possible from petty and temporary strifes, and concentrate them more than we have ever hitherto done on God, and on the simple truths of religion. We shall try to draw into ourselves in thought and in deed more and more of the example of the gentle Saviour of the world. We shall do our utmost to get rid of this calamitous self-importance, remembering that Christianity is too great to depend on ourselves, and on our miserable parties. We shall pay more attention than we have done to self-discipline, lest, in what we fancy to be holy things, the evil spirit makes us his own. We shall pay more respect to the advice and the warning of age and experience, instead of believing ourselves to be sages, prophets, and regenerators. Instead of headstrong wilful impulsiveness, that unreasonable intenseness and impetuous zeal which many are bold enough even to cultivate, we shall welcome among all the standard of the well-balanced, conscientious, truth-loving mind. Tempestuous haste and railing denunciation and exacting selfishness we shall avoid as the sign of the spirit that is not from above but which is earthly, unregenerate, devilish. Every day we shall secure time for quiet thought and reflection, and review and taking-stock of ourselves and our position in the kingdom of heaven. Recognising the many-sidedness of truth, we shall never insist that we are its exclusive possessors.

And is it not a noble thing to struggle for, this kingdom of peace and forbearance, and good-will and tranquillity? If we believe in Christ, is it not a terrible wrong that we are doing if by our hatreds and unwarrantable insistence on our own fancies we are delaying it? If others must use carnal weapons for their warfare, shall it not be ours to use those that are indeed mighty through God to the pulling down of strongholds, even that forbearing and apostolic love which casteth down imaginations and everything that exalteth itself against the knowledge of God, and bringeth into captivity every thought to the obedience of Christ?

Here is a wholesome counsel which we may borrow from one who knew not Christ in the flesh :—

> " There is a story told
> In Eastern tents when autumn nights grow cold,
> And round the fire the Mongol shepherds sit
> With grave responses listening unto it.
> Once, on the errands of his mercy bent,
> Buddha, the holy and benevolent,
> Met a fell monster, huge and fierce of look,
> Whose awful voice the hills and forest shook.
> ' O son of peace,' the giant cried, ' thy fate
> I've sealed at last, and love shall yield to hate.'
>
> " The unarm'd Buddha, looking, with no trace
> Of fear or anger, in the monster's face,
> With pity said, ' Poor fiend, e'en thee I love ! '
> Lo, as he spake the sky-tall terror sank
> To hand-breadth size ; the huge abhorrence shrank
> Into the form and fashion of a dove ;
> And where the thunder of its rage was heard,
> Brooding above him sweetly sang the bird.
> ' Hate hath no harm for love,' so rang the song,
> ' And peace, unweaponed, conquers every wrong ! ' "



THE TWO PIPERS OF DUNTROON.

LONELY on its rock, washed by the sea waves, which on a stormy day dash up against the windows of the upper story, stands the Castle of Duntroon.

The traveller from Oban to Crinan has a good view of it as the steamer turns the point and crosses into Crinan Bay ; and it is a view which, if he has any love for the wild and beautiful—any sympathy with that strange Highland past, when men fought and reaved all their lives, never resting till they died—he will not easily turn from or forget. Perhaps he may feel interested enough to inquire, of one of the sailors, who built it ; who chose to perch his nest out there on the headland and defy the sea. And the man will answer probably that it was "Just one of the Campbells," for from here it is no " far cry to Loch Awe," the heart of the old Campbell country, if the Campbell country could ever have had a heart. A grasping, treacherous set, we are told, they were, those Campbells, who sold their king to his enemies, massacred the MacDonalds at Glencoe, got possession un-worthily of the lordship of Lorne, and quartered the *galley* with their own *gyrons*.

We may talk about them freely now, for their own land knows them no more; through the length and breadth of it, where once no other name was heard, scarcely one of them bears rule to-day; and, remembering that, it is pleasant also to remember some of the noble deeds they did while they were yet strong. How Sir Neil companied with the Bruce, and shared his wanderings and privations; how Archibald of the Sour Countenance, the grim old Puritan, ended his life on the scaffold for the cause of Scottish Protestantism, and his son followed him by the same rough road; and how in later days, John of Argyll and Greenwich gave ear to the prayer of Jeanie Deans.

For many a century Time has been working away at those grey old walls of Duntroon, and sunshine and shade melt softly into each other as we look up at them this morning, resting, after a long row, upon our oars in the bay.

They were rough enough doubtless two hundred years ago, when Coll MacDonald, the fierce left-handed warrior, came over from Ireland to claim his inheritance in Kintyre, taken from his father on account of rebellion, and gifted to the Campbells by James I.. Determined to be revenged, he passed on through Argyllshire sparing nothing belonging to the hated name. After burning the Earl of Argyll's Castle of Sween in Knapdale, Coll sailed down Loch Sween, round the point of Keils, and up into Loch Crinan, intending to do the same at Duntroon; but being uncertain as to the strength of its garrison, he first dispatched his piper across the mountains to Crinan with orders to gain admission into Duntroon Castle and bring him information regarding it. When the piper arrived, he was hospitably received and lodged as a stranger within the castle; yet, treachery being for some reason suspected, he was not allowed to leave again in the morning, but detained as a prisoner in one of the turrets. Thence, after long waiting, he saw his master's ships entering the loch. What chance for him now? The poor piper! The suspicions of Duntroon are confirmed beyond a doubt, and his fate it is not difficult to foresee; but he does not think of himself. The Campbells are on the alert. He must save his master. And over the waters of the bay sound out the notes of a warning, composed on the spur of the moment, yet not to be mistaken in its meaning. Tradition has joined to the air these words, and with the spirit of it they accord well:—

"Coll, my love, keep from the tower, keep from the tower!
Coll, my darling, keep from the sound, keep from the sound!
I am in ward; I am in ward!"

MacDonald heard; and, veering northwards, landed his troops at the head of the loch, and led them through the valley of Kilmartin, burning, pillaging, and cattle-lifting up to the shores of Loch Awe. Some kind of superstitious veneration for "religion" appears to have been in the man, though his humanity did not allow him to risk loss in endeavouring to rescue his poor clansman, for we find him immediately afterwards sparing Campbell Auchinellan's corn and cattle because he was in holy orders.

But we must not follow him farther in his fierce raids. They continued until 1647, when he was at length made prisoner by Lesley, at Dunaverty, in Islay, carried to Edinburgh, and hanged by his supplanter, Argyll, on the battlements of Dunstaffnage.

Coll's son Alexander, *Allister MacCholla*, as they call him in Gaelic, is better known to history as the Major-General of the gallant Marquis of Montrose, whose career we will now trace through a troublous year, in order to reach our second Duntroon piper.

In the year 1644 the Covenanters of Scotland, disgusted with Charles's duplicity, began their preparations for assisting the disaffected party in England. The commandership-in-chief of their army they offered to Montrose, and made him acquainted with all the purposes of their "Holy Union." He gave them no direct answer, but started oft at once for Oxford, where he expected to find the king. Charles had, however, gone to the siege of Gloucester, and thither he was followed by Montrose, who informed him ot the Covenanters' designs, and laid before him a plan for their frustration. "He begged of his Majesty that he would be pleased to give orders for levying some troops in Ireland and transporting them to the western coast of Scotland. That his Majesty would order the Marquis of Newcastle to furnish him with as many horse as he could. That he would send to the King of Denmark to desire of him a supply of men and ammunition, which that prince had constantly offered to his Majesty these two years, by which means he hoped to make a party that would stagger the league, and which, in his opinion, would bring his Majesty's subjects under his obedience."

Charles, anxious to snatch at the faintest hope of subduing the rebels without further compromising himself, highly approved of these plans, and determined to put them into execution forthwith. The Marquis of Antrim, who was then at court, made himself responsible for the landing of two thousand men on the coast of Kintyre before the month of April; Colonel Cochran was dispatched to Denmark, and Montrose himself was to carry a commission to the Marquis of Newcastle. After the sitting of the Oxford parliament, Montrose accordingly set out for the north, and reached Durham in the beginning of March, 1644. There he found the Marquis of Newcastle, who rendered him all the assistance in his power; and so with an army of about two thousand men he entered Scotland on April 14. Some refused to follow him farther than the river Annan. With the rest he advanced to Dumfries, and took the town; but, hearing nothing of Lord Antrim's reinforcements, he retired again on Carlisle, and assisted his own deserters in wresting Morpeth from the Covenanters, dispatching at the same time spies to inform him of the state of affairs in Scotland. These returned in a fortnight with a gloomy report. "They had heard not one word of the Irish. In all the places worth keeping strong garrisons were stationed, and nobody dared so much as mention the king's service, but in the terms of the covenant."

Such news was enough to discourage most people, and it did discourage Montrose's followers. In a few days all had left him, some betaking themselves to their homes, others returning to Oxford. No difficulty, no disaster ever discouraged the heart of Montrose. Setting out with the returning knights, he accompanied them southward for two days, then slipped away and returned to Carlisle with two faithful followers, and in the disguise of a groom, riding upon a little nag, holding another by the bridle, he followed Sibbald through a land bristling with foemen, and almost without drawing bit, reached the house of his cousin, Patrick Graham of Inchbraky, near Perth, August 22, 1644, four days after leaving Carlisle. Even here he was far from safe, and all hope for the success of his cause seemed at an end. Rollo and Sibbald going out to rally friends returned saying, "That such as had not taken the Covenant durst not appear, nor open their minds to any person; so much were they overawed and persecuted. That, the Marquis of Huntly having taken the field, upon the approach of Argyll his army had disbanded themselves, and he himself had retired to Strathnaver, the utmost part of Scotland."

Could any position be drearier? The country held by enemies, his friends not daring to help him, the Royalist army dispersed, his expected allies failing him, forced to sleep out in the fields at night in all weathers, and to spend his days alone in the gaunt, bolted house. Yet Montrose was not discouraged; like Coll's poor piper, he never thought of himself.

Presently good news came. The Marquis of Antrim had sent his two thousand men, led by Alexander MacDonald, and a troop of Highlanders had joined them. Montrose wrote instantly, dating his letters from Carlisle, and ordering them to encamp in Blair Atholl, about twenty miles from himself. When he heard of their arrival, taking with him his trusty cousin Inchbraky, he appeared among them before they had any idea that he was even in Scotland. Eight hundred Athollmen were soon added to his little army, and with this handful of rough Celts he marched forward to Tippermuir, where the Covenanters lay encamped—over six thousand strong, with seven hundred horse and nine pieces of cannon—gave them battle, and gained a complete victory. This was followed on September 12 by another victory at Aberdeen. Here he received tidings that Argyll and his army were following him, and, turning up the course of the Spey, he marched to Badenoch, from whence he sent MacDonald with a party to attach the Highlanders, then on to Angus as rapidly as he could, Argyll's horse still following slowly through the mountains. But the east-country gentlemen were Covenanting to the backbone, so that there was nothing for it but to turn again to the more friendly Highlanders. Crossing the Grampians, he entered the Gordon country. Huntly, however, still remained in Strathnaver. Jealousy, because Montrose rather than himself had obtained the chief command in Scotland, prevented him for a long time from making a single effort to help the cause he professed to venerate, and for which he afterwards fought bravely, and died on the scaffold; "begging for the prayers of all those who were well affected to his Majesty, without troubling himself with the prayers of those who were not." Had he at this time, or earlier, come to the assistance of Montrose, the chances of war might have turned out very differently.

Quitting Aberdeen, Montrose turned back to Badenoch, where he was joined by MacDonald, but hearing that Argyll was at Dunkeld trying to detach from him his faithful Athollmen, he made one of his rapid movements forward—twenty miles through the deep November snow, which covered them in the mountain passes up to the knee—and was once again in Atholl, to the astonishment of his friends; while Argyll fled at his approach to the Covenanting garrison at Perth.

It was now the middle of December; there was no fighting to be done, and Montrose's little army must find winter quarters. Where? The low country was strongly garrisoned, the north was a wilderness, the east had proved itself hostile. He determined to step westward, and carry fire and sword through Argyllshire. By the middle of December, marching as his men were well accustomed to march now, he was within two miles of Inverary Castle. The lord of it, who had travelled thither straight from Perth in order to beat up recruits for the spring campaign, thought the devil himself must be in such transports; and from the devil he again fled, this time by water, across Loch Fyne.

Montrose, overjoyed at the success of his witchery, divided his troops into three bodies, one commanded by MacDonald of Clan Ronald, another by Sir Alexander MacDonald, and the third by himself, and with them swept the whole county like a fearful, animated pestilence; driving away the cattle, burning the villages and crops, slaying in cold blood every young man capable of bearing arms. Is it wonderful that the "Raid of the Athollmen" is still remembered with horror throughout the county they desolated, and that the name of Alexander MacDonald, and even that of James Graham, is execrated in many a Gaelic curse? The inhabitants of almost every western parish have some story to tell regarding this invasion. In Craignish they will show you the hill from which they fired on the castle and were beaten back with heavy loss; in Melfort, the site of the barn where men, women, and children fleeing for refuge were burned to death; but nowhere has the devotion been forgotten of the brave boy, our second piper of Duntroon.

With the surrounding country full of retainers ready to give the alarm, it would have been folly to approach Duntroon from the land side, so Alexander MacDonald, following his father's example, determined to approach it by sea; though at this time an assault from either side might probably have been successful, for it happened that only Duntroon himself and a few friends were living in the castle—garrison there was none—and so unsuspecting of any kind of evil were they, that while the enemy's ships were entering the bay* a dance was going on in the hall overlooking it. Darkness fell, ship after ship sailed up stealthily and anchored below the rock, and in the room above it still the dance went on. Were ever dancing and death nearer one another than they were that night?

After the failure at Craignish it is the more important that this should succeed. The order is given to land quietly and secure the gate; the men are beginning to obey, when suddenly the stillness is broken by the sound of a pibroch, played wild and shrill from on board one of the ships, and as the first notes of it died away in the darkness, the lights in the castle windows are extinguished. The secret of the Athollmen is betrayed, but by whom? Allister, mad with passion, shouts for the traitor to be seized and brought before him. That is not difficult, since the pipes are still playing; but his amazement almost overpowers his anger when he recognises the player, a lad picked up by chance in the north of Ireland, and pressed into service because of his music.

"Why have you chosen to betray your leader?" he asks.

"I have chosen to rescue my leader," replies the boy.

"Did I not hire you to encourage my followers in battle; not to give warning to the enemy?"

"Have I not encouraged your followers? But I dare not betray my chief."

"Am I not your chief by wage and contract?"

"Duntroon is my chief by a higher allegiance. I am his clansman, born beyond the hill yonder at Slochivullin."

Time permits of no further parley. The garrison may be about to fire on them. "Cut off his traitorous fingers, and hang him to the masthead!" is the savage order.

Ah, pity, Allister! have you forgotten your father's piper?

And the touching tradition closes by telling us how, when nothing but the bleeding stumps of his fingers were left him, the faithful clansman still played on, the music growing fainter and ever fainter as the chanter filled with blood, ending only when his pipes were taken from him, and with them his life.

The Athollmen pressed on to find the castle gates unbarred, and no one waiting to oppose their passage. In the dark hall, where half an hour before the dancing went on merrily, an old woman, too old to care for life, sits by herself, who tells them that she, thanks to the boy's pibroch, is now the garrison of Duntroon. These are the notes of his pibroch, worthy of being played in blood:—

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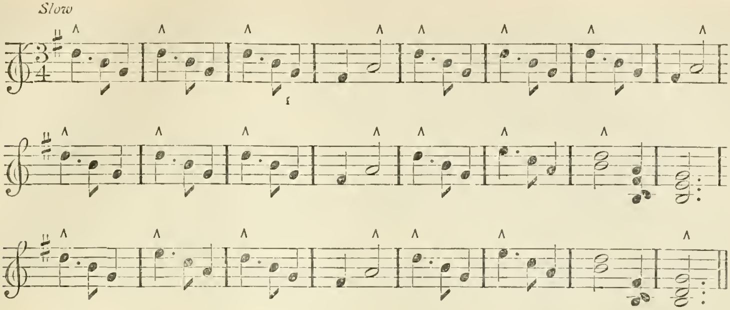
* Local traditions differ as to the date of this attack; but there is little doubt that it took place during the Argyllshire invasion, and not on the first landing of Alexander MacDonald's troops.



These the handed-down words of his last greeting to his chief:—

"All hail to thee! all health to thee! all hail to thee, Duntroon!
All hail to thee! all health to thee! all hail to thee, young Neil!
They are on thee, they are at thee: be heedful, O Duntroon!"

His or not, they are alive with the unselfish, reverent devotion of the Celtic heart, which the thing we call civilisation has elected to crush out and destroy.

The Celtic heart must worship something; it worshipped you, Highland chiefs, for many a long century, till you cast it forth from its home to wander hungry and shelterless over the wide earth. The remnant here and there remaining still worships you, if you will give it one kind look: but the major part has groped its way to other lands, or into the great cities, there to worship "freedom," and your own Mammon god, "Wealth"—not you.

Fresh, cool evening draws on; not a shadow is to be seen on all the walls now, for the golden light comes flooding across from behind the Jura peaks, and bathes them in living fire. We hoist our little white sail; the wind has risen and will carry us home gloriously, happy in the breeze blowing through our hair, in the water rippling across our keel, in red clouds and Gaelic chorus; happier yet, in the thought that the good in a man's life outlasts the evil, and that for men who seem to us neither very worthy nor very good—some have "even dared to die."

J. A. C.

THE ROAD TO THE POLE.

A Yachting Cruise to Novaya Zemlya and Seas adjacent.

By Captain ALBERT HASTINGS MARKHAM, R.N.

SECOND PAPER.

ON the morning of the 20th of June we sailed into the Matyushin Shar—a locality that had always appeared to me to be almost as fabulous and out of reach as some of those rare places visited and described by the original Sinbad the Sailor!

This remarkable strait, scarcely a mile in breadth, and nearly sixty miles long, separates the two islands that constitute what is generally known as Novaya Zemlya. The channel is bounded on either side by noble hills, towering up to an altitude of nearly five thousand feet, the scenery occasionally diversified by steep precipitous cliffs.

So narrow is the strait, and so sharp are the windings, that vessels have frequently sailed some distance into the channel, when seeing land close ahead, with apparently no outlet in the required direction, the captains have concluded that they were sailing into some deep inlet or land-locked bay, and have in consequence retraced their steps in order to look for the passage they were actually in!

Before attempting to push through the channel, we anchored for a few hours in a snug little harbour on the south side, near the entrance, in order to replenish our water. In consequence of the number of cairns that abounded near our anchorage, we gave it the name of Cairn Bay.

Having constructed a cairn, in which a

record was deposited for the Dutch exploring ship, *Willem Barents*, which we knew would visit the Matyushin Shar during the month of August, the anchor was weighed at 10 P.M., and with a fair wind we sailed to the eastward, hoping to pass through the straits into the Kara Sea.

But "L'homme propose, mais Dieu dispose;" we had scarcely proceeded twelve miles when we were stopped by a solid barrier of ice extending right across the channel.

We were reluctantly compelled to confess that we were too early in the season, the channel being rarely navigable before the end of July or beginning of August. It was only what we ought to have expected, and I do not know that we were greatly disappointed at our failure in effecting the passage.

The scenery in the Matyushin Shar is very grand, reminding me very much of the fjords along the coast of Norway, although, I think, more impressive; perhaps the perfect solitude that reigned supreme assisted materially in creating this impression. Lofty hills raised their crests on either side of the channel in majestic solemnity, whose slopes, covered as they were with deep snow, glistened in the continuous light of endless day, and resembled vast mountains of frosted silver.

Between these ranges undulating valleys receded from our view into the interior, so completely wrapped in their snowy mantles as to conceal all rocky projections, and to appear more like glaciers in their milk-white opacity, than stretches of what in a few days would be verdant sward covered with a rich and luxuriant Arctic flora. Occasionally deep ravines, black and sombre-looking chasms, would appear separating the mountains, their dark black cliffs forming a striking contrast to the universal whiteness that everywhere else predominated.

Being defeated in our attempt to sail through the Matyushin Shar, after a few days spent in hunting on either side of the channel we resumed our northward course, sailing up the west coast of Novaya Zemlya.

A persistent head wind delayed us considerably on our passage, but as we worked up close along the land we had an opportunity of enjoying the scenery, the prominent features of which were the snow-clad hills in the distance, their summits sparkling in the glorious radiance of a never-setting sun. As we proceeded northwards large glaciers opened out to our view, their bases washed by the same sea as that on which we floated, but the main body of ice, lying like a huge frozen giant clasped tightly between two hills, receded from our gaze until lost in the far distance.

At noon, on the 1st of July, we crossed the seventy-fifth parallel of latitude in thick weather, but with a fair "fret of wind;" and early the next morning we anchored in a snug little bay formed by three islands off the north-west coast of Novaya Zemlya, a little south of latitude 76°. Just before making our anchorage the weather cleared a little, enabling us to get a glimpse of land right ahead, towards which we were rushing at the rate of seven knots an hour. 'Twas an ugly peep that we obtained—gloomy and rugged-looking cliffs, descending sheer and precipitous into the water, and looming black and sombre through the snow-storm which for some hours we had been battling with. Fortunately one of our harpooners recognised the land as the southern extremity of Berg Island, and, taking the helm, steered us safely through a channel between two islands into our anchorage.

We were unable to do more than just enter the little bay which afforded us protection, on account of the land-ice which extended to some distance from the shore, an unpleasant sign to us that here, again, we had arrived too early in the season—a sign that was only too soon verified!

Although we were not more than one hundred and twenty miles to the northward of Matyushin Shar, we appeared to be a month earlier in the season. There the thaw had already set in, the land was being rapidly deprived of its snowy covering, whilst streams of water were finding their way down from the hills to the sea. To the north, however, all was different; no murmuring of streams was to be heard, and the land still lay closely wrapped in its wintry garb. As we entered the harbour a flock of poor eider ducks were sitting on the edge of the ice, most of them asleep with their heads tucked under their wings, but all apparently looking very disconsolate and wretched, evidently waiting anxiously for the ice to break up and the snow to disappear, in order that they might build their nests, preparatory to enjoying the pleasures and happiness of domestic life. As I gazed upon the poor birds, I could not but recall Shakspere's words in *Love's Labour's Lost*—

> "When all aloud the wind doth blow,
> And birds sit brooding in the snow,"—

they seemed so applicable to our surroundings.

Ascending one of the hills on the island, we obtained a good view to the northward. This, however, only confirmed our impressions of the impossibility of proceeding farther in a northerly direction, for ice, and nothing but ice, was to be seen extending from the land on which we stood to the north and to the west.

This prospect did not, however, prevent us from making several attempts during the next fortnight to push on, but they always terminated unsuccessfully. The ice, although of a light description, was always too solidly packed to make navigation through it, in our little vessel, at all desirable. Hunting, however, was energetically prosecuted; many bears and seals falling victims to our deadly rifles.

On one occasion I had a capital opportunity of observing the movements of a bear whilst engaged in an attempt to procure himself a meal. Bruin was first seen on the ice, about a thousand yards from us, stealthily advancing towards a seal that was lying apparently asleep about five hundred yards off. Wishing to observe his motions, we made the boat fast to the ice and concealed ourselves at the bottom. The bear crept up very cautiously towards his would-be prey, occasionally breaking through the thin rotten ice and swimming for some distance, sometimes altogether under water. Having approached to within about twenty or thirty yards of his victim, he made a rapid, headlong rush towards it, but only to meet with disappointment, for quick as had been his motions, those of the seal were more rapid still, and he vanished down his blow-hole before his aggressor had covered half the distance that separated them when he made his final charge. The bear, however, followed into the water, where he remained diving and searching about for some little time before he emerged, snapping his jaws viciously, evidently much enraged at his failure, and behaving altogether in a very savage manner. At this juncture the harpooner who was with me imitated the cry of a walrus, and with such success as entirely to deceive the bear, who, pricking up his ears, quickly advanced towards us, but only to meet his death from a bullet out of my rifle.

The coast of Novaya Zemlya is literally strewn with drift-wood. Trees, principally larch and pine, from thirty feet in length, with a diameter at their base of from one to four feet, to small stumps and branches, lie scattered about in all directions. No expedition need ever be afraid of running short of firewood whilst in the vicinity of land; but then a good stock must be laid in before the autumn snow falls and buries everything in its impervious fold.

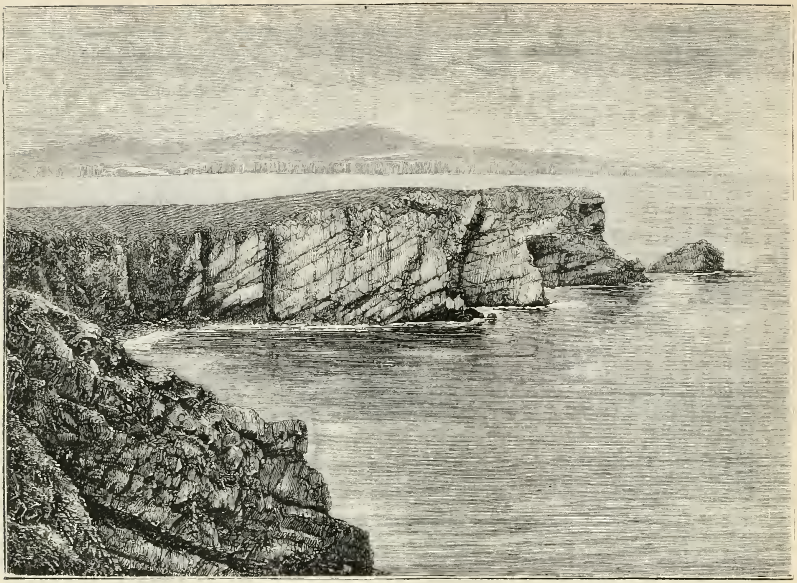
During the time we cruised about the islands on the north-west coast of Novaya Zemlya we collected the eggs of a great many birds, besides adding largely to our ornithological and other collections.

One of the places visited by us was Cross Island, so named by that sturdy Dutch navigator, Willem Barents (a slight history of whom I had the pleasure of submitting, two years ago, to the readers of Good Words), from the fact of his finding two crosses on the island when discovered by him nearly three hundred years ago. These symbols of Christianity found at such an early period show conclusively that the island had been discovered and visited before the days of Barents, but when and by whom will always be wrapped in obscurity.

This island also possesses a melancholy interest as being the place where, seven years ago, Captain Tobiesen, an intrepid Norwegian walrus hunter and an experienced and energetic ice navigator, ended his days. His little vessel, the *Freya*, being beset in the vicinity of the island, and seeing no probability of her being released before the following year, Tobiesen determined to remain by her in the hope of saving if not his vessel, at any rate some of the stores and cargo. Accompanied only by his little son and two seamen, who volunteered to remain with him, he passed the winter on shore in a small frame house covered with canvas, the remainder of the crew being taken to the southward in a Russian fishing vessel.

When the island was visited the following summer, the two sailors only were found alive, their gallant leader and his youthful son having succumbed to that baneful disease, the dread of all Arctic navigators, scurvy; the former having died on the 29th of April, the latter on July 5th. Poor fellows! theirs must have been, indeed, a wretched winter; the very barrenness and sterility of the island being in themselves sufficient to induce scurvy.

On landing to inspect the scene of this catastrophe, the first traces we met of that ghastly winter were fragments of the *Freya*, which with a large quantity of drift-wood were scattered along the beach. The poor vessel had been crushed by her irresistible and all-powerful enemy the ice, the largest intact piece being the bows, which lay nose downwards with the stump of the bowsprit buried in the snow. Casks, cases, and wreckage were strewed about in all directions, whilst



West entrance to Matyushin Shar.

about four hundred yards from the débris stood the house, a silent monument of past misery. It was a fragile-looking structure, and apparently not nearly so substantial as the one in which the gallant Barents had passed his last winter on the same inhospitable strand three hundred years before. The house itself was fourteen feet by twelve, and was seven feet high. The uprights and posts were made from drift-wood, and this was boarded over by planks taken from the luckless *Freya*. The roof was made with the staves of casks, and the whole edifice was covered over with canvas. Inside were the stove, with all its adjuncts of pots, kettles, &c., a table and a few benches, all in good order; but as the house was half full of snow it was impossible to take an inventory of the furniture, or even to ascertain what the sleeping accommodation consisted of, whether bunks or hammocks.

About a hundred yards from the house, in a northerly direction, were the graves of the father and son, marked only by two little mounds of stones and a few small pieces of drift-wood. Some eider ducks had built their nests under the shelter of the stones, whilst a little snow bunting had selected for its nest a snug little cavity between two stones on the boy's grave; but, alas! the nest it had constructed with so much trouble and care in which to fondle and raise its youthful progeny, was destined to be its own tomb, for it was lying dead at the bottom of it, drowned probably by a sudden thaw.

It was a melancholy and dreary scene that we gazed upon on that cold, cheerless July day. The two graves in the foreground; the dismal, almost weird-looking house behind them, resembling in its ghostly white pall of canvas a large tomb or sepulchre; whilst in the distance was the mainland of Novaya Zemlya, its noble hills intersected by broad glaciers, whose surfaces glistened in the dull daylight that prevailed.

I fancied that I could truthfully depict in my own imagination the scene that had been enacted on that desolate-looking spot seven short years before—how those three stalwart men and a lad had existed through that long wearisome winter, hugging themselves round that small stove, trying to obtain what warmth they could from it, and wrapping themselves up in clothes ill adapted for such a climate, striving to obtain protection from the severity of the weather, and from the cold biting wind that could not be prevented from forcing its way into that frail tenement which they had built as a protection during the long, long night.

I could imagine their joy at the welcome reappearance of the sun, which shed its life-giving rays upon them after an absence of eighty-five days—a joy, alas! which must have been tinged with sorrow because of the illness with which their gallant leader was afflicted. How they nursed him during the spring, hoping against hope that the warm rays of the summer sun, which was then streaming in through the windows and door, would restore him to life and friends again. The anxiety of the poor boy, himself suffering from the same painful and loathsome disease, I could also fancy, as he watched by the death-bed of his father, until that parent was placed in his last narrow bed, from which there is no rising, except to everlasting life.

In a few short weeks the lad also was laid in a cold frozen soil by the side of the father he had never deserted, his death doubtless hastened by sorrow. The heart-felt feelings of gratitude towards the Almighty for their deliverance, experienced by the two survivors when they were able to turn their backs on this island so fraught with sad and sorrowful reminiscences, can only be known and appreciated by those who should have been so unfortunate as to have been placed in similar circumstances.

Luckily these episodes of Arctic adventure are of rare occurrence, but when unfortunately they do happen, they invariably portray the bravery and gallant self-denying conduct of the man, combined with the resigned and noble spirit of the Christian. The stories of Arctic adventure, although they do not always terminate in the same disastrous manner as the one related above, abound with the same tales of heroic devotion.

All our attempts to push north having been frustrated we determined, for the time, to relinquish the idea of circumnavigating the north island of Novaya Zemlya, and to try a second time to reach the Kara Sea through the Matyushin Shar. The most northern position reached by us was latitude 76·18° on the 15th of July. The ice which obstructed our further progress at this time was pressing against the land in the vicinity of the Pankratjew Islands. Thence it extended in a westerly direction as far as we could see. To the north was an impenetrable pack.

A marked change could be noticed in the appearance of the land as we sailed south, for although the hills and slopes were still covered with snow, the valleys were clear and looked fresh and green.

On the 21st of July we re-entered the Matyushin Shar, and secured the ship once more in our old anchorage in Cairn Bay.

The contrast between the appearance of the land in the vicinity of our harbour on this our second visit and what it was four weeks before, was very remarkable. Then, the whole country was covered in a great white sheet of snow, but in the month of July this had all disappeared, leaving the valleys and table lands carpeted with a rich and luxuriant vegetation hardly conceivable in such a climate. I had seen nothing like it before in the Arctic regions: long stretches of green sward in which the draba, the astragalus, the papaver, the saxifrage, the potentilla, the myosotis, and other floral beauties of varied bright hues, many possessing delicate perfumes, lay scattered about in the richest profusion; whilst herds of reindeer grazed peacefully on the grasses and mosses that clothed the slopes of the hills; down these, rivulets of water were rushing, which on reaching the plains meandered more quietly towards the sea. It was the nearest approach to an Arctic Paradise I had ever seen, and I could not help lamenting its brief duration. In less than six short weeks the vegetation would wither, the streams would freeze, the whole country would again assume its wintry garb, and the poor reindeer would experience great difficulty in cropping even a mouthful of the vegetation which then seemed so profusely to abound. The summers in Novaya Zemlya are indeed brief, and every living thing must necessarily make the most of their short term of existence.

During one of our excursions we visited a place called Silver Bay, where we picked up a bottle, well-corked, which we found lying on the ground. It contained a small strip of very dirty paper, on which the following lines were scribbled in pencil in the Norwegian language: "Stopped here for sport in the steamer *Germania* to-day. Shot here four reindeer. August 9th, 1871." Here followed the signatures of three of the men. The *Germania* had been hired by the German naturalist Von Hueglin for the purpose of making scientific researches during the autumn of 1871 along the coast of Novaya Zemlya.

Silver Bay was named by Ludlow, a Russian explorer, in 1807, from the quantity of of talc which he there saw mingled with the slate, and which caused a metallic glimmering similar to the white glitter that would have been produced by the more precious mineral.

CHANNEL TUNNELS AND CHANNEL BRIDGES.

By the AUTHOR of "The Harbour Bar."

GEOLOGISTS tell us that at a period which they term "recent," though at one too remote to be measured by our chronology, England formed part of the continent, and was joined to France by a continuity of land. There were then no Straits of Dover; the Island of Great Britain as such had no existence, but was a seaboard of Western Europe, holding, in a more northerly position, the same relation to the mainland as the Spain and Portugal of the present day. It is clear even to an uneducated eye, that the high chalk cliffs on the French side between Calais and Wissant are counterparts of the longer range of Kentish cliffs on the English side—that they are, in short, portions of one formation which formerly spread across the Straits and united the two countries. Nor does the resemblance stop here; we are told that this similarity extends to the underlying strata, namely, the Gault and Greensands, the Wealden strata and their diminished equivalent on the French side, and the Kimmeridge clay and the Oolites, which only come to the surface farther westward. The Channel passage has been gradually eroded or excavated through these various strata until it has assumed its actual proportions, insulating England and constituting a wide and impassable barrier to a highway between her and the nations to the eastward. And it is a passage which, though very slowly, is yet steadily enlarging. The same forces are at work; the same, or rather a greater volume of water, is denuding and cutting back, inch by inch, year by year, the sea-wall of chalk on the Dover shore, and likewise that on the opposite coast of France.

Long before the adaptation of steam, the possibility of reaching the shores of England by some less uncertain route than by navigation of this channel, was a problem that occupied many minds—a problem that, up to the present time, has been practically solved by none.

The first novel attempt on record with which we are acquainted was made towards the end of last century, when Mr. Blanchard and Dr. Jeffries ascended from Dover in a fire-balloon, and alighted on the French coast at Guines, a few miles inland from Calais. The success which attended this venture incited M. Pilâtre des Rosiers and M. Romain to imitate their example, and a few months later—on the 15th of June, 1785—they made the ascent from Boulogne with a view to crossing the Channel. At a height of 3,600 feet the balloon caught fire, and the ill-fated aeronauts fell lifeless to the ground. An obelisk in the village churchyard of Wimille, on the high road between Boulogne and Calais, marks the spot, and stands not far from the very region where some day or other a submarine tunnel may possibly rise to the surface.

Our French neighbours, ever ready to grasp at a brilliant idea, seem to have taken the initiative in the bold scheme for constructing a highway between France and England. In 1802, M. Mathieu submitted a plan to the First Consul, in which he proposed to construct a submarine tunnel from Calais to Dover formed of a double row of superimposed arches; the lower archway to serve as a subway for drainage, and the upper arch to be paved with a substantial roadway, lighted by long lines of oil lamps, and traversed by diligences with relays of horses. This tunnel was to be ventilated by means of chimneys formed by iron tubes coming up in mid-channel.

We can well understand how Napoleon would have welcomed the realisation of such a dream, as year after year he waited, only to learn that that day would never dawn when it would be possible for his flotilla to leave its anchorage in Boulogne Harbour, and force a passage to England through our watchful fleet. The idea once started gave birth to several schemes, which, owing to their impracticability, were never known to the many, and have slipt into oblivion. It may interest the curious reader if we mention a few of the most noteworthy

Amongst the earliest plans brought forward was that suggested by Dr. Payerne for a colossal bridge to span the Straits, raised on masses of concrete. Another emanated from MM. Franchot and Tessié, who started the original idea of a roadway laid from coast to coast across the bed of the channel in a cast-iron tube.

But these and others were eclipsed by the originality of the series of projects propounded by the late M. Thomé de Gamond, which were more remarkable for boldness than for their practicability. As a young engineer, his professional duties had made him well acquainted with the hydrography of the Channel. Unlike most projectors, this enthusiastic explorer was often the first to see the difficulties of his own designs, and to withdraw them successively in favour of fresh schemes, for the suggestion of which he showed singular aptitude. His many efforts for the cause in which he took so keen an interest we think it well to record here.

Doubtless many of the travellers who cross from Paris to London, and who suffer all the miseries of a rough passage, look upon the Channel as a fathomless abyss. But the fact is, that if St. Paul's Cathedral were placed in the deepest part of the Channel, the whole of the dome would stand above water. For in its deepest parts, the depth of the sea does not exceed 188 feet, and for a long distance from shore it does not exceed a depth of 50 feet, while for two miles outside the Calais coast the soundings are only in about 20 feet of water.

M. Thomé de Gamond's first proposition, in 1834, was that of an iron tube lined with masonry, laid at the bottom of the Strait. For this purpose, he pointed out that it would be necessary to level the bed of the sea at depths varying from about 60 feet to 186 feet, which, he justly observed, was not an easy operation. For the execution of this plan he estimated that a sum of at least £18,400,000 would be required. This was a high price for a rather venturesome work, and it found no supporters.

In 1836 he next tried how a bridge could be carried across the Straits between Cape Blanc Nez and the South Foreland. His ideas on this subject were of surpassing magnitude. We may give the reader some notion of this by mentioning that to admit of the passage of ships the arches of his bridge were to rise 171 feet above the sea, so that in the deepest parts of the Channel the height of the arches from sea-bed to keystone would be at least 378 feet, or higher than St. Paul's Cathedral. Its cost was to be in proportion, amounting in all to £160,000,000.

Then in 1837 came the project of a gigantic ferry between the South Foreland and Cape Blanc Nez. To shorten the distance two stone piers, each about five miles long, were to be thrown out from each shore, leaving an interval between their two ends of eleven and a half miles. Two spacious harbours formed at the extremities of the two piers were to receive the ferry-boat intended to make the passage. The estimated expense of this scheme amounted only to £9,200,000.

There was still, however, one other scheme, which occurred to him in 1840, viz., that of rejoining England to the Continent by means of a continuous isthmus of stonework, leaving three navigable channels which were to be passed over by movable bridges. But he mentions several formidable objections which were raised to this isthmus, one of which "consisted in the obstinate resistance of mariners, who objected to be obliged to work their ships through the narrow channels left by this work;" and another being the estimated cost, which amounted to £33,600,000.

Feeling the difficulties of all these schemes M. Thomé de Gamond next turned his attention to the underground structure of the channel, with the view to a tunnel, and for that purpose made a fresh geological survey of both coasts. After making himself acquainted with the superposition of the strata in the Boulonnais and opposite English shore, he next sought to determine their range under the Channel. After tracing by means of the dredge the Portland beds from Cape Grisnez to the Varne Shoal—a reef in mid-channel, the summit of which lies only three feet under low-water level—he proceeded to ascertain the character of the ground between the Varne and the neighbourhood of Folkestone. The sounding-line and lance had brought up in depths of ninety-eight feet traces of a clay, the geological nature of which he wished to determine with precision. For this purpose larger specimens were required, and to obtain these he made a series of descents to the bed of the Channel.

The quaint account of his safety equipment for diving in water from sixteen to eighteen fathoms deep, is given in detail. Weighted with 180 lbs. of flint and wearing an air-belt of bladders, a stout safety line was attached to his girdle, and another to his left arm as an alarm signal. A knife hung from the intrepid explorer's left-hand, and a spatula from his right, the former to cut away the flint-bags after that a specimen of the clay had been secured and pocketed in the receptacle which hung in front of his girdle. His ears were plugged and covered over with oiled lint, and a wadded cotton cap was worn over this. At the last moment he filled his mouth with olive-oil, having, like the sponge divers of the Mediterranean, previously fortified himself by a cup of *café noir*.

He thus made the descent successfully three times in one day, extending his observations over two-thirds of a mile. "In fact, hardly had I reached the ground, on which my bags of stone fell with a shock for which I was prepared, than to drive my spatula into the clay, to dig up a piece, to seize it, to throw it into my pocket, then to cut the strings which tied the ballast to my legs, and leave all, was the affair of a very brief moment, which I was careful not to prolong." His record of the appearance of the sea at depths is not without interest.

> "In these rapid descents I could only cast a very furtive glance over the bed of the sea, which was in this place quite dark when the sun was obscured. This darkness arose from the very deep colour of the ground in that region. But when the sun shone—and this was the case during my two first descents—the liquid medium assumed a rather milky appearance, transparent enough, and one could very well distinguish the remains of white shells, with which the dark bed of the sea seemed to be strewn. I even saw spotted bodies pass with a rapid movement, and these I judged to be shoals of flat fish of the sole or skate family, disturbed by my presence.
>
> "It was on ascending from my third and last visit to the bed of the sea that I was attacked by some carnivorous fish, which seized me by the legs and arms. One of them bit me on the chin, and would at the same time have attacked my throat, if it had not been preserved by a thick handkerchief. I ridded myself promptly of this one, which caused me sharp pain, and which left me as soon as my hand touched it. I thought myself lost. However, preserved more by an instinctive energy than an act of volition, I was fortunate enough not to open my mouth, and I reappeared on the top of the water after being immersed fifty-two seconds. My men saw one of the monsters which had assailed me, and which did not leave me until I reached the surface. They were conger-eels."

Without loss of time the half-drowned diver was hauled into the vessel, exulting in the discovery that the specimen of clay brought up in his pocket from the bed of the Channel was "Weald Clay identical with that which I had known in England on the low plains of Kent bordering the Straits." Thus his determined exertions were at last rewarded.

The scheme which he brought forward in 1856, and which resulted from these observations, was that for a submarine tunnel from Eastware Bay, near Folkestone, to Cape Grisnez, with a central station at the Varne, above water-level. Without reference to the highly permeable character of the Great Oolite, the tunnel was to be begun in that formation near Marquise, and then to be driven boldly through the Oxford Clay, Coral Rag, Kimmeridge Clay, and the Portland stone and sands under the Channel; then to traverse the Weald Clay, and finally the water-charged Lower Greensands, rising through the Gault to the chalk on the English coast. Its cost was computed in figures showing a total of £6,800,000; but estimates in such a case are unimportant, for at no cost could a tunnel have been driven, as he intended, under the sea, through such formations as the Oolites, Portland sand, and Lower Greensands. It might as well be attempted to drive one through the Goodwin Sands as through the last, which at Folkestone are not less than 200 to 300 feet thick, and consist almost entirely of soft loose sands.

Probably few of the many passengers who cross from Folkestone to Boulogne are aware that about mid-channel they pass so near to the dangerous reef of the Varne, the summit of which is only marked by a floating light. This reef is composed of sand, with large blocks of Portland sandstone. M. Thomé de Gamond's favourite design was to raise an international railway station on this submarine island, which, he urged, could be done at a trifling expense. According to this plan, the Varne was to form a large harbour of refuge, to be furnished with a lighthouse, to have outside quays, besides a large inner port for shipping; and travellers, who he supposed would embark here for all parts of the world, were to be carried up from the line of railway to the surface platform by a lift.

The whole description of this "Varne Star" harbour reads like the chapter of a romance, and reminds one of the tales in the "Arabian Nights." Despite the adverse views of irate and perplexed seamen, we can sympathize with its author in speaking of his fanciful creation as a "splendid idea"; and we can excuse him for waxing eloquent, and wording its description in glowing, if not poetic, phrase. Its quays, stretching out into the sea, were to be thronged with shipping from many countries, unloading or loading freights brought by the tunnel from all parts of Europe; its beacon-light was to stand out as a guide to mariners in calm, and point the way to a haven of refuge in stress of weather. In short, the "Varne Star" was to be a perfect focus of international industry, and of safety.

The same designs, considerably altered and modified, were exhibited by their author at the Universal Exhibition in Paris of 1866, in the hope of enlisting the interest of the public, who, however, were not to be moved by his attractive diagrams.

Meanwhile, although fewer plans had emanated from the English side, our great engineers had not been idle. Brunel had already proved the practicability of constructing a tunnel under water, amid circumstances of extreme difficulty, although it was only after many years of cost and toil that the Thames Tunnel was opened in 1843. It was carried through porous strata, the crown of it in some parts being only a few feet from the bed of the river, with a depth of fifty feet of water above a large portion. The Tower Subway is a better instance, for having been driven in London Clay, its execution proved easy and rapid.

It must be borne in mind that although two centuries ago the identity of the strata on the opposite coasts was noted and commented upon, it is only of late years that we have acquired sufficient geological knowledge of the strata on both coasts to enable us to speculate on what may possibly be their range and thickness under the bed of the Channel. The advance of geological science has now not only demonstrated the nature of the strata on both coasts, but likewise clearly indicated their extension under the Channel, as well as their probable depth and thickness.

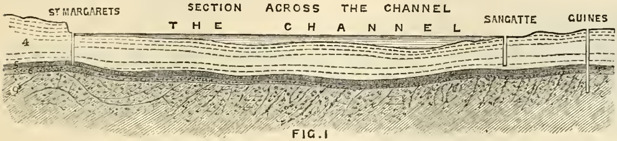


FIG. I

4, Chalk and Chalk Marl. 5, Gault. 9, Palæozoic Rocks.

Looking at all these conditions, and after a careful consideration of the subject, our English engineers came to the conclusion that the Chalk formation presents the greatest facilities and the best chances for the construction of a tunnel. This view also found support among many French engineers, and a deputation waited on the late Emperor of the French, whose policy it was to encourage works of public utility. He evinced much interest in the details of the project, and desired that a committee of French and English engineers should be formed for its furtherance.

Amongst those who took a prominent part in this inquiry were Mr. W. Low and Sir John Hawkshaw. The last-named eminent engineer had borings made in 1866 at St. Margaret's Bay, near Dover, and at Sangatte, near Calais. The results of these borings proved that at St. Margaret's the Chalk beneath the shore had a depth of 545 feet, of which the lower 295 feet consist of grey Chalk or Chalk Marl; and at Sangatte the borehole reached a depth of 551 feet without traversing the Chalk, the lower 284 feet being in the same grey Chalk or Chalk Marl. At the same time he instituted a systematic inspection of the Channel floor. A steamer was fitted out for the purpose, with special apparatus to bring up specimens from the bed of the Straits at intervals, the result of which was to show that the Chalk was continuous between the two localities.

Following up these researches, Sir John Hawkshaw, in association with Mr. Brunlees, formed a plan for a Channel tunnel through the Lower or Grey Chalk, which in this area is extremely argillaceous and compact. In order, however, to guard against the risks arising from any possible faults or fissures, it was decided to carry the tunnel at such a depth that at least 200 feet of strata should intervene between the bed of the Channel and the crown of the tunnel.

The reader who is desirous of fuller particulars concerning this plan will find them in a paper by Mr. W. Hawes, read before the Society of Arts on 18th March, 1874. In this paper Mr. Hawes informs us that it is first of all proposed to make shafts and carry preliminary driftways, on a small scale, to such a distance under the sea as would decide the practicability of the enterprise on a larger scale. These preliminary works he estimates at £160,000, and he observes that the estimate for the tunnel itself is 10 millions. On this point we cannot do better than quote the words of the projector of the plan himself, given in Mr. Hawes's pamphlet:—

> "With regard to this project, it might be well to state that the cost, which had been put at 10 millions, for the construction of the railway beneath the Channel, though it appeared a large sum, really embraced about 10 miles of railway on each side. In order to get to the tunnel, the railway would have to be commenced in the town of Dover, where a very large station would have to be made, and run from point to point along the coast till it turned down near the South Foreland. When it emerged on the other side on the French coast, several miles of railway would also have to be made, to join it with the Northern of France line, so as to be able to get to Paris and Belgium. In fact, the capital of 10 millions would be for about 31 miles of railway in all. That would make the railway cost £300,000 per mile, about one-third the cost of the Metropolitan Railway, and about one-sixth the cost of the railway from Charing Cross to Cannon-street and London Bridge, which he had himself constructed, so that it was not so formidable as it at first sight appeared."

Such has been the progress of engineering science that thorough ventilation, either during construction or for the permanent submarine railway, has not been considered by either English or French engineers as presenting any insuperable difficulty. Mr.

Hawes is even sanguine as to the ultimate success of this Channel tunnel as a financial operation.

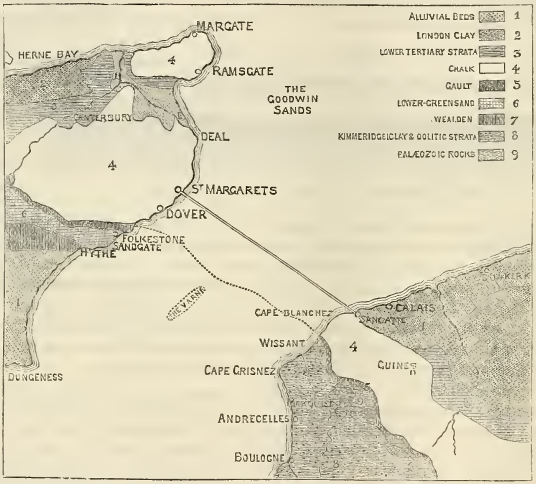
This great scheme of a tunnel through the chalk is that which is best known ; but two very different plans have been brought forward by other engineers. The first of these was suggested in 1861, and again in 1867, by the late Mr. James Chalmers, who advocated the laying down of a submarine tube in lengths on the bed of the Channel, the water to be pumped out of each segment as attached.

To avoid some of the difficulties attending this plan Mr. Bateman, the eminent engineer of the Glasgow Water Works, in 1869, brought forward another similar scheme in conjunction with M. Révy. By an ingenious device the tube was to be lengthened in a moveable airtight cylinder or bell attached to the end of the tube. The probable line suggested was from Dover to Grisnez, and the traffic was to be worked by pneumatic pressure, which would at the same time secure good ventilation. It was estimated that this work might be executed in about five years, at a cost of £8,000,000.

The importance of the subject has naturally attracted the attention of geologists as well as engineers, since the primary object to be determined—before the skill of the engineer is called into play—is the nature and character of the strata on either side of and under the Straits. It is indispensable to have strata that are impermeable to water, and of sufficient thickness throughout to insure the tunnel in its entire length being continued if possible in the same formation.

Taking the strata in the order of their age we may observe that the London Clay extends from the coast of Essex to the coast of French Flanders, and in a line from St. Osyth to Dunkirk is probably 400 feet thick throughout. The mass and the material are therefore perfectly adaptable for a submarine tunnel. To show the facility with which a tunnel can be driven through this formation, we may mention that the Tower subway, to which we have already referred, is 1,320 feet long, and 7½ feet in diameter. It was driven under the Thames in less than six months, and although in one portion only 20 feet from the bed of the river, there was not the smallest leakage in any part. But the great distance between the two shores, measuring 80 miles, is an insuperable objection to the London Clay.

The Lower Tertiaries which succeed may be at once dismissed as too permeable and too thin.



ALLUVIAL BEDS ▨ 1
LONDON CLAY ▨ 2
LOWER TERTIARY STRATA ▨ 3
CHALK ☐ 4
GAULT ▨ 5
LOWER-GREENSAND ▨ 6
WEALDEN ▨ 7
KIMMERIDGE CLAY & OOLITIC STRATA ▨ 8
PALÆOZOIC ROCKS ▨ 9
MARGATE
HERNE BAY
RAMSGATE
THE GOODWIN SANDS
CANTERBURY
DEAL
ST MARGARETS
DOVER
FOLKESTONE
SANDGATE
HYTHE
THE VARNE
DUNGENESS
CAPE BLANCNEZ
CALAIS
SANGATTE
DUNKIRK
WISSANT
CAPE GRISNEZ
GUINES
ANDRECELLES
BOULOGNE
4

Geological Map showing the position of the proposed Channel Tunnel.

The Chalk, which next underlies, consists of an upper division, which is usually much fissured and admits of the ready passage of water, and of a lower division, which is very argillaceous, and when free from faults and fissures is comparatively water-tight ; the water which passes through the upper division being generally thrown out as springs on reaching the chalk marl. At the deep artesian boring at Calais the chalk was found to be as much as 1,032 feet thick, and, except a few small, insufficient springs in the upper part, no water was met with.

It is a remarkable geological fact, and one bearing much on this inquiry, that in this boring, as well as in that at Guines, the whole of the Oolitic strata were wanting, and that the Cretaceous beds were found to rest directly upon the Palæozoic rocks which at Calais are of Carboniferous, and at Guines, of Devonian age. (See Map and Index.)

Next, in descending order, comes the Gault, a stiff clay well adapted for tunnelling; but unluckily it is only about 100 feet thick near Folkestone, and thins off to 40 feet on the French coast.

Below the Gault are the Lower Greensands, which form the sandy and crumbling cliffs at Folkestone and at Sandgate. They may be at once dismissed on account of their extreme permeability.

Underneath these come successively the Wealden strata, extending from Rye to Hythe, where they are of very considerable thickness, but thinning off midway in the Channel.

Next succeed the Portland Stone and Sands, through which water passes with facility, and which are therefore to be avoided.

Then comes the Kimmeridge Clay, which forms the conspicuous cliffs on each side of Boulogne harbour. It consists, in great part, of impermeable clays, with intercalated sands and calcareous beds, the whole attaining there a thickness of above 300 feet on the French side. But from the interesting data furnished by the Battle boring we now know it to have a development of not less than 650 feet under the Weald of Kent. On the other hand, there is reason to suppose that the Portland Stone and Sands thin out as they range towards the English coast, so that the Weald Clay may, in the neighbourhood of Hythe, repose directly on the Kimmeridge Clay. Should this be the case, it might be possible to carry a tunnel commencing in the Kimmeridge Clay of the vicinity of Boulogne, and continued in the Wealden Clay on the English coast to the surface near Hythe.

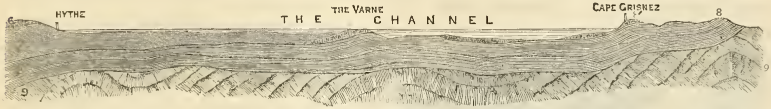


FIG. 2

7, Wealden Strata. 8′, Portland Beds. 8, Kimmeridge Clay. 9, Palæozoic Rocks.

The Oolitic strata which underlie these beds, and which come to the surface, or underlie the Chalk, farther westward in the Channel, need not be considered, as their permeability and the breadth of the Channel present insurmountable obstacles.

But below all these formations, with their edges upturned at a high angle, lies the great mass of the old rocks known to geologists as the Palæozoic series, which here comprise the Coal measures, with the Devonian and Silurian strata, and consist of shales, coal seams, hard sandstones, limestones, and slates.

If the Oolitic formations were present everywhere, these old Palæozoic rocks would, in the chalk area of the south of England, lie at inaccessible depths, but it is now ascertained that a subterranean ridge of these old rocks extends underground from the Ardennes of Belgium to the Mendips in Somersetshire. And there is every probability that the Oolitic strata which in the Boulonnais thin off against the emerged portion of the ridge, do the same against its underground flanks as it trends under South Kent, so that in the district around Dover, and in other parts of East and North Kent, it is probable that the Palæozoic rocks directly underlie the Chalk and Gault, as has been proved to be the case at Kentish Town and Harwich, where they have been met with at the respective depths of 1,114 feet and 1,026 feet. They were also found at Calais at 1,032 feet, and at Guines at 635 feet, and they come to the surface to the north of Marquise, between Calais and Boulogne. Their more recent discovery under London, viz. at Messrs. Meux's Brewery at the corner of Tottenham Court Road, created much public interest, as the boring, after passing through the Chalk and Gault, reached strata containing fossils of Devonian age, corresponding with strata of the same age in the Ardennes. It has been estimated that these old rocks ought to be reached at about 700 to 800 feet from the surface near Dover, and possibly at a lesser depth in the neighbourhood of Folkestone; but at the latter place the Lower Greensands would interfere with access to them.

Professor Prestwich, from whose paper * to

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* "On the Geological Conditions affecting the Construction of a Tunnel between England and France."—*Min. Proc. Civ. Engineers*, vol. xxxvii. p. 135, 1874. See also a paper by Mr. Topley in *Popular Science Review*, vol. xiii. p. 394, 1874.

the Institution of Civil Engineers the above geological particulars have been extracted, further points out that where Primary rocks are immediately overlaid by Gault or Chalk all ingress of water is effectually prevented; and he remarks that in the case of the coal-field of Mons, where 1,000 feet of strata highly charged with water immediately overlie the Coal measures, these latter are kept perfectly dry, notwithstanding that the pressure of water in the overlying water-bearing strata is greater than that of the Channel waters. He explains how the upturned furrowed edges of these old rocks have been filled as it were with a liquid grouting formed by the decomposition of the superincumbent strata—this grouting acting like a natural cement and preventing the passage of water. Professor Prestwich lays stress on this as a point of much importance, and as an argument in favour of the Palæozoic rocks for submarine work.

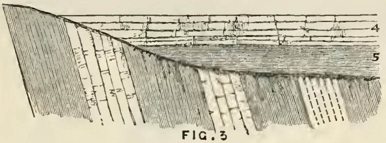


FIG. 3

Upturned Palæozoic rocks with overlying Chalk and Marls.

It is further shown that rocks of this class are being actually worked under the sea on the Cumberland coast, galleries having been carried in the Coal measures for a length of four miles under the sea with perfect freedom from water, and without difficulty as regards ventilation.

The Oxford professor therefore concludes that, apart from their lying at so great a depth, these old Palæozoic rocks present most favourable conditions for the piercing of a tunnel, and offer—so far as safety from water is concerned—the surest ground through which to run direct communication between the two countries.

By engineers and geologists the construction of a tunnel is thus considered practicable, although they do not quite agree as to the choice of the strata. The problem seems to resolve itself into three alternatives.

Firstly. The tunnel through the Lower Chalk would involve the least expenditure of capital and time, as the distance between the two coasts is only twenty-one miles, and the tunnel in its entire length could be carried continuously through the one formation. All eyes will watch with eager interest the result of the tentative driftways.

Secondly. Although the Kimmeridge Clay would necessitate a longer route, still, if the Portland Sands upon further examination should prove to be absent on the English coast, so as to admit of the tunnel being carried direct into the Wealden Clays, the scheme would have its advantage in the thickness and impermeability of the argillaceous strata. It might be possible also to have a shaft midway at the Varne Shoal, which, as we have already observed, is concealed at low tide by only some three feet of water.

Finally. There would remain the old Palæozoic rocks advocated by the Oxford professor, which, although in his opinion safe and certain, would entail vast cost, from the depth at which they lie, their hardness, and from the many miles of underground railway needed on either coast to connect the Channel tunnel with the surface lines.

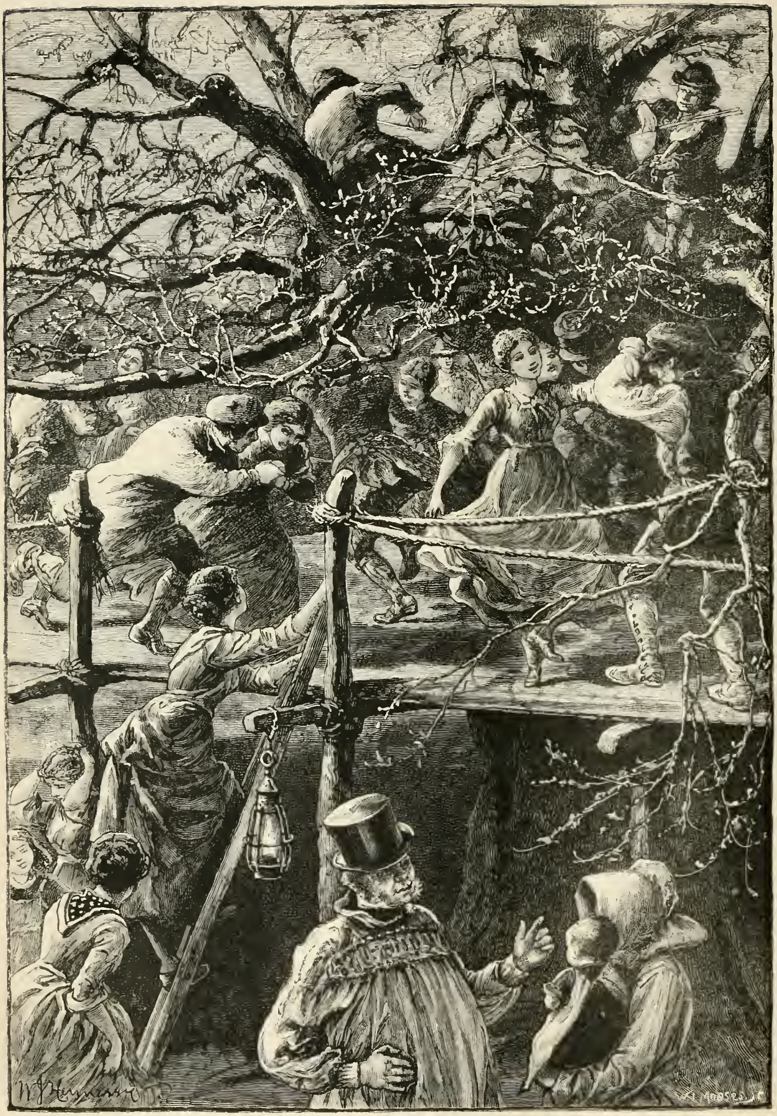
It is, however, within the range of probabilities that the enterprise which has enabled the French engineers successfully to follow the Coal Measures from Hardingen to near Marquise, may enable them to follow these strata further towards the coast; and as the strike of the "measures" trends to the English coast between Folkestone and Dover, it is within the range of possibilities that a coal gallery under the Channel may prove the pioneer of the greater and more important work under consideration.

"Under any circumstances, it is evident that the difficulties are formidable. Whether or not they are insuperable are questions which may safely be left to our engineers. The many and great obstacles overcome by engineering science of late years, lead us to expect that should the occasion arise, and the attempt be considered worth the cost, the ability to carry it out would not be wanting."

We need not enlarge on the boon that a Channel tunnel would be to thousands of travellers and to the many invalids who take flight with the swallows in quest of pleasure or health to the sunny climates of the south, and to the latter of whom especially the steamer passage is always a difficulty and too often a real evil.

It is possible that this age of enterprise is yet to be signalized by one of the greatest engineering works that the world has ever seen.

[P.S.—At the General Meeting of the South-Eastern Railway Company held in January last, and since these pages were put into type, it was stated that another line of tunnel was contemplated, commencing in the outcrop of the Chalk Marl near Folkestone, and following in the dip of the beds eastward, until the required depth was reached for passing beneath the Channel.]


W.J. Hennessy
A. Morse

THE DANCING TREE.

Page 226.

CHRISTOWELL.

A Dartmoor Tale.

By R. D. BLACKMORE, Author of "Lorna Doone," etc.

CHAPTER XIV.—A SMALL COMMISSION.

UPON the dreary moor, there is little pleasure of spring, or joy of summer, because of the absence of that beauty (transcending the loveliest daughter of mankind) the excellent beauty of the trees, which man was meant to nourish, but loves better to demolish.

Only in the softer wrinkles, where the hard face of the land relaxes into a smile aside—has any tree a hope of standing against the fierce wind and scowling sky. But in the few spots where shelter helps them, and frugal virtue of the soil gives food, the pleasure of surprise multiplies their beauty; and the jagged granite sets their green off, with a spiked white chain around their necks. These quiet dingles are the very sweetest places for any man to wander through, with the spring of the year around him, and the sound of crispness following his steps, and plenty of time to see things grow.

When the smiting wind from the wilderness leaps over the bristly ramp of furze, and after a few dying kicks expires, the soft kind creatures, that have finer feelings, rejoice down below, and hug themselves. For here they have safety, and comfort, and repose, and a soil glad with sweet oozyness; and the sprinkle of tempestuous air ruffles through them softly, and the hushing of the wind is music.

In such a gentle place, set largely with promiscuous hope, and strewn with more than good intentions of the modest work of spring, the foot of a savage man crushed the moss, and a tumult harsher than that of the wildest wind stirred through the branches. Forsaken of all his fellows' love, and disdainful of his Maker's, as hateful a man as ever trod the earth, because he had no love of anything. Even as a baby of low nature may be known by its cruel look at a little bird or fly, and a boy of nasty instincts by his torture of a frog, so a truly wicked man shows himself by doing despite to the goodwill of his mother earth.

This man came along, with a fierce glitter in his eyes, and a slouching of his lumpy neck, and hatred of mankind stamped upon his sour forehead, gingery brows, and grimy cheeks. The shape of the face had once been fine, the features strong and regular; and a mighty strength of will had made it, in the prosperous days, impressive. But no one would think of considering it now, as a matter of kind interest; the impulse of any one beholding it would be to prefer the other side of Dartmoor.

The man, who was tall and of vigorous frame, contrived to crush everything that could be crushed by one pair of feet planted recklessly. His coat was of undressed sheepskin, with the wool torn, and worn, by the briars and rocks; his breeches were of rickcloth sewn roughly by himself; his cap of badger-skin; and about him there was nothing of tradesman's work, except his boots. These had been stolen from a shop, or cart, or perhaps from some gentleman's dwelling-house; for clearly enough they were boots of good art, flexible, shapely, strong, and lively, and really inclined to be waterproof on the feet of a clever wearer. They had a very clever wearer now, who instead of cracking them with blacking, anointed them daily with raw fat, which they sucked into their constitution.

There were many who desired to catch this man, for a heavy reward was upon him; but any one looking at him would think twice, before raising hand to lay hold of him. For he carried a big double-barrel'd gun, of heavy bore, not too long to be handy, and having percussion locks, a novelty as yet among the simple sportsmen of the moor. Wild, and savage, and reckless as he looked, with the stain of the bogs and the fray of the rocks, and ravellings of time and weather, it was manifest that he set store by his gun, which was clean, well oiled, and in good condition. Even now, fiercely as he trod his way, among delicate growth, frail bud and gentle flower, he bore his heavy weapon carefully and watchfully, lest any bough should bruise or sharp rock scratch it. Also he kept his keen eyes on the strain, for he was going to a doubtful and perilous appointment.

"If he has doubled on me, he dies first," was the comfort he kept on administering to himself, although it did not make him comfortable; "he would turn upon himself, if he was paid, and could run away from it. There are many blackguards in the world; but none fit to hold a candle to my clever and exalted friend. He has thriven, and I have failed; because I had scruples, and he had none. But I have one pull upon him—his life is much to him; mine is a small thing to me."

In the bend of this glen where the wood grows thickest, there is a little driblet of a spring that falls—by way of an early lesson to itself—almost as soon as it has done rising, over a rib of its hard mother granite. Certainly a few things fond of water come to alleviate its first mishap, moss for instance, and the stems of wet-bine, and crinkled caddis reeds, that introduce themselves as conduits. Still there the fall is, and it must be fallen, even though it be five bad yards deep, amid a little jubilee of fluttering expectants, flower, and leaf, and crocketted frond, jerk-tailed gnat, and snub-nosed fernweb, the little mouse that lives in a gossamer almost, and the rabbit who builds him a castle of sand—all of them rejoicing in the tiny spout of crystal, the jeopardy of a sprinkle from a whiff of wind across it, and the freshness of the seed-pearls that glisten in the sunshine, or make a sliding string of some long filament they have stolen.

Upon a slab of granite, near a stool of budding hazel, where the clear little thread of water frayed itself into a fantastic knot, at the base of the crag that shaped it, there sat a man of impatient mind, high colour, and strong character. Not such character perhaps as those who aim at the welfare of the human race would desire to increase and multiply; but such as many positive moralists prefer to what they call "the washed out type of persons without any will of their own." In a word, here was the red-faced man.

The style of courteous bluffness, and of pleasant arrogance, which liked him well, and made clever women hate him so, was not at all the cue to suit him now. For now he had to deal with a man that knew him, and felt for him even less respect, than he still was able to nourish for himself. On this account, George Gaston allowed himself to look as nearly as possible the animal he was—an ill-bred, ill-conditioned man; who had chosen the evil rather than the good, and despised the good, because he never could regain it.

Guy Wenlow, the murderer of two women—if verdicts could be trusted—and now the outcast of the moor, was forcing his overhung and tangled way to the place of appointment, with such a reckless noise, partly through ferocity, and partly of set purpose. For he wanted to show that he was not afraid of any one, but could roam where he pleased, like a gentleman at large.

Generally when two big villains meet, for concoction of further villainy, one of them takes the upper hand, and keeps it, in virtue—if the word may so be used—of more skilful and masterful villainy. This was what Gaston intended to do; and Wenlow was equally resolved to do it. But a man who has dwelt in the desert for a twelvemonth, and mainly been dealing with the larger forms of nature, lies at a sad disadvantage, before his fellow, who has never missed a day in the factory and mart of lies.

George Gaston smiled at his former comrade, as he broke from the covert into the rugged opening, with his gun at full-cock, and eyes flashing defiance. "Did you think that I would harm you?" he asked rather sadly; "is there no confidence among old friends?"

"Talk no rubbish," the old friend replied; "if you could gain sixpence by hanging me, and keep your own body out of it, you would do it. What do you want with me? My time is short."

"Your time will be shorter, if you so misuse it. You are soured by retirement, instead of growing mellow. I am disappointed by your want of cordiality."

The man of the sheepskins turned away with an oath, and threw his gun on his shoulder. "I came a long way, to oblige you," he said; "good bye! You will swing before I do."

"Civilisation has no sweets for him. There was a time when he loved potted char. But now he cares only for Dartmoor mutton."

"Gaston," cried the other, coming back with dignity, and yet with some signs of desire about his mouth; "is it potted char? What a memory you have! If you only knew how sick I am of mutton!"

"It is potted char, from the only house possessing any connection with the genuine fish. The brand is on the top, and the bottom, and the sides, and especially over the place to put the knife in; because of the sad increase of commercial roguery. The smell alone will indicate how genuine it is. A 3 lb. pot, for old lang syne. But alas, there is no true friendship left!"

"How many pots of it have you brought? This is truly kind on your part, George. No one has shown a bit of care about my likings, ever since every one turned against me. But what is it you want of me, in return for all this bribery?"

"Only a little thing, Guy Wenlow, a trifle altogether for a man of your position. I am half ashamed to give you such a trumpery commission. But it may lead to better things for both of us, hereafter."

"No mealy mouth about it, George. I care very little what I do now."

"Well, this is a thing that you will like to do. You hate any fellow that sticks up to be a wonder?"

"That I do, with all my heart. It is humbug, rank humbug. We are all alike. You know it, as well as I do."

"Never mind moralizing now. Do you remember a tale I told you, that night when the lightning was so frightful on the heath?"

"Every word of it;" answered the other, with a laugh; "for it let me into a little secret, that even George Gaston was afraid of something. 'Let us talk of something good,' you said, 'the weather is so awful; let us talk of something good.' Fie George, fie, to be a coward of a thunder-cloud!"

"If you had seen what I have, ay and felt it too, you would sing another song, Guy Wenlow. Some men attract it, some repel. Twice have I been struck; and the colour of my face—but never mind now—it never thunders here."

"That shows your ignorance of the moor. You should hear it rattle round the tors sometimes. But what am I to do for you? And how much for it?"

"All you have to do for me is to knock down a boy. And for that you shall have £5 in gold. Unless you like to do it from good feeling only. For what chance can you get of spending any money?"

"Gaston, you always were a despicable screw. To knock down a boy costs five shillings, and expenses. For £5, twenty boys should be knocked down; and you are not the man to pay too much. What you want is a bigger job than that. Out with it!"

"Well, if you want a big name for it, and small crimes do not suit you, Guy, you may call it the robbery of Her Majesty's mail, as represented by a cobbler's boy. The man of whom I told you that fine story, a cock-a-hoop, a highflyer, a romantic fool of honour—"

"You called him none of that, George Gaston, when the lightning was around you. He was a marvel of good works then; and to praise him seemed to protect you in your trembles."

"Pest upon that! I was nervous, I confess. Every one has his weak point, I suppose. What he may be, is no concern of yours. All you have to do is to look after him for me. And if you do it well, you shall have handsome pay. Even in the wilderness, you want money. Without it, you would have been taken long ago. And, to break into farm houses, is but onions and bacon. A little healthy business on the outskirts of the moor will cure you of bog ague, and put cash in your woolly pockets. Wenlow, I congratulate you on your brave appearance."

"Any fool can laugh. You are wasting time. I cannot. My day is divided, and I never knew the value of time, till I had to score it by the shadows."

"And to keep on the shadowy side of the score. Impatient man, I will be brief. Have you ever heard of Christowell?"

"Yes, I know all about it. I have got an eye to the Parson's house. You may hear of something I do there."

"Try nothing of the kind. It is a very quiet hole, and must be treated quietly. Under the beacon lives our friend, who made such a fool of himself, years back. There he has got a sort of hut and garden—a craze, a bit of madness, suited to his strange propensities. He was knocked on the head in some battle, I believe; and the earth went in upon his brain, and stayed there. He is cracked about gardening, and the things the worms do. He pounds away, and labours with his naked arms, as if he had been born in a brickfield. I saw him myself, or I could not have believed it. I was let in by a man who knows every rat-hole of the premises. The fellow was a mass of mould and grime, when he might have been rolling in guineas."

"I like a man of that sort. He cannot be a sneak;" Black Wenlow replied, with a look that meant, 'like you my friend.' "It will take more than £5, to make me go against him."

"What a sentimental turn that is! Such a lesson in morality is worth £5. A man is enabled to charge for his work, according to his character; £10 will be very handsome for a man of yours. You know the man I mean, from my description. The chaw-bacons call him 'Captain Larks.' I have no time to tell you how I am concerned with his affairs; and if I had, it would do no good. The practical part of the matter is, that I want to keep him as he is—retired, industrious, respectable, and wholly in the dark about his family affairs. He has quitted the world, of his own accord; he is as happy as a king; and I wish him to continue so. His return to civilised life would be a plague to me, as well as a misery to himself. I wish him well, with all my heart; for I always liked a magnanimous fool, a boy who sees the world through his own pea-shooter. Perhaps he has never even heard of me; for I have arisen since his day."

"I have no time to hearken to all these items. I have to watch the shadows, as a painter does. Tell me what I have to do; and never mind the reasons."

"All you have to do is, to keep watch upon the man. He must not go from home, without my hearing of it, by a letter through the old rogue at 'the Raven.' And another thing, still more important, is that he must not receive any letters. I shall leave Exeter, by the 'Quick-silver' this evening, having discovered all I want to know at present. On Monday, the lawyers of the family will write to him, having at last found him out through me, after a score of advertisements had failed. That letter will be due to me, and I must have it. It must go through the post, and bear the proper post-marks; but instead of being delivered to Captain Larks, it must be handed over to your humble servant."

"And you wanted me to rob the mail for £5! Many things amaze me in your nature; but one thing astounds me,—your quantity of brass."

"Cheek is now the word for it, since your disappearance from polite society. But the name is bigger than the job, Guy Wenlow. To-morrow will be the first of May. On Wednesday morning the letter will come to Christowell, about ten o'clock as usual, and be left at the house of James Trickey, the cobbler. A new postage 'envelope,' some new-fangled crotchet for cheap letters, is to be issued on the first of May; with the postage paid, or some such stuff. All Christowell will be goggle-eyed, for a long time after these come to hand; I shall send two dozen dummies to people whose names I have picked up. Trickey will be mazed, as they call it about here, and attribute all these wonders to the Pixies, and the witches. He won't venture out of sight of his own door that day; especially at such a time of year, when the evil spirits do their worst. His little boy Bob, who is too young to be afraid, will be sent up the hill with the Captain's letter. Scare him to the point of death; but don't hurt him."

"You need not tell me that; I am benevolence itself. Very well, I take his letter; and what then? On the moor are no post-offices."

"But the man at 'the Raven' can be trusted. He makes a good thing out of you. For any pretty bit of skill, a noble door is opened by all this new nonsense about cheap letters, and paying for their carriage beforehand. When there was eightpence to pay, it could be shown whether anybody paid the eightpence; but who will know now what becomes of a letter, when the interest of the post-office is to take the dirty penny, and have no more bother with it? Such a plan may last a month perhaps; and throughout that month will be a muddle. All that I have foreseen, and timed your little plan accordingly. A hideous thing, called an 'envelope'—because there is no English name for it—will contain this letter for Captain Larks. All you have to do is to take it from the boy, go to 'the Raven,' the same night with it, before any fuss arises, find my instructions, and follow them."

"That is all very simple, and a credit to you, Gaston. But excuse my anxiety about the cash. The sum is a small one; but the times are bad with me. These miserly clodhoppers smuggle off their money to a bank, instead of their bolster, or the thatch. For a month, I have not known where to turn for a bit of honest plunder. Even 'the Raven' begins to look askew at me."

"That shall be righted; and you must not be too active now, except upon my business. You have your head-quarters, no one knows where, in the depth of this horrible wilderness. The man of 'the Raven' is a very decent fellow, and would sell his good old wife at a proper *quid pro quà*. The moor is delightful at this time of year, and the air ecstatically bracing. Stock yourself well, to the extent of a sovereign (which I will leave with mine host on account) spend a few days healthfully in the boggiest quarters of your beat, enjoy my potted char, and some very choice pig-tail which I will leave for you—a perfect charm for all aches and agues—and then on Wednesday morning, earn your balance, repair to the trysting-place, and get it."

"You go on so fast, when you want to slur a point. Slow and sure, is my style of business. Am I to look for you, at that filthy hole, on Wednesday?"

"Is there no meaning in the English language? I said that you then would find my instructions, and according to them, send back the letter. After that your care of Captain Larks begins. Lest haply he should hear of things from any other quarter, which it is his hearty desire, and truest interest, not to know. Having hit upon a clue to him, some half year ago, I have employed some nicety in placing all advertisements, or at least in suggesting the quarter for them, so that none of them should hit him. But now I make a clean breast to the men of law, who have a perfectly just faith in me. By vast exertions, I have found the man. They will write to him, after much sage counsel, a letter for which they will charge two guineas, though it is to go two hundred miles for one penny. For another penny it comes back to them. Wonderful is the insolence of this age. How happy are you, who live out of it! Steam-coaches are beginning to run madly all about. Next year, they are to come to Bristol. They are taking everybody's land, without his leave. That has something to do with the urgency of this matter. It outrages all one's sense of justice. But, thank heaven, there are still some people who know what is right, and stick to it!"

"And foremost of them all, George Gaston. Very well, I know now what you want, and will carry it out most faithfully. Where will the tobacco be? I want that first. If you knew what stuff I am obliged to smoke——"

"You shall have it to-night, with your outfit at 'the Raven.' Lay aside, once and for all, your most narrow idea, that I stint anything. Of all men I am the most liberal, when it pays."

"To me you should be more than liberal, George. Whose doing is it that I lead this life? Who first led me to despise my home, to want to be more than I was meant for, to gamble away my poor father's savings, to rob my sister, to break my mother's heart——"

"Guy Wenlow, this tenderness is not thrown away on me. It proves that your heart is in the right place still; though it may have sadly roamed away from it. But we must not linger. The whole world is in a hurry. Nobody looks back; everybody forward. Repentance, and remorse, are a pair of old samplers. The Quicksilver average is fourteen miles an hour; and the horses must be changed in thirty seconds, to show that they can beat steam-coaches. When you were a sporting character, Guy Wenlow, with £50 on each side of your stomach, how you would have loved to sit behind those horses! But they summon me; I seem to hear them neigh."

The better of the two men turned away, to hide the tear which the memory of his mother, or perhaps of the horses, had called forth. Then he swung his heavy gun upon his shoulder, and made off. "One little trifle I forgot to mention," the other shouted after him, "a thing that will make you stick the closer to your duty. The Captain's daughter is the loveliest girl even to be found in Devonshire. You are an admirer of the sex. *Verbum sat.*"

"We are told that the devil lives on Dartmoor," cried the outcast; "but now he means to come to and fro, by the Quicksilver."

"Go thy way. The fool, and the woman, have privilege of last word;" Gaston muttered. Then putting away a pistol, which had been hidden near his fingers, he discharged into his mouth a more peaceful implement known among travellers by the same name. With his high colour heightened, he arose, and left the dell; whose beauty was not impaired by his departure.

CHAPTER XV.—THE DANCING TREE.

Among the few places that now keep shops, on the threadbare skirt of Dartmoor, one of the kindest and most tranquil-minded is that little town Moreton Hampstead.

A man of fine leisure and liberal ease, with a ripe turn for contemplation, may be looked for—if any one is rude enough to want him—first near the tap of his favourite Inn, then about the reading-room or post-office, after that clearly at the farrier's shop, and for the rest of the day on the bridge, with a pipe in his mouth, and hands in pocket.

The great defect of Moreton is therefore this, that it owns no bridge of any kind, for such transcendant uses. But in plea of that, it may well be urged (if any man there can be urgent) first that if any bridge were needed, no one could ever find the energy to build it; and next that no genuine Moreton man would go forth to a bridge for his lounge, while he can get it, right happily, on his own window-ledge. If ever he is wanted, which very seldom happens, there he may be found, during those short periods, when he is not feeding, or profoundly asleep. Now as to those two alibis, the former is strictly sacred. The shop-door is bolted, and the bell unhung; and from twelve o'clock till two, the only business considered is the commerce of the interior. Then if anybody, scanty of good-manners, thumps upon the door, why just let him thump again. With a relish, as of pickles, or of very cool cucumber, the hearty tradesman smacks his lips, and labours at the self-help most congenial to him, a large help of very lofty order of mutton. If at two o'clock, he unbolts his door, and rehangs his bell, he may be taken at the moment, and goaded into a shout to his wife, to know the price of something now hanging in his window. However if his wife makes no reply—as generally happens, for she is of his own race—he will ask the brisk customer, how much he has been in the habit of giving for the article. If the customer forgets, or prefers not to tell, because he expects to get it cheaper here, the worthy shopkeeper talks about invoices, which he cannot lay his hand upon just now, but will do so at his earliest leisure, and the gentleman may take it, and come and know the price to-morrow. Then he retires for his afternoon nap, having done a striking stroke of business.

Nevertheless, there are two people often wide-awake at Moreton. One is the boy, with two buckets and a mop, who invades the gentle streets soon after breakfast, and stirs the narrow echoes with his constant cry —"Wash yer winders for 'ee!" As nobody ever washes his own windows, and the wind asserts its hereditary, and perhaps etymologic right, to invest every window with a coat of granite grime, this boy has got to move both arms at once, and becomes a pleasant sight for those who never do so.

Or rather, those who do so only when they are adancing. Because of so being asleep all day, and having no bridge to yawn upon, Moreton is—or was, until a railway rushed into the bottom—"the chiefest place for dancing to be found in merry Devonsheer." While a man slumbers sweetly against the partition that severs his nice little parlour from his shop (it is needless to say upon which side he is) another man, knowing the trick of the door, runs in (though nothing else could ever make him run) and handling him by the head against the wall pulsatively, stirs up the muffled drum of his outer ear, by blowing down the conch of his other palm into it—"Ball to-night! Zax o'clock." "How much be tickutts?" asks the firm reposer, with a rub of his eyes, and a tingle in his head. "Zaxpince aich—dree vor a zhillun." Then he feels in the fork of his clothes, and pays a shilling.

This is the other man, who keeps on moving, and whips round the corners, quicker than a window can go up. He gets up the dances, and he knows the way to do it, calling on the ladies first, and putting clearly to them, that all the gentlemen in the place are wild about getting them to come, but on no account would trouble them to come, except just as they are. Nothing in the way of dress could make them look better than they do now; and he chins up his fiddle, and touches two strings. Every lady looks demure, and says that she really dislikes dancing, and did hope to have heard the last of it. But rather than disappoint her neighbours, she will take one ticket. Then he twangs again, and with an eye to strict economy, she takes six.

Behold how unjust a thing it is to attempt to be too accurate! There is another active man in Moreton Hampstead, and his name is Timothy Pugsley. Happily for the town, which never could endure three moving spirits, the greater part of his time goes away among the lanes and across the hills. When he comes home at night with Teddy, the two of them want stable. They are stiff about their joints, and say to themselves and to one another, that they would go ten miles more, if needful, but can see no more to do to-day, except victuals, and are glad of it. Teddy has a mash, with hay to follow, and oats enough to dream of; and Timothy has a pan of fried potatoes, with a willow-pattern plate turned over them, and bacon making little pops around the edges, and flirting rapid knuckles up, like a great piano-player. Pugsley feels, as well as smells, after twelve hours on the moor, this grace; and he thanks the Lord to have a warm house round him, a safe deliverance from accident and tempest, a beautiful appetite with victuals to play up to it, and a wife who keeps his house in order, and can fry potatoes.

Yet the most lively, and dissipated being, in all the town of Moreton, is neither the window-washing boy, nor the great Chorægus, nor even Pugsley; but rather a tree, steadfast under the weight of years, and old enough to know better. Whether its lineage is from some that danced to the lyre of Orpheus, or whether any Dryad with a tripping foot possesses it, at any rate this is the dancing tree. For many years now it has left off dancing, even if it ever did with certainty begin, and has to be contented with the legal truth—"who does through another, does the thing himself." And to make sure, it does it through a great many others.

Especially on the first of May, when the festival of Pales—as the learned tell us—is well observed by Christians. Instead of putting up a May-pole then, and frolicking around it in a Pixy ring, the young folk of Moreton have their frisks among the verdure, without dread of dewy feet, or toes stuck in a mole-hill. High up in the tree, which stands in an elbow of scraggy street, they hoist and fix a timber platform, strong enough to bear the vehemence of feet not too aerial. The boughs of the patulous tree above the bole afford a noble amplitude; and a double ring of hay rope, roven fast in and out the branches, provides the most headlong couple with a chance of preserving their necks, when valuable.

"Missy, you'm looking crule weist, and peaky," said Master Pugsley to Miss Arthur, when he was come with another load of pots, towards the end of April; "rackon that Dicky Touchwood be a' plaguing on 'e. I knows what it be, my own sen, Missy; my good Missus, forgive me for the zame! Never could I zee a purty wench, when I were young, wi'out longing to make up to her. Excoose of me, Missy, if too free of spache. I only tarks what coometh natteral. To my rank of loife, and conzeiderin' the difference. And you knows it too, by the colour on your chakes."

"Mr. Pugsley, you should mind your own business. Your business is to deliver 144 pots, without any cracks in them."

"Bless 'e, Miss Rose, and I have doed it. They little sniggers is what cometh in the baking. Never yet sot I down a deliverance more claner. But you was a very little one, when first I knowed you, and growing bigger every spare-time, wi'out conzeiderin' of it. Why you used to make nort of kissing me, and never ax wuther no pots was cracked. But the chillers grow'th up, Miss, by will of the Lord, and doeth like their veythers and their moothers doed avore them. And it coom across my maind, Miss, by rason of the dancing-time, that you was to be warneded of being a young 'ooman now, and no moother to look arter 'e. My waife zaith to me, afore prim taime of slumbering—'no moother, Tim, to look arter her, and the Cappen no better than a hanvil-smiter; her wanteth a light hand; Tim, you do it.' Zumtaimes my waife gooeth wrong about men's business, or consarning of me, or even of my datters, when they don't desarve it; but never in her judgment of the gentry, Miss."

"I am very much obliged, I am sure, to anybody, who wishes to be kind to me, and fancies that I want it. But none of you seem to understand that I have nothing to complain of. I have heard enough of what ladies do, from a young lady who is here, staying in our house; and if nobody wanted pity more than I do, the world would be very happy, Mr. Pugsley."

"Zo 'un be," replied the Carrier stoutly. "I zung a zong all the way from Marton 's marning, and a' can zing a zong wi' ony of the gallery. But I likes to see the young volk adancing too. The Lord hath made it natteral to 'un. And when I zeed your little voot a' comin' from your pettygoat, I said to myzell what a dancer her would make. Do 'e come, and zee our May-dancing, that's a dearie."

"I dare say your May-dance is very pretty, or at any rate very queer," said Rose; "but it is not a fit place for ladies, I'm afraid. How can you keep rough people out?"

"If any man offendeth, in zider, ale, or langowich," the carrier answered austerely; "us kicketh 'un out o' the tree wi'out no rasoning, and a' cometh down zober on the backside of his head. Never has no call to do it twice, Miss. 'Twud do 'e good to zee 'un; and our upstair windy looketh down into the thick of it, like a bird's nestie. Wull 'e coom, if Cappen be agrayable thereto?"

Rose laughed at the idea that her father would consent, and cheerfully promised to go, if he should do so. Then Master Pugsley, in a bold yet crafty manner, made approaches to the Captain; and if truth ever did admit ductile or elastic fibre into the close grain of her heart, the Carrier found out how to work it, "wi'out telling no lies"—as he himself acknowledged.

In this way it was settled then that Mistress Pugsley (who could drive as well as her husband—and her husband as well, according to some folk, whose business it was none of) should come in the Sunday-shay, at one o'clock on Monday, and put up the horse (who was to be borrowed from a man who owed a bill of two years' standing) and dine in the kitchen with Moggy the maid; though the Captain said no, but Tim Pugsley was firm that his wife should not sit to a red-legged table, and the life he would lead with her afterwards. "Her could do up all the chaney, and the zilver, like a looking-glass," he said, for fear of having seemed to go against her dignity.

Then about three o'clock they were to start, in the Sunday-shay borrowed from the White Hart Inn; and so (inasmuch as it would be absurd to spare a horse belonging to a man who owed him money) they might get to Moreton very well, by half-past four, and show Miss the shops, and the Punch and Judy, and wise pig come from Exeter.

Nothing can ever hope to be done now, according to its calculation; because of the many other things, all equally busy, that come in the way of it. But forty years ago, the rush was scarcely half-begun yet; and there still was time to live in. Mrs. Pugsley came with the light shay and the pony, who could properly afford to be thrashed, because his master could not pay. And Rose, although her mind might be considered rather large, was unable to help getting into high spirits, at the little change, and bit of fun in front of her. But another, and a far more important person, was grieved, and sore wounded at heart, by such an outbreak.

"Then am I to be left to myself all the day, while you go to see the chaw-bacons capering?" Dicky Touchwood asked, when he heard of what was toward; and his voice was rich with a melancholy sound.

"You must not be left alone, because you are never any company to yourself;" his fair attendant answered in the kindest manner; "but that has been provided for, before this was thought of. Miss Perperaps has promised to come up and sit with you, and read you a story-book until you go to sleep. And I am to be home again by one o'clock to-morrow; you will scarcely even know that I have been away at all. And perhaps I shall be able to make you laugh. I never saw anybody laugh like you. I am only afraid that it is bad for you."

"Do I laugh? Then I am sure I never mean it. It is all Spotty's fault, because she never cares for anything. I don't like young ladies of that character at all."

"You must never say that. It sounds ungrateful. If Miss Perperaps had been your own sister, she could not have done more for you."

"That makes it all the worse, and drives me wild. Why should people I don't care for, do me all the good that gets done for me; and the really nice ones take no notice? And they never seem to know how it urges me!"

"Mr. Touchwood, it seems to me that you should rather ask, why you don't care for the people that are kind to you, and do you all the good that would not get done for you, unless you had them to do it."

"Very well. I dare say you think me ungrateful. But I am put out, because I shall not see you very likely for two whole days. And the only pleasure I get now, is to look at you, Miss Arthur."

"Good bye. Your dear mamma will be here at three o'clock; and I hope that she will say you are a great deal better. It is most unlucky, that whenever she comes, you should happen to fall back so, and be so languid, and low-spirited. It makes Lady Touchwood disbelieve the doctor, and she goes away with such a sigh. Even if you feel worse than usual, you should try to put a cheerful face on; and especially to-day, when your sister is coming for the first time to see you. I am sure that you can walk very nicely, if you try."

"You never seem to enter into my case at all," Dicky Touchwood complained, as she passed out of hearing; "I don't want to go away. I like the place, I like the Captain, I like the apple-fritters, and somebody even better still. In fact, I like everything except the medicines. And if they would only allow me the right thing in malt, I'll be blest if I'd ever get well again."

But his lovely young hostess, with all her good nature, was getting rather tired of his vapours and vagaries. Her main delight was to be with her father, to help him and hand him his needs, and be ready with a smile (when that was one of them) and be able, at supper-time, to tell him how much he had done, if he dared to reproach himself. But ever since this boy tumbled in among them, instead of looking after her vines and roses, she must give up her time to be looked at by him. And this made her glad to get away to Moreton.

Timothy Pugsley's "little ouze"—as he called his most highly respectable dwelling—was as full of deep corners, and heavy overhangings, and loopings, and humpings, and jags, and juttings, as the loftiest artist could desire to find, on a tour, or upon a friend's property. We take at the present time no deep interest in our forefathers, because they were nothing, in comparison with our noble selves; and we doubt their *differentia*—as it used to be called, and used to be settled, if aught ever was. But if anything can be inferred about them, (where all is inference, deference none), it seems to be that they were fond of corners. They loved a deep corner, as we love a flat, whether vertical or horizontal; and they liked to see shadow, as much as we hate it.

The Carrier's house went up and down, and in and out, almost as freely as his cart did on the roads; and the roof carried fodder enough for a horse, as Teddy observed, with a watering mouth. No climbers were wanted to cluster the windows, for the droopers clothed them amply, creeping Jenny, and run-away Jack, and the many forms of house-leek, with golden moss to brighten them. No rakes came near them, neither besom of destruction; their only enemy was the wind; and that they passed on into the chimney-pots.

"Now, if you plaize, Miss, this cornder hath been claned for 'e," said Master Pugsley to Miss Arthur, after a magnificent tea downstairs. "'Tis the very best place in all Marton town, for spyin' of they ranties. And wi'out you putts your head var vorth, ne'er a wan of 'em can see 'e. Viddles be toonin' up a'ready. Many is the time I've a' doed it with the best of 'em. Zumtimes I wush I wor a lad again, and no vam'ly. Don't 'e tell that to my Missus, though."

"I've aheered 'e," said Mrs. Pugsley, panting up the creaky stairs, for she was fat exceedingly; "I've aheered 'e, Tim, and I be 'sheamed of 'e. Why, Miss Rose, when my Timmy wor a buy, you could have put your two hands round him, what with his chronicles, and his asterisks. Nobody said a' wud ever grow up; but a' did, and a' wanteth to do so again, wi'out no waife to do's vittles for 'un."

"You've dooed your own too," said the Carrier with a smile; "how well her look'th, Miss Rosie, and chakes so bright as you'rn a'most!"

"By rason I gotten a good man to keep me. Now Missy, shall I stop with you, and tell 'e who the vork be; or wad 'e zoonder baide aloun? Tim must be off, adoin' of a zaight of things. Nort can be done in this here town, wi'out Tim Pugsley."

"Oh please to stop with me," said Rose. "I should never know anything about it—and indeed I would not stop, to shut you out from your own window. And Sally, and Milly, and Billy must come. Why what are they going to do already? The sunset is on the church tower still, and the moon is as pale as an oyster-shell; but they mean to begin—I declare they do!"

They meant to begin, and more than that, they did begin without delay, and with strong intention to go on. For the girls there was a tallat ladder, to be mounted according to their manifold natures, some making a great fuss (for fear of falling, without being noticed) some skipping up shyly, before any one could think of them, some ascending slowly with a gaze of large unconsciousness, and others smiling, with their skirts tucked in, to prove what management can do. The lads upon the other hand, had too much of their own to do, to be over-nice in criticism. Their only way up to the dancing-stage, was a two-inch rope, hanging down from a bough, and anointed well with mutton-suet. Also at the landing place, where an active lad might stick his heels in, invidious fellows who had climbed already, and wished to keep the platform to themselves, showed a narrow-minded tendency to push away any better-looking lad, who was aspiring to the girls. And a combat ensued, which was pleasant to behold.

"They've been and gotten our best stable lantern!" Mrs. Pugsley cried indignantly. "Fie upon Tim, they get over him so! One of them scrapers scrapeth with a book. Some saith 'tis larnin', and some saith 'tis hignorance. Girt hignorance, to my mind, vor to viddle wi' a copy-book. There they gooth—fust couple right, and turn once! Zim'th no more nor yesterday, as I wur doin' of it. Vaive and thirty years agone, Miss; and used to cry 'Boney' for the gals to shake to; and if you said it now, they would stare, and ax the manin'."

"But they seem to shake very well without it, Mrs. Pugsley. How wonderfully they go in and out! I never saw anything half so pretty. And how beautifully they keep time; though they seem to be laughing, instead of being serious! I have seen a ball of very high society at Exeter, just that I might know how to understand it, through the cracks of the door, and from the cock-loft; but it frightened me sadly to look at them, because they seemed to dance one step, and frown two."

"The karlity knows what is best for 'em, Miss;" Mrs. Pugsley had been cook in a very good family, and never meant to sink the difference; "but our lads and wenches, if soever they comes crossways, with royal authority, and the viddles going twang, and the moon a' shaining bright, and a man like Tim, and a 'ooman like me, looking on agin' all unpropriety, they sayeth to themselves, and to wan anither—'us may carry on now, and spake the word that cometh upward.' And then they goo'th on for more nor thiccy."

"Whatever they are thinking of, they look very nice, and they do it very well, and their manners are so good! Why they bow to one another continually!"

"Not they, Miss; never a one of them. 'Tis the branches makes them duck their heads, for fear of an orkard clout on 'em. Good manners coom'th convanient so."

Whatever their manners were, they enjoyed them, and with nature's help looked well. For the large moon began to come loftily into the middle of their doings, and to make them clear. The maidens were the first to feel her influence, and look at her, and hold their dresses prettily. Then the youths took the temper of the moment from them, and found a deeper study of ideas in their eyes.

Even the fiddlers three, and the piper, worthy to perform before King Cole, took a softer stroke of melody, and worked their funny bones more gently. Perched up in the branches, with a rope to keep them to it, and a tankard refilled at the end of every tune, they set their heels firmer, and bedewed their hands, and nodding at one another, glided sweetly into a plaintive and wistful air, with their pots shining chastely in the light across the churchyard. To the movement of their music, lads and lasses circled slowly, well content with measure more sedate, and time for serious steps.

For the moonlight wavered in the play of their vibration, and put a selvage to their shadows (where the lamp shone in) and followed in and out of pale innumerable buds, and rested upon nothing but the rugged lines of heart-wood, scarred with the jocosities of bygone dancers, whose names were wearing out upon the tombstones down below.

"Now Missus Littlejohn, you can't get out of it no more," Rose heard Carrier Pugsley say to a very pretty woman, who was standing in a doorway. "You was the sproylest of the lot, dree years running, and not a wench among 'em can put a foot out wi 'e now times. You be burnin' to be at it, and your chakes confesseth. I dunno what hath come across the lads, since I wor one of 'em. Call your good man, that's a dear, and goo up the skip to aupway."

"And I can goo up as suent as ever," the young matron answered with a longing glance; "in the looment of the laight, they do zim weist. But conzeider the babby, Maister Pugsley, conzeider of my husband's babby."

"Drat the babby, or bless 'un, I shud zay. Our Zally will tend 'un. Zally coom peart, and vang Mrs. Littlejan's babby."

Then Rose saw the brisk little woman go up, and heard a loud hail to her, the Queen of by-now May times; and a merry tune struck up, and all was quick stroke again. Then Pugsley rejoicing to see a bright success, went up the ladder to the dance himself, for he could tread a measure still, with heels in lieu of toeing it. But Sally, who would have to tell his doings to her mother, fastened upon him the whole speculation of her blue eyes, and left the infant Littlejohn to the ministry of angels.

"Do you see that wild horse up the hill?" cried Rose; "he is tossing, and straining, and dashing at his reins; I expect to see him break loose every moment."

"Lor, Miss, no! Never trouble about he," Mrs. Pugsley answered calmly. "'Tis only baker Pollard's young gray nag; he hooketh him up there twaice a day. And he riglar furmiteth about like that."

"What is there to stop him, if he breaks loose with the cart? And here come those Punch and Judy people close behind him! Oh, he is loose, he is off!"

Without another word, she too was off, down the crooked staircase, like a rabbit through a hole, and out at the front door, which luckily was open. The baby of the Littlejohns was in the street before her, making just a little crawl, and trying to say "boo," with the mad horse striking fire in his dash down hill upon it, and the wheels behind him flying like a kettle at a dog's tail. Away ran a score of louts sniggering, and yelling; and women justly screamed; for death was dashing on the baby.

With a settled heart, and firm bound of all the life within her, Rose Arthur stood in the very middle of the narrow roadway, before the poor baby, and pulled her white hat off, and threw it at the forehead of the horse almost upon her. Swerving with a wild plunge—for check himself he could not—he flung the cart high in the air, and flew on, with the reins like a lasso whirling after him. The loop caught the leg of baby Littlejohn; but Rose threw it up, and the tire of the jumping wheel tore off a lock of her long scattered hair. With a dash, and a clash, all the peril was gone by, and the roar and the screams echoed further down the street.

Rose Arthur lay stunned by the whirr of the wheel, within a single inch of her lovely little ear; if the wheel had not leaped at the plunge of the horse, it must have gone over her slim white neck. When she came to herself, she was in the strong arms of a young man, who had rushed forward to save her, but too late to do more than pick her up and worship her.

"She is killed, I do believe, you disgraceful pack of cowards;" he cried to the fellows who came crowding now around. "I never saw anything so grand, and so barbarous. Go and fetch your mothers, it is all that you are fit for." There were plenty of brave young men around, but their presence of mind had failed them.

"Thank you; I don't think that I have been hurt;" said the maiden in a whisper, and looking shyly up at him; "only stupidly frightened. But how is the baby?"

"The baby is laughing in the arms of its mother. But you, who are worth ten thousand babies——"

"Please to put me down, sir. I am not so giddy now. Oh here comes Mrs. Pugsley! I am most thankful to you, though I cannot tell you properly."

"You be off, young man!" cried the Carrier's wife, for the Westcombes were unknown on this side of the moor; "you han't done no harm, and you han't done no good. Be off, I tell 'e. Bain't no place for you." The dismissal was urgent; there was no plea for lingering. Everybody seemed to say, "What do you want here? Who are you, to abuse the Moreton folk?" With a deep bow meant for Rose, but received by Mrs. Pugsley, in the ample region where she tied her apron strings, he accepted the decision of the public, and was off.

But all excellent intentions must have some luck somewhere, if capable of paying for it, and eager so to do. And Pollard the baker, who was sitting on his flour-bin, sadly scoring with his white material a loss of more than £3 10s., from the breakage of shaft, and bolt, and panel, and a spring of five leaves, and the gray colt's knee, and a host of little items of the ruefullest arithmetic—he did signal justice to that young man's lofty character, without assigning reason.

But Mrs. Pollard knew the reason, and she kept it close as dough, until the brewer's charm begins. The reason was that young Jack Westcombe before he started for his long night-walk, provided a curl paper for a curl. Or to put it more precisely, he gave a £5 note for the silky tress which he discovered between the sprung tire and cracked felloe of the cart's surviving wheel. He might have had it gladly for five shillings; but love scorned such an insult.

CHAPTER XVI.—THE RAVEN.

Much has been said well, and written even better, about the vast progress of the age in all things, except honesty, courage, and kindliness. These are of small account; when a man runs, his loose ends must blow away behind him.

Everybody said in Christowell, where the people have always been considered very wise, that the Government of the United Kingdom was conspiring to rob honest people. When a man got a letter, his first business was to pay for it, and then to stick it on his mantel, for a picture; until such time as a great book-scholar should be in need of twopence for a glass of beer. But whoso got a letter for a penny, or a thank'e, was it fair to expect him to pay twopence, every time he got it read to him? The opinion of Christowell, headed by the landlord (into whose till every twopence must have travelled), was distinctly and deliberately this—that the post had no right to deliver letters for a penny, without providing somebody to come and read them *gratis*.

This matter had scarcely been under discussion so much as four months, when a new upset arose. The cobbler, in every village good enough to have one, was regarded by the Government, in all the new arrangements, as the first claimant to the Postmastership, in right of his professional complicity with wax. Hence it will be manifest that Mr. James Trickey, though curt perhaps of graceful courtesy, was strictly correct from an official point of view, in his highly suggestive demonstration to Carrier Pugsley, when rooted in the rut. No man should ever be condemned at first sight, whatever part of his organization is foremost to woo stern criticism.

The mind of that Postmaster was in a state of unusual tension, and wholly indifferent, as the mind in office must be, to any good works beyond its own vocation. His appointment was new, and he had to justify it; for the village, having done without a Post-office for centuries, not only saw no need of it, but had a right to be indignant; though the elder folk, having larger toleration said, "let un coom; her taime wun't be long. 'Tis a get up to sell gate-postesses, and nubbody buyeth they, in these here parts."

Master Trickey knew better, and was proud to do so; and holding himself above enquiries, would neither take nor make them. In refusing to answer, he was right, as a man always is, when he knows nothing; but in sternly resolving not to ask, he showed perhaps less wisdom. For although he could read with some fluency in the Bible, and do the fourteen generations, he could not make out the tremendous words, in which the vast era of progress began. He was told, in his orders, to "communicate in anticipation of emergency, with the central administration."

Now if he had taken this question to his minister (as exhorted to do in a book, whose clear English shall never be surpassed by the very biggest writer) his difficulties might have been duly solved, and he must have got an order for a pair of fishing-boots; which by reason of his "reticence," was quite lost to the parish, and even went as far away as Newton Abbot. For Mr. Short made a point of knowing what his own folk were up to, and a point of honour when his letters were concerned; and he never made surer of anything in his life, than that such a wiseacre as Jem Trickey would be at his door thrice every day, with something to be explained three times. There scarcely could be a more liberal man than the Parson, a strict Conservative—a race of men who practise true, and let the others prabble truculent magnanimity. And now the Parson proved all this; for he paid 5s. *extra*, rather than wear a pair of boots to the profit of such a Radical.

Master Trickey felt these things, and lamented in the bosom of his family. In public however, he declared that such considerations were beneath him, that an Officer of the Crown must be above small byses, either of leather or of learning, and Parson's behaviour should have no effect upon him, no more than to keep one pew buttoned on a Sunday, and the letters for the Vicarage to the tail of the delivery. But even before his grievance ripened, or the Vicar knew that it was growing, this haughty layman bit the dust, at the feet of Mother Church, and Father Short.

For a very remarkable thing happened now, one of those facts which defy defiant reason, and set at nought all purest process of induction, deduction, or *reductio ad absurdum*. Christowell remembered many things that could not be explained; but these had left off happening lately, so that the upstarts grew too bold, and the veterans (rasped of the crust of reason by the roughness of hard life) told one another that it was now Clock-time, to read they young cockahoops a warning. And a warning now was read to them, which made them shake in their moonlit beds, and turned all argument into agreement, and stupid young fancy into stubborn faith again. For the Author of evil, who never can be satisfied even with his own exertions, and is famed for "looking over Dartymore," as keenly as over his own pet Lincoln, in this crisis of "postal development," came officially, as the great father of lies, to look after letters, and robbed the mail.

Jem Trickey had a son whose name was Bob, a truthful boy (comparatively speaking) and one who could be trusted largely, if he were not tempted. Neither was that the only thing remarkable about him; for he was also a boy that kept his pockets buttoned, and his heels together. He had tight little calves, like smart balls of blue worsted, and forks of Nankin — called in high society "breeches"—which ran up to his middle, when his legs began to run. And his legs ran often; for he was a very earnest boy, eager to be the very foremost of his age, an example to the other boys—the which they pelted stones at—to the girls a riddle, and in larger view intended for a postman of letters at a penny.

This boy was fortunate in the possession of a parent, who not only had keen perception of his genius, but also the power to make it pay. Under the new Act of Parliament, Bob, being early of age at fourteen, was appointed to the salary of head-postman, and his father cut him out a pair of cowskin gaiters. No other postal district could compare with this for innocence, and charity, and the absence of ill-will; because the population was so scanty. Yet even here, there were people found to say that sometimes it was possible to have too much leather.

Now the weather was fine, and the time of year beginning to be cheerful and abundant with variety of flowers. Every man, leaning on his shovel in a meadow (which is one of the things that he is most inclined to do) was pleased and yet saddened to behold the same things coming up, that used to come up a great many years ago, when he was a child, and spent hours with them. Ah, the times were better then! He got his victuals without labouring, he ran about, and played, and slept, whenever he was minded; the taste of everything was better, and the size much larger, and every year put on his life was strength, instead of stiffness. But, for all that, if the Lord came now, and said, "Will you go back again?"—he would think no more of doing so, than the flowers to shrink back into bud, and be buried in the root again.

Sam Slowbury did not particularly go through that, or any other process of mind, as he was leaning on his shovel; for his nature was not to think a thought that he could help, any more than to dream a dream—which he did yearly—or do a rapid stroke of work, the which he did never. But conscience is the guide of duty, as many learned moralists have shown, and can show again; and the proof of the pudding is in the after-taste. Sam Slowbury's conscience only told him that he ought to have more wages. Captain Larks, who could not afford to give romantic wages, was paying Sam now one and tenpence a day, and Sam did the value of tenpence. He was turning up a mixen in a meadow near the lane, or rather he was helping it to turn itself; while Mopsy, the cow, with creative pride looked on, and increased in her own self-estimate. Then Slowbury stood more still than ever, if possible, while he stroked the cow; and she, like a very faithful creature, made no other movement than a kinkle in her tail. Everything was pleasant, everything was gracious; there seemed to be a richness of green upon the grass, and a delicate blue in the air, and a desire of the weather to be kind and happy. Sam felt it, and it added to his leisure, and benevolence, and the way in which he looked about.

"I dun'now as ever I zeed a vainer marnin' coom out o' the top of the sky," he said, with a truth of observation not often to be found in our most accomplished weather-clerks; for if the fine morning comes from the horizon the issue of the day is doubtful. "But who be thiccy coming up by graveyard? Jem Cobbler's buy, zure as I be a zinner!" The identity of the boy was the most important question that had occurred since breakfast-time. Sam even went a yard or two up the bank, to get a more masterly view of him, and established his shovel in the happiest attitude for support and comfort. But so persistent is human care, and so great the activity of the human mind, that no sooner was it settled beyond dispute that the figure approaching was the cobbler's son, than another question, even more absorbing, rose defiantly—Whatever could be compelling this scion of leather to wear out his paternal boots like that?

For Slowbury could not see, although he used his eyes with diligence, the thing the boy had in his hand, and largely in his head as well. It was one of the new "Mulready envelopes," just come down from London; and the head of the boy was unsound about it; because he had never seen the likes before; and now he had got five-and-twenty of them, mainly for people who could not read. "Deliver fust to they as can intarpret;" his father who was nearly mazed, gave orders very sensibly; "'tothers may baide up to next church-time. Goo with Cappen's fust; them as payeth for their boots desarveth fust shoe-leather."

Slowbury stood, and watched the progress of this boy with pleasure. But presently he beheld a thing which made him throw his shovel down, and sit, and bless the Angels, who alone can fend the Pixies. From the corner of the churchyard, where the tombs lay thickest, a tall figure flaring in the sun leaped forth, with a wonderful explosion, and a cloud of pitchy smoke. Sam was ready to swear that he was not mistaken in seeing nothing more for at least five minutes, and then if it was anything to bear an affidavit, it was the chap from the gravestones jumping out of the cloud to the top of Church-tower. And sure enough, when seven unmarried men were sent to the top of the church-tower, they found a place where the moss had been knocked off, and they came down according to their speed, declining (as soon as their breath was restored to them) to go up any more, unless they were strung up to the bell-beams. This proved every syllable that came from the mouth of Slowbury; out of which came very little (as soon as he knew what he was about) without a great deal of very solid and highly liquid substance going in, at the sole charge of the inquirer.

There is no justice to be traced in the affairs of men or boys, without dreadful ingenuity. What had Sam done, to make a pocket out of this affair, more than lean on his shovel, and arouse himself to look a bit, and regard with satisfaction the distance of the miracle? Even when the cloud passed off, and the church was as bright as she ought to be, this man discovered that his duty to his master strictly forbade him to approach what he had witnessed. He retreated to another mixen nearer to the house, where a man at work might hear the wholesome cocks a-crowing, and the thumping of the churn at dairy. And he took Mopsy with him for company, because his heart was in the frimitts.

On the other hand, the real hero of this strange adventure not only sucked no profit thereout, and no increase of character, but received knotted strap from his father, and was threatened of his life, if he told a word of it. And so do the greatest events get deformed, when chance has protected them from smothering, that only two people in Christowell—the postmaster, and his gaitered son, could find any motive for that outbreak of the Evil One, except the sad nature of his constitution.

But the nature of the human creature always has some spotty places, where the good light enters. Black Wenlow was glad that his outrush from the tombs, and shower of fireworks of his own construction, scared the poor boy so that no blow was needed; as he fell on his back and cast away the letter; for feeling is swifter than thought, and Bob felt that these wicked inventions brought Satan upon him. Then the sheep-skinned villain vanished, not over the tower, but into a cross cut which led him to the moor.

There is a house, or at any rate was then, far away, among the hills and hollows, from any other place, where people dwell. How anybody came to dwell there, none but those who knew the ins and outs of mining on the waste can pretend to say, if even they can do it. But there this miserable building stood. and a man, who was no more miserable than his fellow-men, had his home there. The savage wilderness, iron-browed hills, and rocks of peaky profile, like a row of hideous giants, were more to the taste of Gruff Howell than the sweetest landscape, and the kindest sun. To take the rough and the smooth together, is a test of magnanimity; but Howell took the rough without the smooth, in fare and footing, in climate and in clothes, and in company, whenever he got any to enjoy.

It was said by the gentler folk afar, that he deserved no better; himself not being fit company for a Christian; and if he had his due, he would be swinging now in chains, as a pirate, on the hill of landscape looking over Plymouth Sound. But instead of that, he kept the 'Raven,' by the side of a mine-road long disused; and no idle rumour disturbed him there, for his customers were the moor-men only, a silent, hard-living, and wandering race. But even they asked one another sometimes about the queer couple, Griffith Howell and his wife.

The house had been built by the miners of old time, and therefore was substantial and well-squared. For some granite masonry, as fair as need be wished for—including the tower of Christowell church, which they built in wholesome gratitude for a great success—has been done around the moor, and upon it, by the miners. And they must have been sturdy fellows, to have reared the 'Raven,' without being blown out of the windows.

For here are strong concourse and mighty deliverance of every wind that sweeps the sea, buffets the land, or scours the sky. It is a hollow of the hill-crest well contrived, as the chimneys of new houses are, to suck down the gust that is wandering overhead, as well as to catch up the rollicking blast that follows the floor of the country. Not a tree, nor a shrub, scarcely even a furze-mote, or a stub of dead ground-oak, varies with a looser twang the perpetually tense wail of the wind on granite—a tone too dismal, and too dreary, for echo, or description.

Gruff Howell was sleeping, like a lawyer's conscience, richly, and without prejudice. He never went to bed much, but achieved his rest, like a warrior on a tomb, with his clothes on. To-night the wind was scarcely even keeping itself in practice; and the moon was having an unusual turn of inspection round the 'Raven.' All around the hills were silent; and the long pale shadows lay like flaws of calm on tidal waters; while the "holy circles," where unholy deeds had stained the moor, stood up, like ghosts that have no churchyard. Only the solemn bird, that watches the dim night for a century, and times its slow watches with a croak, was moving, uneasily moving his long gaunt body, with the platform of his frayed nest waiting in the crag for him to mend.

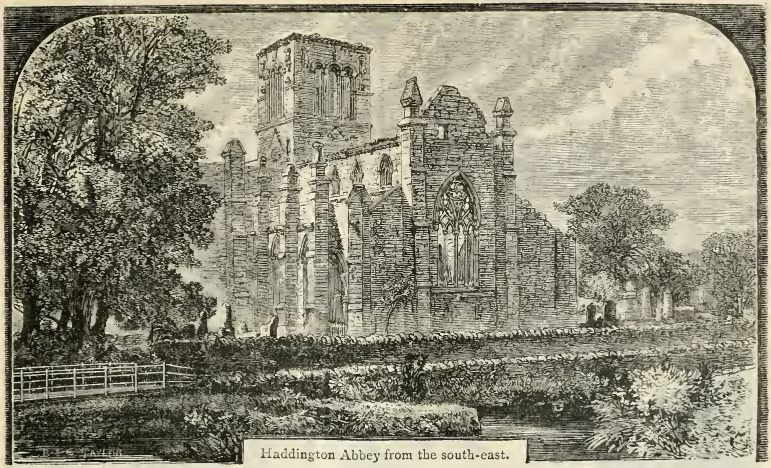
Suddenly the poor old mastiff-bitch, who wandered round the house at night-time, gave three sharp yelps and made a spring, but receiving a blow on the nose fell back, and in that position became qualified to digest a kick in the stomach. Then a storm of thumps broke upon the hob-nailed door, and a mighty noise rang through the house, till the master looked out of the window with an oath, and pointed a long gun at his own porch. "Come down," said a clear voice; and down he went, while his wife shivered worse than at fifty burglars.

Old Griffith Howell now was longing, as his wife sincerely hoped, to turn a new leaf of his life, to cast away the works of darkness, brew his own beer, and give no credit. For since the penny-post came in, the heavens had blessed him with a great surprise. He had heard of his only son, a soldier long astray in foreign parts, and long despaired of in home quarters; and without falling under proper average of reason, he placed such a piece of news entirely to the credit of the penny-post. And this made him pay attention now to the doings of his visitor.

"The candle is enough. Rake the fire together, and put a block of dry peat on. Go for the loaf, and the streaky bacon, and the sharp knife with the heel to it. Very well. This packet is for me, with urgency? Leave me to consider it, while you see to the victualling. Don't draw the ale, till I tell you, mind. When my supper is ready, you may go to bed again."

With these words, the man of the sheep-skins, looking thoroughly weary, sat heavily down at the oaken board set up for a table; with a jerk of his thumb he broke the seal of the letter which Howell had given him, and read it by the grimy yellow light. And though he was glad to find little to do, his nasty temper made him grumble at it.

"Child's work—mere child's work—an insult to me," he muttered, while Howell went fumbling about; "even the forgery all done to hand, and directions, as if I were a stupid errand-boy. 'Put this slip in with the opened letter, seal with the seal enclosed, and post it, but not at Christowell, to-morrow.' Very good, very well; it shall be done, sir; as the fates have made you my master for the present; though you don't catch me going near a post-office. No sham civilization for me. I have taken to the moor, and mean to stick to it."


Haddington Abbey from the south-east.

AT THE GRAVE OF MRS. CARLYLE.

(HADDINGTON ABBEY.)

HOW beautiful it was, and calm, and sweet,
In that still Sabbath day,
When, like a mother's blessing at my feet,
The light of autumn lay.

It fell on pillars wasted by the years,
And that slow touch which slips
Over the toil of man, as death in tears
Creeps downward to the lips.

It touch'd the grass that grew around each stone,
Lichen'd and fresh to see,
Until its greenness took a softer tone,
And waved and smiled at me.

Above, through windows full of old dead art,
Doves fluttered, came, and went,
Like thoughts of far-off childhood through the heart
Of some long life misspent.

Without the starlings chatter'd as they flew;
The rooks, with lazy wing,
Wheel'd in the air and caw'd as if they knew
The coming of the spring.

I heard, as one may hear in some sad dream,
Sad, being half-divine,
Voices of the strange dead—the quiet stream,
The murmur of the Tyne.

It slowly crept with chasten'd pace, and made
Soft music by the wall;
Its very murmur seem'd to cast a shade
Of sweeter thought o'er all.

Hush! like the first faint whisper of a hymn
Which angels sing above,
A psalm is on the air from that old dim
Church, which the dead must love!

The music crept up pillar and worn arch—
It was so sweet a thing,
The very doves sat on their carven perch,
And would not stir a wing.

In this sweet silence, with a heart that kept
Its beatings to the charm,
I stood beside the grave of one who slept
Secure and safe from harm.

Brave heart! that with a woman's loving soul,
Apart from aught that errs,
Stood by the side of him in his high goal,
And touch'd his strength with hers.

Then as a star may catch the eye and sink,
She vanished from his side,
To make him stronger by that spirit link
Whose clasp would cheer and guide.

For he stood high upon that narrow road,
Where footsteps may not slip—
The latest prophet with the fire of God,
Like flame upon his lip.

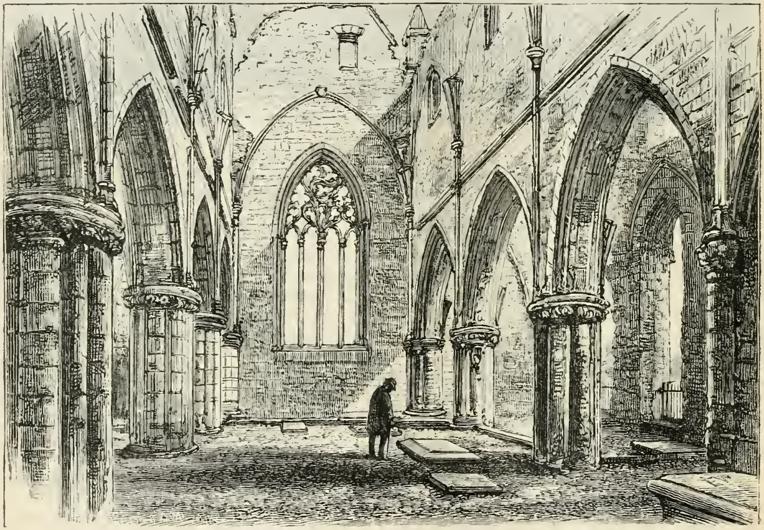
He who came clad in all his burning art,
When youth had aimless feet,
Laid his sure hand upon my eager heart,
And taught it how to beat.

Who, with a mighty voice and flashing eye,
Brought up to light again
Those grand old primal truths that cannot die,
But live to quicken men.

And here, in sacred light, so mild and dim,
Beneath a simple stone
She slept—the noble heart that beat for him,
Because it knew his own.

I read with tears the simple living words,
Through which, like some soft strain,
Went his own soul, until my inmost chords
Were touched with gentle pain.

"As if gone out"—how sweet it must have been
To him who stood alone,
Waiting to hear the voice, with calm, sad mien,
In London's mighty moan.



The Choir of Haddington Abbey (looking east), with Mrs. Carlyle's Grave.

For there the hurrying waves of toiling life
Along each restless street
Shatter and crash with an unending strife,
And foam, and whirl, and beat.

That voice has come, and, bowing at its hest,
In sternly fought-for trust,
He lays his grand grey head in perfect rest
Among familiar dust.

Ah! wonder not, if after years of toil
And wrestle for the right,
He wish'd to lay his weary limbs in soil
Where first he saw the light.

And so in that old churchyard, with its calm,
To him so deep and dear,
He slumbers with the sweet unbroken psalm
Of silence in his ear.

Blessings be on the twain! With her is all
The love and tenderness
Of loyal hearts that stand and cannot fall,
But live to cheer and bless;

With him the worship of those hearts that caught
Fire from his mighty mind,
And felt the rushing of his noble thought
Around them like a wind.

Theirs is the strength to work and toil, to mould
This life to high pure things,
To walk, as did those simple ones of old,
Beneath God's ample wings.

Thus did he walk, as all beneath a vow,
And ever with stern eyes
Hurl his Thor hammer at the brazen brow
Of hollow shams and lies.

And now, as lay the Spartan on his shield,
White from death's stern embrace,
He lies with that high look which will not yield,
Like light upon his face.

Enough: we shed no useless tears for him
Whose spirit still will glow,
And shape the currents of the unborn years.
And teach them how to flow.

Farewell, thou grand old fighter for the truth!
But thousands yet will make
The simple quiet churchyard of thy youth
A Mecca for thy sake.

ALEXANDER ANDERSON.

IS SOCIETY CHRISTIANIZED?

By the EDITOR.

NO. II.

THIS question was briefly discussed in a former article.* Taking the Sermon on the Mount as the authoritative exposition of the spirit of the religion which Christ sought to establish, we applied its principles to certain spheres of modern life, and found that the ecclesiastical, the social, and the commercial world were in sharp antithesis rather than in harmony with His revealed will. The existence of so much practical inconsistency on the part of those who, in many respects, may be zealous religionists, led us to ask, What are the causes from which a condition of things has arisen so like that which our Lord found among the religionists of Jerusalem when He said, "Did not Moses give you the law, and yet none of you keepeth the law?"

We have already named the false distinction drawn between the religious and the secular, as one reason why religion has been deprived of its true influence in elevating and sanctifying all the duties and relationships of life. There are other causes, however, connected with certain misunderstandings of gospel expressions and gospel truths to which much that is wrong among us may be attributed. The causes I am about to mention do not, except in an indirect manner, affect those who stand aloof from all religion, or those whose inconsistencies may be connected with beliefs outside of our prevalent Protestantism. I am now dealing with those who are within the pale of the Protestant Church, ranging from the dead level of conventional religious profession up to the exalted pretentiousness of the ecclesiastical firebrand or the pietistic zealot, and embracing the vast variety of persons who compose that Christian society, which in many of its features does despite, as we have already seen, to what our Lord has taught us His kingdom on earth ought to be.

One expression, from the misunderstanding of which much practical error has arisen, is the general term "salvation," or "the saving of the soul." It is no exaggeration of the common acceptation of these terms to say that they are chiefly, if not wholly, identified with what is to occur in the future life, and are referred to the deliverance from punishment in hell, and the admission to blessedness in heaven. These ends are naturally regarded as being so important that the present life, with its cares, its duties, and its pleasures, is represented as not worth the consideration of men, who ought to be occupied with the one great work of "saving their own souls" or the souls of others. Still further—with many shades of difference as regards the sense in which the fact is to be understood or its benefits made available—that on which the salvation of the soul is made to depend is the holding of certain opinions about our blessed Lord having paid the price of sin's penalty, and the assurance that such a belief is sincere is discovered in the sense of peace or confidence consequently experienced. I am far from denying the element of truth which may underlie these expressions, and I thankfully acknowledge that, in spite of misunderstanding, and sometimes of no little fanaticism, the simple sense of the love of God, and the freedom of conscience produced by a knowledge of His forgiveness, in whatever way they may be reached, do frequently lead to a really high standard of Christian character being attained, noble and self-sacrificing. But it is not always so. With many persons this projecting of salvation into the next world renders religion so unreal in the present world as to deprive it of its proper influence. We have all known people whose language was full of gospel phraseologies, that were in every-day life selfish and conceited, covetous and domineering, mean, over-reaching, even dishonest in business, harsh and uncharitable in their judgments. While perfectly satisfied that their own souls were "saved," and professedly anxious to "save the souls" of others, they display so little of the character portrayed as Christian in the Sermon on the Mount that we are shocked by the difference, and reminded of St. Paul's great testing principle, "If any man have not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of His." Their conception of "salvation" is essentially a thing of selfish security more than goodness, and so leads to self-consciousness, rather than self-forgetfulness, to pride instead of humility.

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* See the February number of GOOD WORDS.

Now, in contrast to this idea of salvation, one of the first things which may strike a reader of the Gospels is the great importance which our Lord attaches to the present life. He tells us, indeed, very little regarding the next world, but an immense deal about how we ought to live in the present. So far from attaching the joy, the peace, the blessedness which He promises to the future life alone, they are equally connected, to say the least of it, with the life of love, humility, and obedience into which we are now called. They who take up the cross of daily duty; they who learn His meekness and lowliness of heart; they who give rather than receive; they who suffer for the sake of the right; they who do not judge others, but do to them as they would be done by; they who forgive to the utmost; they who are pure in motive; they who are so truly loving as to clothe the naked, feed the hungry, and visit the sick and the prisoner; they who seek first the kingdom of God and its righteousness—they will "find rest unto their souls," and are the "blessed" ones, who "enter into the joy of their Lord." In short, they who have that "mind in them which also dwelt in Christ Jesus" are recognised as "saved," for they have, by the power of Divine grace and the knowledge and love of God in Christ, been brought out of evil into good, have "passed from death unto life," from "darkness to light," and are in that "fellowship with the Father and the Son" which is "life eternal." The scriptural idea of the "salvation of the soul" is accordingly vitally connected with the production of character and the possession of that kind of life, whatever the degree may be, which is the life of God and of all those who truly love Him. If this conception of salvation was more practically realised, would not society become proportionately Christianized, and commercial, social, and ecclesiastical life be inspired with a new spirit?

Another mistake, closely connected with the partial view of salvation which has been described, is the view which many take of the character and object of the atonement of Christ. Personally I regard the fact of Christ's atoning life and death, without, for the present, placing emphasis on any theory explanatory of the nature of that atonement, as the foundation of all confidence, the source of all spiritual life and liberty. For it seems plain that a truly God-like character can be produced only by those influences which lead to the love of God. As far as I can see, we cannot recognise ourselves or mankind worthily, except in the light of the Divine Purpose as revealed in Christ. We cannot measure what man really is until we see what man is to God. And thus it is "the love wherewith God first loved us," which is the source of all Divine love in our hearts. But there is a manner of representing the cross of Christ which, through a misunderstanding of the phrases employed, leads to error, and is sometimes absolutely immoral in its effects. For example, when it is said that "all has been done for us," that "nothing must be added to the finished work," that we can have "no righteousness of our own," phrases are used which have undoubtedly a true meaning. But they are often so used as to convey a totally false and mischievous meaning, because suggesting the belief that the production of personal righteousness is somehow not of the essence of Christ's salvation. When the cross, instead of being the power that brings us to God, is made a kind of escape from God, and described as an ingenious "plan" whereby the demands of righteous law may be evaded; when the "finished work" of our Lord, instead of being the grand instrument for producing character, is represented as superseding the eternal necessities of character—then the doctrine of vicarious suffering is held not only unscripturally, but may be made to minister to actual immorality. But the cross of Christ is just the very opposite of this. It truly "saves," inasmuch as, when vitally received, it recreates in man the very spirit of Christ's sacrifice, so that each believer can, in a measure, echo the expression of St. Paul—"I am crucified with Christ; nevertheless I live." Instead of superseding the righteous claims of the old law, it at once enforces these claims, and makes it possible for us to attain the Divine life, of which that law was only the external expression.

The last error I will now touch on is that which arises from a misunderstanding of saving faith, as if it were nothing more than having a decided opinion regarding Christ's atonement and the consequent forgiveness of all our sins in His precious blood. According to this theology, which has a wider practical influence than its dogmatic acceptance, the one requirement of faith is to believe that "the price has been paid," and that there is therefore "no condemnation;" and its one testing question is, "Have you peace?" This faith, without any intrinsic change of character, may take the form of believing in some channel through which the benefits of the atonement are distributed and, when believed in, infallibly received.

But while saving faith may include these elements it must go much farther, for it necessarily leads to *self-surrender*. Hope and love, as well as faith, when experienced in living power, equally unite in producing the same results. For to trust Christ is but another term for yielding to Him, that He may govern us in all things; when we sincerely hope in Christ we ardently pursue that which we hope for; and when we love Christ we are at once fascinated and influenced by what we love. And this self-surrender, as the product of faith, hope, and love, becomes the root from which springs the Christ-like character. But the defective view of saving faith which we have described may be held, and is frequently held, without anything being yielded to God at all. The slave of vanity or greed, the virulent and unscrupulous partisan, the idle and luxurious pietist may fancy all is well because they hold what in their lips is little better than a travesty of gospel truth, and the consequences are manifest in the inconsistencies which the so-called Christian society often presents in its denial of the will of the Master. It was the faith of self-surrender which Christ continually demanded, and it was that faith which His true disciples ever accorded. They had more than opinions and beliefs about Him, for they were consecrated to Him. And so the love, humility, gentleness and self-sacrifice of Christ became reflected in His children. This Spirit of Christ so dwelt in them that, not as from the outward letter, but as by a new instinct, they lived out what the Sermon on the Mount portrayed. The world saw in them "the Kingdom of God not in word, but in power." In one light it may have appeared as "the enthusiasm of humanity," so beneficent was its influence. But it was an enthusiasm which had a deeper fountain of motive than bare philanthropy. It derived all its vitality from intense love to Christ, consecration to His will, and a magnanimous sympathy with the purpose of God towards all mankind.

SUNDAY UP IN THE HIGHLANDS.

By J. CAMERON LEES, D.D.

DUNCAN McDONALD'S inn is very comfortable to stay at. It is wholly unpretentious. It is roofed partly with straw and partly with slate; its accommodation for the traveller is limited, consisting only of a small parlour and a couple of attic bedrooms; the fare is of the plainest, and the whole premises are redolent of peat reek. Still it is so comfortable a resting-place, that any pilgrim who has tarried there is glad to go back again. Exercise in the keen mountain air makes the inevitable mutton and ancient chicken taste sweeter than venison or grouse; and though the beds are hard, sleep quickly comes to him who lays him down on the snow-white sheets. The great charm of Duncan's humble hostelry is the fishing in the neighbourhood. A broad stream sprawling over big boulders runs a few yards from the door; and a few miles away among the silent hills is a chain of three lakes, where a good basket of trout can be got any day that the wind is from the west, and the sky is clouded. Duncan's house is in the street of a long straggling village, mainly made up of thatched cottages, with the parish church and manse at one end, and the Free Church and manse at the other. Duncan himself is a devoted adherent of the Free Church—no bigot, but very staunch in his devotion to what he calls "the principle;" and so are most of his neighbours, for this is Ross-shire, where the Free Church section of Presbyterianism has it all its own way—a bad thing perhaps for any Church to have. A railway station is now within four miles of this Highland village, but I trust when I go back I shall find the little inn as I left it, with no wings added for the accommodation of the tourists, and no white-chokered waiter to give me welcome. I hope to find the old stream as solitary as before, and Rory the post, and Donald the shoemaker, and John the grieve, and all the honest neighbours, just as they were in the old days, and not turned into the set of harpies who consider the northern sportsman their legitimate prey.

On a Wednesday evening in autumn I was driven up to Duncan's door in a dog-cart, after a journey of twenty miles, and was warmly welcomed by the innkeeper in person. It was evident that something unusual was going on in the quiet village. Many carts, with ponies munching their hay beside them, stood at the end of the various houses, and men and women attired in their best loitered about the main street. "You see," said Duncan explaining, "this is the week of the ordinances, and a great many people have come to them. Dr. Matheson passed east to the manse in the minister's gig a short time ago; he is to assist; and there is to be also Him of Sutherland and Him of the Strone as well." "The ordinances" is the term applied invariably in Ross-shire to the administration of the Lord's Supper, and the services connected therewith. It is the religious fête of a Highland parish, and though unaccompanied by amusements and gaieties as fêtes are in some other places, it is looked forward to by the calm-looking, sober-living people as a season of real enjoyment. To those homely-looking women in their white caps, and their grave husbands in homespun, it is almost the only outing in the year. The round of work in household, or field, or peat-bog, goes on monotonously from one day to another, seldom broken except by a market, a funeral, or a wedding, a shinty match at Christmas, or "the ordinances" in their own or a neighbouring parish. People will often travel many miles to attend these last-named solemnities, and if the ministers assisting are popular preachers great crowds gather to their ministrations from all quarters. The name of Dr. Matheson was sufficient to attract a multitude on this occasion, not to speak of "Him of Sutherland," who also was held in great repute. The ministrations of "Him of the Strone," were not so highly appreciated. It thus came to pass that the village of which Duncan's inn formed part was full to overflowing and assumed a different appearance from its usual quiescent state. Often on ordinary days a cow would stand ruminating in the middle of the street for hours, looking lazily at the stray passer-by as if begging him to give her a kick to break the monotony of her existence; but this evening there was quite a bustle and many going to and fro.

The religious services of that week were numerous, and all, with one exception, very much of the same type. I hardly ventured to put up my rod, and at the close of the solemnities I felt as if I had gone through a week of Sundays. On Wednesday night there was a meeting for prayer, at which the "stranger" ministers took part, assisted by certain laymen of the parish. Thursday was held as a "fast day;" not that there was any stinting of fare, for it was rather the reverse, but there was rigid abstinence from work, and the place was as quiet as on the first day of the week. Friday was equally characterized by quietude; but the services held on that day were of so unusual a description that I venture to give some slight description of them, for Friday is the outstanding day of the festival—it is the "day of the Men."

In the northern counties of Scotland there is a sect, or rather a special class of Presbyterians, called "the Men." They have been compared to the Fakirs of India, the Dervishes of Turkey, the Methodists of England. I shall not refer to these comparisons further, lest I should give offence to worthy persons whom I esteem, except to say that "the Men," like these various religionists, represent an advanced, not to say an exaggerated, form of the belief held by those among whom they live. They are regarded by those around them with reverence as men of specially holy lives, and, from their pronounced avowal of religion, are often called "professors," receiving that title as regularly as if they had chairs in a university. Occasionally, doubtless, this "profession" of theirs takes grotesque and even laughable forms; perhaps, also, it has been sometimes adopted by cunning and unscrupulous men for their own selfish purposes. Like zealous men everywhere they may not also be altogether free from a trace of fanaticism, which is the besetting sin of men in earnest. They are simple people, ignorant of the ways of the world, and it is not difficult to turn them to ridicule; but those who know them best, and have had most opportunities of judging, have no doubt at least of their sincerity. In some districts of the country they labour as lay-preachers; in others, they work at their ordinary employments, reading and expounding the Bible to their neighbours in the evening. They are always welcome visitors in the houses of the peasantry, and are sometimes credited with the possession of powers that border on the miraculous. Sometimes they are peculiar in dress and manner. They wear a long cloak and a handkerchief tied round the head, and intersperse their reading and expounding with many groans. Those who do so, as far as I know, are now the exception. The majority of them are undoubtedly decent, God-fearing men, trying to do the Master's work according to the light given to them. They are the extreme embodiment of Celtic piety. I knew, long ago, one of them—a simple-minded weaver—who was revered by the people of a glen as their friend and counsellor; and another, a slater—a hard-headed, shrewd, practical man—who was better acquainted with his Bible than some Doctors of Theology. Perhaps such men would be improved by a greater admixture of "sweetness and light." That, however, is a matter of opinion. A rugged, weather-beaten rock is, in its place, as beautiful an object as a polished and carved marble pillar.

The "day of the Men" is the high day of the solemnities of a Ross-shire communion, and I readily accompanied Duncan to the church as a spectator. The building was crowded in every part. I do not think I ever saw such an assembly, except at a fête in Brittany, and the weather-beaten faces and snow-white caps of the women recalled their Celtic French cousins. I could have imagined myself back in the church of Morlaix, only there was no making of the sign of the cross, and no smoke of incense hanging over the far-off altar; of course there was no altar at all here. The pulpit at the end of the church was vacant; the minister occupied the precentor's desk immediately below, and near him sat some of his brethren from the neighbouring parishes, and those who were assisting him during the week. We were rather late of arriving. A prayer had been offered, a psalm sung, and a question given out to be debated by those whose experience qualified them to "speak to it." The question was simple enough, but quite sufficient to call forth the dialectics of these simple Highlanders, as much of interest to them as the metaphysical questions debated by the theologians of the Middle Ages at their assemblies were to these hair-splitting divines. The question was, What are the marks of a true Christian? After it was given out there was a long pause. The Minister called on one after another to speak. There was a good deal of head-shaking, but no definite response. At last a venerable man got up and propounded three marks, Holiness, Righteousness, and Prayer; quoting more or less pertinent passages of Scripture under each of these heads. The silence was now broken, and one after another rose and calmly stated their views; sometimes, like the first speaker, viewing religion from the objective, but much more frequently from the subjective side, which is the side the Celt loves, dwelling upon faith, communion with God, knowledge of God's will. "The secret of the Lord is with them that fear Him," was a text much quoted. "Do you see yon man in the long cloak?" said Duncan; "he comes from Strathspey, maybe he will say a word." What he did say when his time came was enigmatical and oracular enough. Three times he slowly repeated "The wheat and the tares! The wheat and the tares! The wheat and the tares!" and then sat down. By this simile he meant apparently to indicate the intermixture of Christians with worldly men; often so close as to prevent them being recognised by the carnal eye. Many of the speakers made references to individual cases they had known. On this occasion there were no personalities indulged in. This is not always the case; and sometimes a minister, who is not supposed to be so faithful as he ought to be, is so vividly depicted as a dumb dog, or a watchman without a trumpet, that there can be little doubt as to whose portrait is intended to be drawn. These allusions are intensely relished by the people, much more so probably than by the subject of them, who is often present, and to whom such remarks can be by no means very pleasant. For three hours the speaking to the question went on and the interest of the people continued unabated. At the close, the minister summed up the discussion, and the service closed with prayer. As the people streamed forth they were very animated in their remarks as to the manner in which the different speakers had acquitted themselves.

The services on Sunday were divided. Those in English being conducted in the church, and in Gaelic in a little hollow glade opening on to the sea-beach. Being fortunate enough to understand this noblest of tongues we wended our way among hazel-wooded banks to the open-air "preaching." It was a very striking sight that met us on our arrival at the place of meeting. More than three thousand people sat on the ground or on stools they had carried in their hands. In the midst of the assemblage stood the tent or wooden pulpit. This was occupied by Dr. Matheson. In front of the pulpit were two ridges of turf covered over with white linen. These were the communion tables. The day was most beautiful. The sun shone brightly, rooks cawed overhead, and the ripple of the water close by on the gravel beach mingled with the psalm. The solemn effect of the latter was indescribable. Line by line was chanted by the man who led the singing, and taken up by the great multitude. The impression produced was almost overwhelming when their voices rose in great volume of sound. I am not going to attempt a description of the sermon; no one but a Gael can conceive the pleasure of hearing a good Gaelic sermon. I say, a *good* Gaelic sermon, for a bad Gaelic sermon is especially bad. After having heard great preachers—Catholic, Lutheran, Anglican, Presbyterian—in many lands, I believe a good Gaelic sermon excels, so far as oratory and eloquent expression is concerned, every other species of pulpiteering. Full of illustration, striking imagery, and solemn appeal, it is unique. Perhaps the nearest to it is that of a Carmelite friar in Notre-Dame; his hands outstretched, his strained eyes gazing into the infinite, speaking as if he saw heaven and hell open before him, making the flippant men and frivolous women, who have gone out to hear him for the pleasure of enjoying a new sensation, cross themselves nervously and say, in suppressed tones, "Mon Dieu!" For more than an hour did this Celtic orator we were hearing preach. No one rose to go away, though they were free to do so. He held his audience spell-bound. Then came what is called the "fencing of the tables," the invitation to the communion, and the warning to such as were not worthy to refrain from approaching. Probably the latter was too strongly emphasized; but whether from this cause or not, only about a score of communicants, mostly old people, came forward. In the North it is so always; the proportion of those partaking of the sacrament is but small in comparison to those who remain aloof as spectators. I recollect observing the same thing in a church in England, where the ritual is very high; most of the congregation there looked on with veneration, while only two or three approached the altar rails. No ritualistic ideas, however, influence the northern Highlander, though he regards the communion rite with such deep reverence that he can but seldom believe himself worthy enough to be a partaker. Readers of Scottish history will remember that this was one of the points on which Queen Margaret of Scotland disputed with the Culdees. The practice against which she argued has probably lingered among the northern Celts from her day to the present time. It has its root in the overpowering sense of awe with which they and all mountain races regard sacred things.

After the communion was over and the communicants had been simply but powerfully addressed by "Him of Sutherland," a stout, punchy man, with a huge brown gingham umbrella in his hand, made his way to the pulpit. Having solemnly taken a pinch of snuff, he gave out his text and began. "It's Him of the Strone," groaned Duncan ominously. Certainly the discourse was a very moving one. People began to launch their boats and to start away across the loch. They were not, however, permitted to go unreproved, and many a sharp arrow was sent after them from the Strone quiver, though to little purpose. But few comparatively remained to hear the close of the worthy man's prelection. In the evening there was a service in the church, and it was late before the congregation dispersed. On Monday there were two more services, and with these the "ordinances" ended.

"Ross-shire religion," as it has been called—though, of course, in its essence it does not differ from true religion anywhere else—has marked features of its own. It is intensely Calvinistic, and looks upon human life chiefly from the standpoint of the sovereignty of God: man is as clay in the hands of the

Potter; the Judge of all the earth shall do right. These are among its fundamental principles. The "theology of the Fatherhood," as it has been called, has not penetrated much beyond the Grampians. That of the northern regions is of a sterner and more unbending type. It tends to run at times into something approaching fatalism, and is occasionally associated with an asceticism resembling even that of the Middle Ages. In some parts of the country it has frowned upon amusements deemed innocent elsewhere. It has treated literally the injunction, "If any is merry, let him sing psalms." Dancing is regarded as a heinous sin, and the bagpipe has been silenced. By the way, Mr. Haweis has actually called, in the pages of this magazine, the bagpipe "an unutterable abomination."* Curious that he should have this point of contact with northern Calvinism. Let him not dare to come through the Pass of Killicrankie without insuring his life! The austerity we are referring to has often been extreme. A friend of the writer, once a factor in one of the western islands of Ross-shire, when collecting rents, was solemnly waited on by the inhabitants of a township, who told him there was such heinous wickedness being committed among them that they feared it might bring down on them a judgment from above. The wickedness was, that one in their village played the fiddle, and the minister could not induce him to part with it! "Bring him here," said the factor sternly, and the culprit was brought in filled with the fear of immediate eviction. The worthy factor asked him to play a strathspey, which he did with trembling hand. His tremor, however, departed when his performance was highly applauded by the local authority. He was kept plying his bow all day while his discomfited enemies were paying their rents, and was sent home with an ample fee in recognition of his musical powers. This little incident happened not a great many years ago, and it illustrates a severity which has not yet altogether passed away. But after all that has been said, ought it not to be remembered more than it is, that this stern type of religion has produced, so history tells us, grand and brave men in its time?—men of real grit and backbone. Besides, the tree must be judged by the fruit, and not the fruit by the tree, and if we take this standard, the outcome of Ross-shire faith has, in many respects, been good. In no county in Scotland is there less illegitimacy. Flagrant crime is almost unknown. No householder need have a lock upon his door. Public worship is well attended. Family worship is largely practised. The people are honest, hard-working, peaceful; submitting at times to great hardship and cruelty with patience; faithful, whether as servants or friends. These things are better than bagpipes, though, as a Gael, I say nothing against that most admirable and glorious instrument.

In the evening Duncan came in to cheer me in my loneliness, and we sat for some time over the peat fire. He spoke with deep reverence of the Doctor and Him of Sutherland. The former he seemed to regard as a veritable prophet. "They say he *sees things.* Last time he was here he spoke of one drowning in the river out-by, and a few days afterwards one of those who heard him was carried away crossing in a spate. Truly the secret of the Lord is with those that fear Him." But as for Him of the Strone, "he was, indeed, a *good* man—no doubt of that—but, oh, he was no preacher! Hearing him was just like being beside the sawmill up the glen; it clicked and clicked on till it stopped. Deed ay, he was once, I heard, taking tea with a shepherd in Strathglass, and the tea did not flow easily through the spout. 'It's just like yourself, sir,' said the shepherd's wife; 'it's a good tea-pot, and it's full of good tea, but it has a wonderful bad delivery.'" Honest Duncan, may your shadow never grow less!

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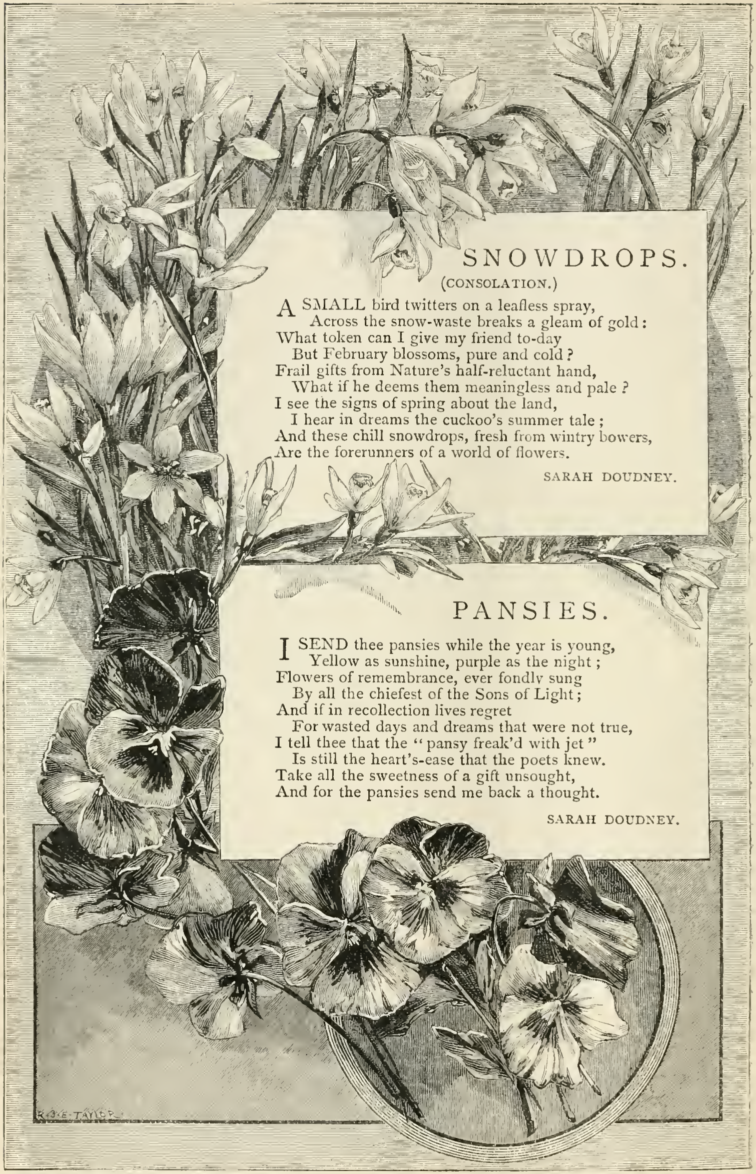
* GOOD WORDS, December, 1880, p. 818.



SNOWDROPS.

(CONSOLATION.)

A SMALL bird twitters on a leafless spray,
  Across the snow-waste breaks a gleam of gold:
What token can I give my friend to-day
  But February blossoms, pure and cold?
Frail gifts from Nature's half-reluctant hand,
  What if he deems them meaningless and pale?
I see the signs of spring about the land,
  I hear in dreams the cuckoo's summer tale;
And these chill snowdrops, fresh from wintry bowers,
Are the forerunners of a world of flowers.

SARAH DOUDNEY.

PANSIES.

I SEND thee pansies while the year is young,
  Yellow as sunshine, purple as the night;
Flowers of remembrance, ever fondly sung
  By all the chiefest of the Sons of Light;
And if in recollection lives regret
  For wasted days and dreams that were not true,
I tell thee that the "pansy freak'd with jet"
  Is still the heart's-ease that the poets knew.
Take all the sweetness of a gift unsought,
And for the pansies send me back a thought.

SARAH DOUDNEY.

OLD VIOLINS.

By the Rev. H. R. HAWEIS, M.A., Author of "Music and Morals."

FIRST PAPER.

THE construction, the history, the sound of the violin, would make a romantic work in three volumes as sensational as, and far more instructive than, most novels.

I.—THE WOOD.

The very pine wood smells good, to begin with. The forests of the Southern Tyrol, which now teem with saplings, when the old violins were made, from 1520 to 1750, still abounded in those ancient trees, so eagerly and often vainly sought out by modern builders, and which the old viol makers found to possess the finest acoustic properties.

The mighty timbers were felled in late summer. They came in loose floating rafts from the banks of the Garda; they floated down the Mincio to Mantua. Brescia was in the midst of them. From Como they found their way to Milan, and from Lake Maggiore direct, *viâ* the Ticino and the Po, to Cremona.

What market days were those! What a timber feast to select from; and what cunning lovers and testers of wood were those old viol makers and those fathers of the violin! The rough heaps of pine, pear, lemon, and ash, beloved of the Brescians—of maple and sycamore, preferred by the Cremonese—lay steaming dry and hard in a few hours beneath the sun of the southern Alps.

Before a beam was bought, the master passed his hand over the surface. He could tell by touch the density of its fibre. Then he would take two equal slips of deal and weigh them, and judge of their porousness. The very appearance of the wood would guide him to its probable vibrational powers. Then he would, perchance, before leaving the market, cut strips of equal length, and elicit their relative intensities by striking their tongues. He would often select for a definite purpose, looking for a soft, porous piece, or a specially hard and close-fibred grain—a certain appearance he would instinctively associate with rare acoustic properties. The seller would be eager to find the pieces, useless to other customers, priceless to an Andreas Amati, for he was sure that the viol maker would buy what suited him at a long price. After the lapse of nearly two centuries, we can trace such favourite beams by peculiar stains, freckles, and grainings. When, after cutting up a dozen trees, once in two or three years a piece of fine acoustic wood was found, it was kept for the master's best work. The same pine beam will crop up in the bellies of Stradiuarius at an interval of years. Another can be traced in the violins of Joseph Guarnerius, and after his death Carlo Bergonzi got hold of the remnants of it, and we detect it by a certain stain in the fibre.

The anxiety to retain every particle of a precious piece of wood is seen in the subtle and delicate patching and repatching of backs and bellies. The seams are only discoverable by a microscope, so perfect is the cabinet work. How different from the modern maker at Madrid, whom Tarisio relates as having to repair a damaged Stradiuarius, and, finding the belly cracked, sent it home with a brand new one of his own manufacture!

The properties of fine violin wood are very mysterious. Only to be surrounded by a selection of fine violins is an experience which cannot be forgotten. Sit in the room with them with your eyes shut, and although you may not touch one of them, you will soon be aware of ghostly presences.

II.—A RARE COLLECTION.

When I was preparing to address the Royal Institution on Old Violins, I sat alone in my study the night before, surrounded by that matchless collection of instruments which it was my good fortune to exhibit the next evening in Albemarle Street, and the chief features of which I desire here to place on record. Such a series of types, from 1520 to 1740, has seldom been seen together.

The violins weighed but a few ounces apiece, and were worth thousands of pounds in value. My doors were locked; no one but myself had access to that treasure house; the room was kept to an even temperature night and day, and on the floor in a long row, placed chronologically, lay these mystic arrangements in pine and sycamore, which were known to imprison the true souls of Brescia and Cremona.

First a Duiffoprugcar of fabulous antiquity, about 1530, lent by Mr. Hill; a Gaspar di Salo tenor of old Brescia, lent by Mr. Hart; a Maggini, De Beriot's favourite maker (also

Brescia), lent by Mr. Enthoven; an Andreas Guarnerius (my own); Nicolas Amati (Cremona), Mr. Tyssen Amherst, M.P.; a violin of the Steiner (German) school, Captain Champion; a Stradiuarius, the property of the present Emperor Alexander II. of Russia, lent me by his Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh; another fine Stradiuarius, also lent me by his Royal Highness; a fine Joseph Guarnerius (Cremona), lent by Mr. Hart; my own labelled Stradiuarius, formerly the property of Colonel Newbery; a magnificent Venetian violoncello, a Montagnana in exquisite condition; a noble Gaspar double-bass, found in the bedroom of the late Tarisio, along with his dead body and the Messie violin and other priceless gems.

On the following night the South Kensington added to my store Dragonetti's monster double-bass, some exquisite ancient viols of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, and Mr. Adams lent me the Dolphin Stradiuarius for which he gave £600, and for which he refused £1,000 from the Duke of Edinburgh.

In the silence of the night the room seemed full of whispers and hollow rustlings. I could not cough or move without these ghostly voices answering me, as from the catacombs of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Even the old seasoned backs and bellies of unstrung violins are full of the strangest echoes, and Mr. Hill, the violin maker, tells me that as he sits in his work-room, where old violin carcases are piled in hundreds on shelves and cupboards pell-mell, ribs, bellies, and backs, he constantly hears them muttering and humming to themselves, in answer to his tools, the stroke of his hammer, the sound of his voice.

III.—VIOLIN ANATOMY.

Let us now look at the violin anatomically. It is a miracle of construction, and as it can be taken to pieces, put together, patched, and indefinitely repaired, it is almost indestructible. It is, as one may say, as light as a feather and as strong as a horse. It is composed of fifty-eight or seventy pieces of wood. Wood about as thick as a half-crown, by exquisite adjustment of parts and distribution of strain, resists for several centuries an enormous pressure. The Belly of soft deal, the Back of hard sycamore, are united by six sycamore ribs, supported by twelve blocks with linings. It appears that the quick vibrations of the hard wood, married to the slower sound-waves of the soft, produce the mellow but reedy *timbre* of the good violin. If all the wood were hard, you would get the tone light and metallic; if all soft, it would be muffled and tubby.

There is every conceivable variety of fibre both in hard and soft wood. The thickness of back and belly is not uniform; each should be thicker towards the middle. But how thick, and shaved thin in what proportions towards the sides? The cunning workman alone knows. As a rule, if the wood be hard he will cut it thin; if soft, thick; but *how* thin and *how* thick, and exactly *where*, is nowhere writ down, nor can be, because nowhere for handy reference are recorded the densities of all pine and pear and sycamore and maple planks that have or shall come into the maker's hands.

The Sound-bar is a strip of pine wood running obliquely under the left foot of the bridge. It not only strengthens the belly for the prodigious pressure of the four strings, whose direction it is made to follow, for vibrational reasons, but it is the nervous system of the violin. It has to be cut and adjusted to the whole emotional system; a slight mistake in position, a looseness, an inequality or roughness of finish, will produce that hollow teeth-on-edge growl called the "wolf."

It takes the greatest cunning and a life of practical study to know how long, how thick, and exactly where the sound-bar should be in each instrument. The health and *morale* of many an old violin has been impaired by its nervous system being ignorantly tampered with. Every old violin, with the exception of the "Pucelle," has had its sound-bar replaced, or it would never have endured the increased tightness of strings brought in with our modern pitch. Many good forgeries have thus been exposed, for in taking the reputed Stradiuarius to pieces, the rough clumsy work inside, contrasting with the exquisite finish of the old masters, betrays at once the coarseness of a body that never really held the soul of a Cremona.

The Sound-post, a little pine prop like a short bit of cedar pencil, is the *soul* of the violin. It is placed upright inside, about one-eighth of an inch to the back of the right foot of the bridge, and through it pass all the heart throbs or vibrations generated between the back and the belly. There the short waves and the long waves meet and mingle. It is the material throbbing centre of that pulsating air column, defined by the walls of the violin, but propagating those mystic sound-waves that ripple forth in sweetness upon ten thousand ears.

Days and weeks may be spent on the adjustment of this tiny sound-post. Its position exhausts the patience of the repairer, and makes the joy or the misery of the player. As a rough general rule, the high-built violin will take it nearer the bridge than the low-built, and a few experiments will at once show the relation of the "soul" to tightness, mellowness, or intensity of sound. For the amateur there is but one motto, "Leave well alone."

The prodigious strain of the strings is resisted first by the arch of the belly; then by the ribs, strengthened with the upright blocks, the pressure amongst which is evenly distributed by the linings which unite them; and, lastly, by the supporting sound-bar, sound-post, and back.

Many people, on observing the obvious join between the neck and the head of old violins, fancy that the *head* is not the original. It is the *neck* that is new. All the necks of old violins have thus been lengthened, and the old heads refixed, for the simple reason that Corelli's finger-board will not do for Paganini, and mightier execution requires an ampler field for its eccentric excursions.

The Scroll, or head, fitted with its four simple screws of ebony, box, or rosewood, is the physiognomy of the violin. At first all fiddle-heads look alike—as all pug dogs, or all negroes—and, indeed, England, Wales, Italy, Holland, and most other countries have their general faces, so have violins, but a practised eye sees the difference at a glance. Look for half an hour every day at a late Joseph Guarnerius, an early Nicolas Amati, and a grand pattern Strad., and you will be surprised that you could ever have confounded their forms. What is called the "throwing" of the scroll betrays the master's style like handwriting, and he lays down his type in every curve, groove, and outline. A keen eye can almost see the favourite tool he worked with, and how his hand went. These subtleties are like the painter's "touch," they cannot really be imitated so as to deceive one who has mastered the individual work of the great makers.

The ebony finger-board must be nicely fitted, as also the neck, to the hand of the player, on its even smoothness and true curve depends the correct stopping of the notes. You cannot, for instance, stop fifths in tune on a rough or uneven finger-board. The button to which the tail-piece is fastened is full of style, and not, like the pegs, a thing to be dropped and changed at will; it is a critical part of the violin, takes a good third of the leverage of the whole strain, is fixed like a vice, rooted in the very adamant of the wood, carefully finished, and cut round, pointed, or flat, according to the taste of the maker.

The Purfling, more or less deeply embedded, emphasises the outline of the violin. It is composed of three thin strips of wood, ebony, sometimes whalebone, the centre of two white strips; it is often more or less embedded, and betrays the workman's taste and skill. The double purfling and purfling in eccentric patterns of some of the old violins is very quaint, but a doubtful adjunct to the tone. But, strange to say, prior to 1600 appearances were more thought of than tone. The old guitars and viols are often so profusely carved or inlaid with tortoiseshell, ivory, and silver, that they have but little sound, and that bad. I do not think that this has ever been noticed before, but it is undoubtedly a fact that attention to tone only dates from the rise of the violin proper in the sixteenth century, and is, in fact, coincident with the rise of the art of modern music.

I come now to the Cremona varnish. What is it? About 1760, it disappeared and never reappeared. All the Cremonas have it. Was it a gum or an oil, or a distillation from some plant, or some chemical once largely in use and superseded, as the old oil lamps have gone out before gas and paraffine? How was it mixed? is the receipt lost? No one seems to be able to answer these questions. There it lies like sunlit water, mellow, soft, rich; varying in colour—golden, orange, or pale red tint on the Guarnerius; rich gold, deep orange, or light red on the Stradiuarius back—and when it rubs softly away rather than chips off hardly, like the German and French imitations, it leaves the wood seasoned, impregnated, and fit to resist heat, cold, and the all-destroying worm for ages. Mr. Charles Reade's is perhaps the best account of it on the whole. He thinks the wood, cut in winter, varnished in the hot summer months, was first bathed several times in oil, thus, he says, were the "pores of the wood filled and the grain shown up." The oil held in solution some clear gum. "Then upon this oil varnish, when dry, was laid some heterogeneous varnish, namely a solution in spirit of some sovereign high-coloured, pellucid, and above all tender gum." These gums were reddish yellow and yellowish red, and are accredited with colouring the varnish. On the other hand it must be stated that although the difficulties in the amber theory are great, Mr. Perkins, the eminent chemist, has discovered amber in the varnish of Joseph Guarnerius, and he believes the colouring to be derived from a herb common throughout Piedmont, and, following out his conviction, Mr. Perkins has made a varnish which certainly does resemble very closely the Cremonese hue and gloss. Dod, who died in 1830, professed to have got the Cremona receipt, and whilst employing John Lott and Bernard Fendt to make his violins, always varnished them himself; and indeed his varnish is very superior and his violins are highly prized; and perhaps in a general description like this to discuss further the varnish theory would be superfluous.

The Bridge of the violin is to many a true Asses' Bridge; you may try and try again and its true position will still be represented by an unknown x. It is but a small piece of hard boxwood, 2 inches by 1½ in size, it is quaintly perforated, it clings closely to the violin's belly with its two little thin feet, is about as thick, where thickest, as a five-shilling piece, thinning steadily towards the top, which obeys the curve of the finger-board and lifts the strain of the four strings. The bridge is movable, but it is so important and all-essential to the propagation of any sound at all, that it may be called the wife of the violin. All old violins have had many bridges in their time, but there is no reason why the union if happy should not last for forty or fifty years. A perfectly harmonious marriage is as rare between violins and their bridges, as between men and women, though in either case there is a considerable margin for the gradual adjustment of temperaments. Although the old violin is very capricious in his choice, and often remains a widower for years, he does not object to elderly bridges, and when he finds one he can get on with, will obstinately resent any rash interference with the harmony of his domestic arrangements.

This is a point not nearly enough considered even by wise violin doctors and repairers. The heartless substitution of raw young bridges for old and tried companions is common and much to be deplored, and a sensitive old Strad. will never cease to spar with the fresh, conceited, wayward young things, utterly incapable of entering into his fine qualities, and caring naught for his two hundred years of tonal experience; and the jarring and bickering go on until he gets rid of one after another and settles down, if not with his old favourite, at least with some elderly and fairly dessicated companion. I do not believe in bridges being worn out. After a year or two the hard box-fibre yields very little under the cutting of the strings; there is a considerable margin for the shifting of the strings, and no string but the first will materially grind. Rather than change so precious a thing as a congenial partner, glue, mend, patch, repair her, just as you would her priceless old husband; if he is in the prime of life at about one hundred and fifty, she may well be a little made up at sixty or seventy. Twenty years ago in my boyhood a fine Stradiuarius, 1712, grand pattern, for which my old friend and distinguished amateur, Colonel Newbery, had exchanged a pair of carriage horses which cost him £180, came by gift into my possession. I soon found it did not get on with its bridge—a new, sappy, crude, thick thing, which seemed to choke and turn sour its mellow vibrations. About that time I received the present of a very old bridge from the violin of old John Cramer, then lately deceased. It was delicate, exquisitely finished, evidently very old. I thought its build too slight, but clapped it on at once, and the old violin waked as out of a long sleep, like a giant refreshed with wine. It was then some time before I found exactly the right place, and for several years, on and off, I fidgeted about with the bridge. One day, in shifting it, I snapt it, but after trying other bridges, I glued the old one together, and once more the violin found its old sweetness and solace. Years passed, I left off playing, the Strad. lay neglected, got damp, and its joints loosened. I sent it to a cunning doctor; he "fixed it up" again, but sent it back with a new bridge, and sounding—well, like files and vinegar! I recovered the old bridge that he declared now worn out. I restored it to its beloved husband, now only in his one hundred and sixty-eighth year, he received his lost wife with effusion, and I think the harmony made by the two was never more perfect than it is now. Truly "amantium," not "iræ," but "separatio amoris integratio est."

IV.—VIOLIN STRINGS.

A word about violin strings. The positive thickness of the strings depends upon the temperament and build of the violin, providing that the player's fingers are equal to thick or thin strings. Thick strings will mellow the screaminess of a Stainer—elicit the full tone of a Joseph Guarnerius or grand Strad., whilst the older violins of Brescia, and even the sweet Nicolas Amati, will work better with thinner strings; but in such matters the player must come to the best compromise he can with his fingers and his fiddle, for the finger will often desire a thin string when the fiddle cries out for a thick one. New violins as a rule will take thicker strings than the fine old sensitives of the sixteenth or seventeenth centuries. Of the English, French, German, and Italian strings, the Italian are the best; and of the Italian, the Roman hard and brilliant, a little rough, and Neapolitan smooth, soft, and pale, are preferred. Paduans are strong, but frequently false. Veronese are softer and deeper in colour. The Germans now rank next, and the white smooth Saxon strings are good substitutes, but no rivals of the Italians. The French firsts are brittle, the Italian strings sound well, and the French patent fourth silver string, perfectly smooth and shining, is preferred by some soloists to the old covered fourth. The English strings, of a dirty green and yellow colour, are very strong, and good enough for hack work in the orchestra. The best and strongest strings are made from the intestines of spring lambs killed in September, and the superiority of the Italian over others is explained by the climate, for in Italy the sun does what has to be done artificially in more northern latitudes.

The demand for the interior of the September lamb being out of all proportion to the supply, there is a vast sale of inferior strings always going on at high prices. In string selection the objects are three:—

1. To suit the constitution of your instrument, and choose that thickness and quality of string which will develop tone with the greatest ease, roundness, and freedom.

2. To choose strings which will give good fifths—a matter sometimes a little dependent on the shape of your own fingers and the cut of your finger-board, but also controlled by the relative thickness of your strings.

3. To avoid false strings—an epidemic which rages incontinently amongst E violin strings. Spohr's receipt for detection was to hold the string between the fingers and thumb, and if when he set it vibrating from one end to the other only two lines appeared, he decided that it was true; if a third, it was deemed false. Once on, however, there can never be any doubt.

(*To be continued.*)

CUCULLAIN AND EMER.

By ALFRED PERCEVAL GRAVES, Author of "Songs of Killarney."

(A free rendering of the exquisite scene between Cucullain and Emer on pp. 133—135 of vol. ii. of "O'Grady's History of Ireland.")

Cucullain.

COME down, sweet Emer, from out thy prison,
Emer, my love, come down to me;
For the radiant moon at last has risen
That shall light us safe to the rolling sea.

Emer.

Who is the hero, half-beholden
In the beechen shadow beneath my bower,
Of mien majestic and tresses golden,
Singing thus in the still night hour?

Cucullain.

It is I, Cucullain, thy faithful lover,
Come from afar to set thee free;
It is I that stand in the beechen cover,
Sending my heart in song to thee.

Emer.

Of my father stern, alas! I fear me,
Of my brothers brave and my kinsfolk all;
Ere thy mighty hands afar can bear me,
I must pass through their bright-lit banquet hall.

Cucullain.

Fear not thy kinsmen's hostile number,
Thy brothers brave and thy haughty sire;
Through the banquet hall they are stretched in slumber,
Quenched are the torches, dead the fire.

Emer.

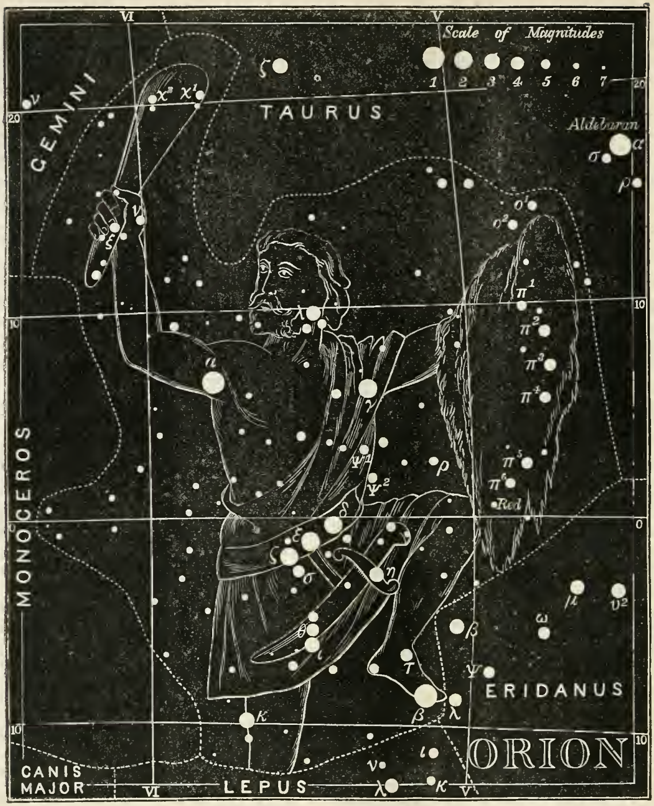
I fear for the fosse so deep and sullen,
And the watch-dogs fierce that bay on its brim;
Not for myself I fear, Cucullain,
But lest they should rend thee limb from limb.

Cucullain.

Thy father's hounds are my old companions,
They will fawn at my feet, till, as eagles float
Out from the rock with their young on their pinions,
With thee at my bosom I leap the moat.

Emer.

Every sept is our kinship boasting
Over Bregia north to Dun-Lir;
They will follow at dawn with such a hosting,
Alas! alas! for thy life I fear.



they point to Aldebaran, the great star in the eye of the Bull; look onwards still in the same direction, and your eye rests upon the far-famed group of the Pleiades, of which we have just read in Aratus. I have, on next page, provided you with a somewhat enlarged chart of this family of Atlas. There are the mythic parents, Atlas and Pleione, and their seven daughters,

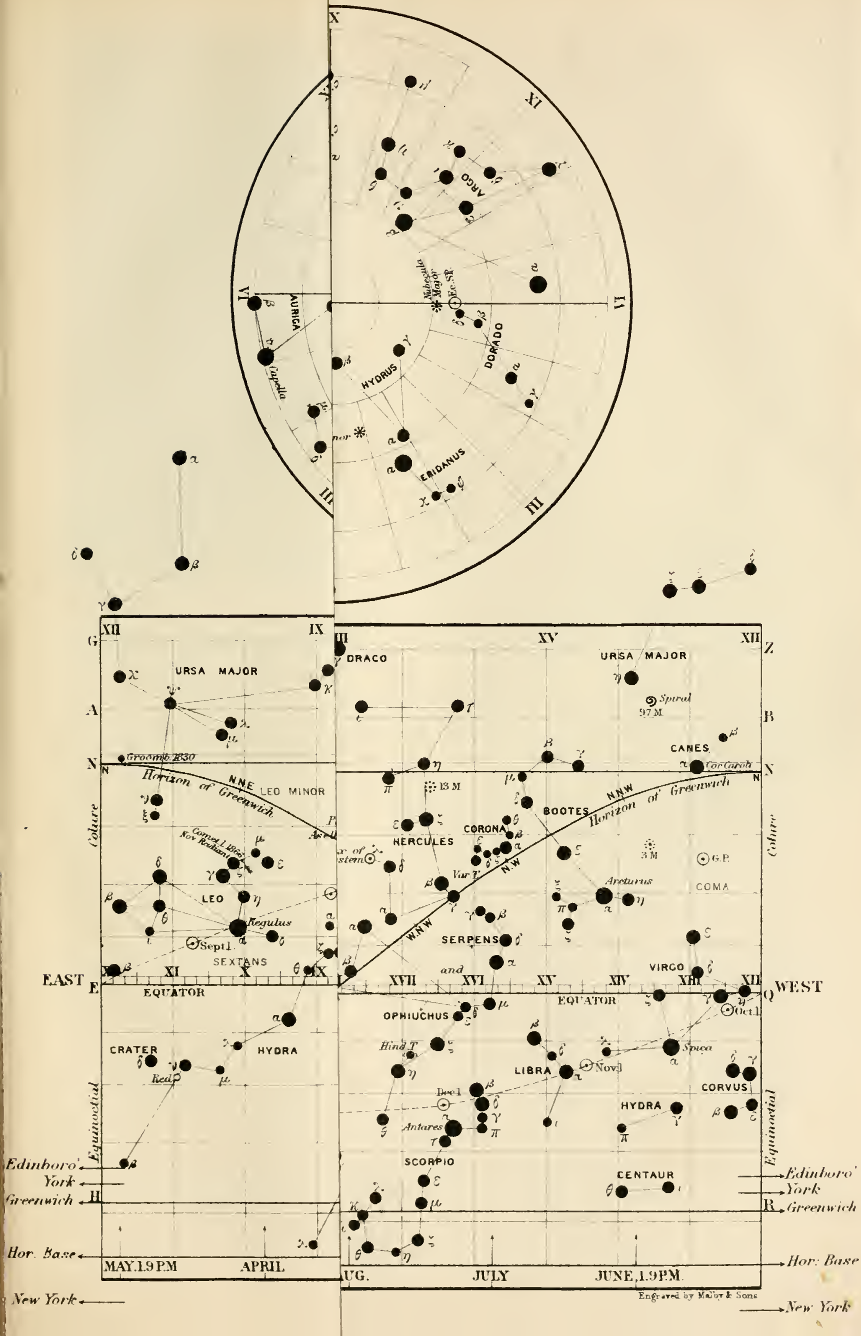
> "Alcyone, Cæleno, Merope,
> Electra, Taygeta, and Sterope,
> With Maia—honoured sisterhood—by Jove
> To rule the seasons placed in heaven above."

Besides these seven, Dr. Heis, with his practised eyes ("oculus meus jure acer nominandus est"), sees four others. But the astronomer has in this respect been outdone by Miss Airy, the daughter of our present most eminent Astronomer Royal. In the year 1863 she is authentically recorded to have seen and approximately mapped down from sight, twelve stars. Her star I have ventured to call Ariel, which name I hope it may retain; I have not intended by any means to include this lady among the family group, not notable for their happiness; but *her* star stands apart, with great propriety looking on. Gentle reader, try your own eye; I here present you with the little chart. But you must not suppose these twelve stars constitute all the members of the group. At Oxford we have occupied several months in assigning with extreme accuracy the position of forty such: but upwards of 625 have been seen. Our object in making these delicate measures, is to provide the astronomers of the future with the means of detecting any possible cosmical movements among these stars.

But now, leaving the Pleiades—who, by the way, have no real claim whatever to contain-

B

OLAR MAP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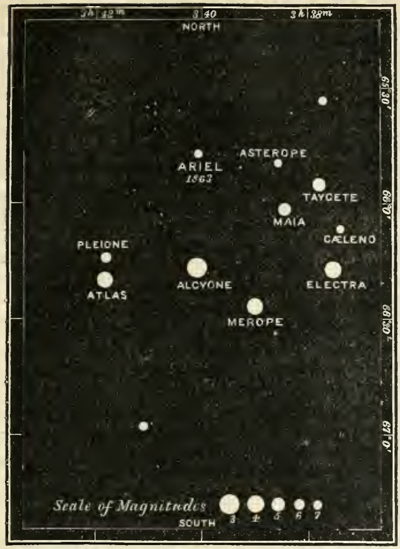

The Pleiades.

ing among them the centre, or centre of gravity, of the universe, notwithstanding the dictum of one astronomer and of many divines—turn your eye eastward along the two stars in Orion's shoulders, and there is *Procyon*, rightly so named, as being the precursor of the rising of the Dog-star, *Sirius;* again, a line drawn from *Rigel*, in the giant's foot, through the bright star *Betelgeuse*, in the eastern shoulder, leads to the famous twins, *Castor* and *Pollux*, a constellation dear to the ancient sailor; and under whose auspices the Apostle Paul was carried in safety, after his shipwreck, from Melita to the superb Mole, now, alas! in ruins, at Puteoli.

An imaginary line drawn upwards through the midst of the giant's figure, conducts the eye to the bright star *Capella*, in the Goat carried by the charioteer *Auriga*. Close thereto are two little stars, marked (η) and (ζ), they are in the Goat's two little Kids (Hædi): stars of ominous import at their first visible rising before sunrise, to the navigators of the Mediterranean. Horace, in one of the loveliest and most harmonious of his lyric poems, sings thus of them:—

> "The man who lives content with whatsoe'er
> Sufficeth for his needs,
> The storm-topp'd ocean vexeth not with care,
> Nor the fierce tempest which Arcturus breeds,
> When in the sky he sets,
> Nor that which Hædus, at his rise, begets."

In fact, so intermixed were the aspects of the stars with the every-day affairs of Roman life that it were easy to fill our pages with quotations, readily occurring with pleasant associations to the scholar.[*]

A line drawn from *Capella* through *Castor* lights upon *Regulus*, the bright star in *Leo*, a symbol to the old Romans of the summer heats.[*] In this constellation you will observe the configuration of certain stars into the rude shape of a sickle, with *Regulus* at the extremity of the handle. It is from a point within this sickle that the fiery flakes of the November star-shower appear to emanate. The fact being that the earth at this period of the year is moving towards this point in Leo; its atmosphere grinds periodically against the components of a comet's huge tail circulating round the sun, which the earth meets with in this region, and thus ignites them by friction. This *radiant point* in Leo, is the perspective "vanishing point" of all the parallel lines of fiery hail or luminous snow, which form the annual phenomenon of the November Star Shower.

Low down in the north-east is *Vega*, the bright star in Lyra, and there are few brighter stars in the heavens. This star in the latitude of Greenwich never sets; it skirts along the horizon almost grazing it, but in its course it rises almost to the zenith, forming one of the most charming objects in northern skies.

Onwards towards the east, *Hercules* is rising, whose strange picture as of a "Labouring Man" upon his knees we shall in due time see, threatening to strike the Lyre with his club. Lastly, again low down in the eastern horizon, the grand star *Arcturus* is rising, and between him and Hercules is the beautiful circlet of small stars forming the *Northern Crown:* its brightest ornament is well-named *Gemma*. A line drawn from *Betelgeuse*, the bright star in Orion's eastern shoulder through Aldebaran, conducts to the constellation *Aries*, once famous for its position close to the vernal equinoctial point, some two thousand years ago. The combined action of the moon and sun upon the earth's equatorial protuberance, continually shifts the permanent axis of the earth's diurnal rotation (and with it of course the equator), causing the axis to point to successive portions of the sky and to successive stars within it. The sun ever continues to move (apparently) in the same annual circuit among the constellations, very nearly; in the time of the great astronomer Hipparchus, B.C.

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[*] See Horace, Car. 29, lib. iii., &c.

150, he crossed the celestial equator (thereby causing spring) in the constellation Aries; but now the equator crosses the sun's path one constellation westwards (Pisces). The constellation Aries itself is by no means conspicuous, containing one star only of the second magnitude, and two or three of the fourth, forming a sort of obtuse triangle. If the line just described drawn from Betelgeuse through Aldebaran and Aries be continued still farther it will conduct to the brightest star in *Andromeda*, a conspicuous and interesting constellation, in the map and in the sky recognisable by three bright stars almost in a straight line. I shall have more to say about her sad mythic tale when I come to the more northerly constellations, and then I shall point out more advantageous allineations whereby to recognise her position in the sky. These bright stars in Andromeda lead upwards in a line directly through the constellation *Perseus*, whose *lucidæ* form the figure of the letter J, leading unmistakably to *Capella*, already described. The Star Chart will indicate to you where to look in this constellation for the star named *Algol*, remarkable for its rapid variability in brightness. If, gentle reader, you have patience, and the will, and good fortune, you may, with your own eyes, see this strange star change from the brightness of a second magnitude star to that of an inconspicuous fourth, in the course of three or four hours; and after a similar period, regain its former lustre. The cause of this remarkable variation of light is at present unknown. There may be opaque bodies circulating round it and comparatively close to its own mass; or it possibly may have huge dark areas on its surface presenting themselves to our sight in succession as it revolves; or its luminous photosphere may be subjected to periodical chemical changes. All is uncertain in these respects. But there are many other stars subject to considerable variations of lustre; possibly our own sun, itself shining only as a star to other stars, may be subjected to some such alterations of light and heat. Several phenomena, and among them the disastrous severity of recent seasons, would thereby receive an explanation: but wherein consists the cause of the variations?

We have now completed together a considerable survey of the sky before us, and we may turn our faces to the north. But before so doing, it may be well to notice how easy it is now to trace the apparent motion of the sun among the stars now visible to us and before us. In May the sun will be in Aries (♈); in June he will pass through Taurus (♉); in July through Gemini (♊); in August through the inconspicuous constellation of Cancer (♋); in September through Leo (♌); in October through the constellation Virgo (♍), close to *Spica*, now just about to rise above our horizon. All these bright constellations amidst which we have been so long, and, it is hoped, so pleasantly detained, will, in the summer and autumn, have vanished from our sight, overpowered by the sun's brighter rays. And yet there they are, still in the firmament and still are shining, still visible (many of them) in full daylight, plainly discernible in telescopes properly directed. For these stars are suns, just as intrinsically bright and large as our own. Gentle reader, before we part we will weigh one or two of them!!

And yet again, before turning our backs on the glorious scene of the celestial lights before us, in order that we may thereby view other constellations of equal interest and of even greater familiarity, because in Europe they never set, let me say a few words in explanation of the maps before you. The chart (C) containing the constellations heretofore referred to, was formed by imagining the eye to be situated in the centre of a drum, the axis of which points to the North Pole. The convex side and the flat top of this drum are then conceived to be perforated with holes, so that each star should be visible through its own proper perforation. The convex surface of this drum is then supposed to be cut, and being unfolded forms the chart (C) before you. The flat top, containing stars which never set, forms the map (A) of the more northerly constellations.

On these maps, in order to prevent confusion, I have set down only the brighter of the stars, including all, however, that are recognised as of the third magnitude, together with such others as possess some peculiar interest. Some of the more remarkable constellations will be successively delineated, having, like Orion, all the stars visible in Europe to ordinary eyes set down accurately in their relative places.

The map (C) is so constructed that, at any hour of the day or night, and during the entire year, all those stars that are, at the moment, above the horizon shall be immediately cognisable at one view; and by means of the movable horizon, referred to in the note, their risings and settings, and their whole diurnal and even annual courses, above and below the horizon, may be readily traced. But these are details which must be deferred to a future opportunity.

THE HOPE OF THE GLORY OF GOD.

By PROFESSOR CANDLISH, D.D.

THE love of glory is natural and universal in mankind. It is not merely the weakness or vice of a few whom ambition moves "to wade through slaughter to a throne, or shut the gates of mercy on mankind." It is in one form or other a desire of all. Nor is it a wrong or sinful passion in itself, but only when indulged to excess or in a wrong way. It becomes a vice when glory is wrongly estimated or unduly prized; when men seek mere notoriety instead of true honour, or when they covet the praise of the unthinking or worthless because they may be many or great, instead of the approval of the wise and good; or when they desire to be honoured for what is not theirs, or is not truly honourable. To desire that our name may not be forgotten, but remembered with praise and gratitude, that our memory should be cherished and our deeds recorded with the approbation of others, is no more than natural; it is just one of the many proofs afforded by human nature that man is not self-sufficient for his own happiness, but must enjoy the approval and love of others, and that he was made not for time only, but for eternity—not for the world, but for God. But the only true glory is the praise which comes from the wise and good, and which is not founded on any false or deceptive appearance, but on the truth. Hence the truest glory of all is that which comes from God alone, the approval and praise of Him who searches the heart, and whose judgment is ever according to truth. This is the only thing that can really and fully satisfy the longing for glory that is natural to the human heart. This, therefore, is the highest ideal and pattern of true glory. This is that glory and honour which is to be bestowed at the great day of judgment on every one that doeth good.

But how can we have any hope of this glory of God? Have we not all sinned and come short of the glory of God? And even now are we not continually failing in duty? Even our good works are not such as God can approve or praise. Are our love to Him and zeal in His service so sincere and strong that we could present them to Him and ask His approval? Is our discharge of duty so diligent and faithful that we could expect His praise? Is our love to our brethren so pure and fervent as to be a fitting object of His glory? In all these graces and duties is there any on which we can ourselves look with complacency and self-approval? Can we forget the vanity, the meanness, the selfishness that taints our best works? Can we fail to remember how often we fall short of our duty, how soon we grow weary in well-doing, how readily we give way to temptation? What hope can there be for us of the approbation of God when we so utterly fail to gain any approbation from ourselves? Must not the utmost we can expect be that we shall barely escape God's wrath and condemnation? Can we venture to hope for more than a mere acquittal at God's judgment, and this only for the sake of Christ? Can it be either possible or lawful for us to cherish any further hope? Yes, undoubtedly it is; for the Bible often speaks of the crown of glory which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give to His saints on the great day, and even of different degrees of reward for different services; and we are encouraged to rejoice in hope of the glory of God. But it is only those who are justified by faith, and stand in the favour of God now, that can have this hope. We must first have our sins forgiven of God's free grace for Christ's sake, and ourselves made accepted in the Beloved, before we can hope for the glory of God. But when those things are secured there is a firm foundation laid for such a hope. For the same Saviour in whom we have peace with God is also in us the hope of glory. Through Him not only are we received personally into God's favour, but the works also that we do here are accepted, and approved, and rewarded for His sake.

If we are Christ's indeed, we are His followers in this world—His followers in this as well as in other respects, that we, like Him, have a work given us to do—a work which, like His, is not our own, but our Father's; yea, a work which is the very same as He had to do—the work of obedience, of maintaining a holy and godly walk, of contending against sin and temptation and witnessing for truth in the world, of carrying forward the cause for which He lived and died. We have, indeed, the very same work to do as He had; for has He not said to His first disciples, and through them to us all, "As the Father hath sent me, even so send I you?" So too we may have, like Him, not only work to do, but trial and suffering to bear; for He said also, "If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross and follow me." But if indeed no less than this be our high calling, how shall we ever be able to fulfil it? Truly, did it lie with ourselves, by our own power or goodness to do such a work, we might well faint under it, or give it up in despair. But we are not called to go on this warfare at our own charge; it is only as having been united to Christ, and thus in Him accepted, that we are called to engage in it; and, by abiding in Him, and receiving out of His fulness, we shall be enabled to do it. Then, if we are really one with Christ in our work, we shall be one with Him in the reward of it too; and that reward is the glory of God. If we see to it that it is His work that we are doing, and that we are doing it by faith in Him, He will see to it that we are with Him in the glory which He has received of the Father as His reward.

Thus in Christ there is restored to us what sin had robbed us of—the hope of the glory of God. In Christ there is for us, weak, wayward, unfaithful as we are, led astray by folly and falling before temptation, now murmuring at the difficulty of the way and anon vainly conceited of our own strength—even for us, such as we painfully feel ourselves to be, there is a possibility and a hope of so performing the work given to us to do, as to receive at last the gracious approval: "Well done, good and faithful servant." It does seem strange, when we think of the weakness of our purposes, the faultiness of our doings; it may well seem passing strange, when we think of ourselves at all; but when we remember that it is God who worketh in us, both to will and to do, we cease to wonder, save at the surpassing grace of the whole way of salvation. For we see that even when the good works of the saints are rewarded with the glory of God, not a shadow is cast on the freeness of His grace; for still it is but His own gifts that He crowns in them; while they cast these their crowns before Him that sitteth on the throne, saying, "Thou art worthy, O Lord, to receive glory, and honour, and power."

In such a hope we may well rejoice. The manner and measure of the joy it should inspire is best estimated by the value of that glory that is hoped for, which, indeed, is far higher than anything else we can imagine. The praise or approbation of God has every quality fitted to make glory an object of desire, with nothing that could diminish its value. The worth of any one's approbation depends first and chiefly on his character. It is nothing worthy of a man's joy or desire to be praised by the ignorant or worthless; such praise is no real honour. But to be praised by the wise and good—by those who are themselves justly praised—that is rightly deemed an honourable thing, fitted to rouse a man's ambition, and if attained, to send a thrill of joy through his frame. But if so, what praise of the wisest and best of men can for a moment be compared with the praise of God—the only wise and the only good—the glory that comes from Him who is all-glorious?

Again, the value of men's praise depends on their judgment and equity in bestowing it. There are some who lavish approbation very profusely, and praise at random without much discrimination or carefully weighing their language, while others are more cautious and judicious, bestowing praise only when it is really deserved, and in proportion to the degree of merit in each case. This is by far the more valuable kind of praise; a single word from one of this stamp being worth whole panegyrics from another who is lavish and indiscriminate in praise. But what praise can have this value like that of God, the true and righteous one who, without respect of persons, judgeth according to every man's work? Praise from men also derives a value from the knowledge they have of our character and conduct. How often is the delight we might derive from the approval of others embittered by the thought, that did they but know us as we do ourselves, their high opinion would be abated and their praise become faint, or be turned into blame. But no such feeling poisons the sweetness of the praise of God; for He who searches the hearts and sees our inmost thoughts and desires, knows us far better than we do ourselves.

Still further, if praise from men derives value from the rank or dignity of those who give it, so that a sovereign's praise is the highest earthly honour for a subject, what can be more precious than that of Him who is King of kings and Lord of lords? Once more, the approbation of those we admire and love is justly esteemed more highly than that of strangers, and so too is the praise of those who love and care for us, whose commendation is not extorted unwillingly nor given grudgingly, but bestowed with hearty delight and love. Then where shall we find praise to be compared with that of the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who has so loved us as to give His Son to die for us, and whom we adore and love because He first loved us? Then, besides all those things that enhance the value of the glory of God, it must be added that it is eternal, never to be revoked or qualified. The praise of men may be bestowed to-day and withdrawn to-morrow—given for little, it may be for as little denied; but that to which God calls us in Christ is an eternal glory, for as it is founded on what we are in Christ, through His Spirit dwelling and working in us, it can never be altered or withdrawn.

The hope of such a glory may well thrill us with a joy that nothing else can give. If even earthly

> "Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise
> To scorn delights and live laborious days,"

what shall be the effect of that glory which consists in the praise of God? Surely the hope of that may well fill us with a holy ambition to purify ourselves even as Christ is pure. Let us seek to be animated more and more by it, and we shall find that this joy of the Lord is our strength.

Such a joyful hope will move us to increased zeal and efforts to make progress in the Christian life, and forgetting the things that are behind to reach forth to those that are before, and to press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ, the glory of God. It will keep us from supposing that when we have believed in Christ all is done, and we may spend our time in listlessness, selfishly bent only on securing our own safety. For surely, with such a hope before us, ours will be a higher and a nobler aim. We shall seek, as a thing to be prized above all else, the praise of Him who has loved and saved us. We shall not count it humility to be content with the very lowest place in the kingdom of God, desiring just to be barely safe within it. We shall covet earnestly the best gifts, and seek to do the work, and promote the kingdom, and win the praise of Him who has given His Son for us; that by patient continuance in well-doing we may obtain a most glorious crown to cast at His feet, and a fuller enjoyment of Him to all eternity.

ON TRUANT SCHOOLS AND JUVENILE OFFENDERS.

By JOHN F. MOSS, Clerk of the Sheffield School Board.

AMONG methods of dealing with juvenile offenders proposed in recent years, the Truant Industrial School merits more attention than it has hitherto received. Originally projected to meet difficulties encountered in the administration of the Elementary Education Acts, the system has succeeded in such a way as to warrant the expectation that it will develop a much wider field of usefulness than was at first anticipated. Recognising the principle that the prevention of crime is of even more importance than its punishment, it aims at correction in the very earliest stages of wrong-doing, and deals with the child, not as a "hardened criminal," but as a tender plant, supple and susceptible of training. To call a child of eight or ten years a "hardened criminal" is surely a misnomer; yet her Majesty's Inspector of Reformatory and Industrial Schools had occasion in his last annual report to quote a case in which a boy of eight years of age, "more fit for a nursery," had been sent to a Reformatory School after undergoing at least ten days of imprisonment in the common gaol. "He had," says Major Inglis, "been in company with two older boys, a brother of ten and a lad of fourteen, who were concerned in some petty theft; and there was no doubt that his companions had led him into the scrape." Fortunately in this instance measures were taken to avert the doom to which the poor boy had been consigned, and he may still be allowed a chance in life. But, sadly, too many have been ruthlessly sacrificed. Cut off from all ordinary social humanizing influences, and herded with full-fledged criminals of riper years, what wonder if children so dealt with should catch the contagion, and become waifs and strays of society! Evil proclivities are not developed in a day, neither are vice and crime matured in a moment; but the downward career becomes appallingly easy when once the stamp of dishonour and degradation is given. Thousands who now crowd the ranks of habitual criminals might with judicious treatment at the outset have been reclaimed and restored. Many would never have become so fearfully familiar with prison life had greater care been taken to guard against their first contact with its pestilential influence.

Often, alas! in very childhood the shadow falls, and from thence starts the melancholy "might have been," which must echo through far distant years. Happily, however, the Elementary Education Acts supply a means of dealing with the wayward, ill-trained child when he first turns aside. He may be dealt with for truancy or frequenting bad company, without waiting for the committal of acts to which greater stigma attaches. Let reclamation begin here, and the dark torrent which now disgraces the country will be sensibly diminished.

Children classed as incorrigibles are often "more sinned against than sinning." In many cases it will be found that juvenile offences are the outcome of parental neglect. Frequently brutality and selfishness on the part of parents incite children to acts of vagabondage, vagrancy, and vice. The application of the correctional process should, therefore, be in two directions—parents as well as children should be reached. In other cases over-indulgence produces the difficulty, and then the parent, though still to be held responsible, may become more an object of pity. But, however developed, bad habits, truancy, and evil companionship should be dealt with at the earliest moment possible, and it is to this end that the Truant School system is applied.

The Truant Industrial Schools already in operation are those of the London, Liverpool, and Sheffield School Boards, and they are certified under the provisions of the Industrial Schools Act, 1866. The London scheme differs materially from the others named, and will not come within the scope of the description now proposed to be given. The Sheffield School is, however, selected for special notice, not on account of any superiority over that of Liverpool, but because its operations and management have more immediately claimed the attention of the writer.

An official note entered in the log-book on the occasion of the recent Government inspection sets forth that "the Truant School system as carried on at Sheffield can scarcely fail to have good results." Let us see what that system is. The institution is intended primarily for the reception of children dealt with under the 11th and 12th sections of the Elementary Education Act, 1876. If a child of school age is not being provided with efficient elementary instruction, or if he be "found habitually wandering, or not under proper control, or in the company of rogues, vagabonds, disorderly persons, or reputed criminals," then the parent should, "after due warning," be summoned before the magistrates, who are empowered to order that such child shall attend some certified efficient school to be named in the order. If this order be not complied with the parent may be again fined; or if he satisfies the court that he has used all reasonable efforts to enforce compliance, the magistrates may thereupon order the child to be sent to a Certified Day Industrial School, or if there be no such school suitable for the child, then to a Certified Industrial School. In case of any second or subsequent non-compliance with an attendance order, the court may both send the child to an Industrial School and inflict a fine. In relation to all these cases the Truant School occupies the position of an ordinary Certified Industrial School. Similar grants towards its maintenance are made by the Treasury, and it is under the same Government inspection. There is, however, this essential difference, that whereas to the ordinary Certified Industrial Schools may be sent children charged with offences punishable by imprisonment though not convicted of felony, cases of this nature are not admissible as such into the Truant School. Whatever wrong a child may have done he must only be sent to the Truant School for a breach of the Elementary Education Act, and thus it is sought to prevent stigma arising from his brief detention. The reasonableness of this will be obvious. In children of tender years there is not that fulness of moral perception and mental development which seem inseparable from the idea of criminal conduct, and the offences of juveniles should in this light be treated rather as proofs of defective control or want of proper training.

Usually a child is committed to the school till he shall attain his sixteenth year, but actual detention need not necessarily extend over more than a month. Three months seems about the average period. The object of committal for a long period is to give power of full control; in many cases it may protect children from the pernicious action of bad parents. Formerly children could not be licensed to live out of Industrial Schools till they had been eighteen months under detention; but the Elementary Education Act of 1876 gave managers power to license out after the expiration of one month of the period. The licenses from the Truant School are granted on condition of good conduct and regular attendance at some ordinary efficient elementary school, but they must be renewed every three months until a discharge be granted, or the full term expires.

The Sheffield Truant School is situated on the verge of the moors, about five miles from the town, and in a quiet, thinly populated district, beyond the reach of disturbances which might interfere with discipline or work. Attached to the school premises is a farm upon which some of the boys are employed, while others do a little wood-chopping or other light work. The buildings were at first certified for sixty boys, but accommodation is being made available for twenty more, and among those now under detention are children from Manchester, Halifax, Nottingham, Derby, Hull, Scarborough, Rotherham, West Bromwich, Wednesbury, Huddersfield, Stockton-on-Tees, and other towns.

On a child's first admission into the school he is isolated for a few days and set to the tedious occupation of oakum-picking; at the same time he is made to understand that his conduct and work will be watched, and that the discipline will be relaxed as he shows himself worthy of being trusted. He only mingles with the rest of the scholars at prayers, at meal-times, at lessons, and at drill; but care is taken that his health shall not suffer, and the superintendent—who is exceedingly judicious and kindly disposed, though equally firm—often finds it quite practicable to dispense with a portion of this treatment, which may in first cases extend to four days, while in the case of children returned to the school after being once licensed out it may be extended to fourteen days, or in the case of a child over twelve being returned a second time, the confinement may be imposed for one month. Sometimes the task is assumed with sullenness or open defiance, but a little quiet reasoning and timely counsel have an astonishing effect under the circumstances, and better feelings usually soon prevail. When his conduct commends him for removal to the probationary stage he finds his lot an easier one—indeed, it would be bearable enough but for the want of liberty, which appeals in an especial degree to those who have hitherto known too little of restraint. Now, however, he has the chance of redeeming himself, and he knows that freedom can only be gained by industry and good conduct. Here too comes the opportunity for a little special drill. Sometimes it transpires that a boy has been led to dislike school because of some inaptitude or backwardness in a particular branch of instruction, and then care is taken to afford special assistance, so that his motive for truancy may be removed, or at least the temptation lessened. Amid both work and play he is taught the important lessons of truth and honour, and that evil-speaking must be abjured. He is surrounded by boys of spirit who have already learned some at least of the lessons intended to be enforced, and they too have their influence upon him. If one of the number should commit a fault their sense of justice is appealed to, and they are made to understand the necessity of strict discipline and obedience to rule. Punishments are not frequent and are not lightly given. Mere mischief or thoughtlessness can be overlooked; but lying or swearing, or other serious offences are visited with fitting correction, and it is given in such a way as to have full moral weight. The majority of the boys submit themselves to authority with a real good-will, and though some of them make sorry beginnings and have "many a slip," most striking changes have been wrought even in cases which seemed unpromising, if not hopeless. Still, although a boy may admit that he has been kindly treated, he never asks that he may stay. As one of the first candidates put it, they "don't like being under lock and key." The same boy had, prior to his committal, walked out from Sheffield to see what chance of escape there would be if he should unluckily be sent to the school, and he then expressed great contempt concerning walls which could so easily be scaled. Actual experience, however, convinced him that escape would be worse than useless, and that moral restraint became as intolerable as "lock and key." Punishment, sharp and sure, follows any attempt at desertion, and such offences are not frequent. Boys are freely trusted in the garden or on the farm, and for the most part they faithfully respect the confidence reposed in them. One little fellow not yet eleven years of age did repeatedly run away, and three times got to a distance of between sixty and seventy miles from the school, but after being brought back the fifth time he declared himself determined to win his liberty this time by "being a good boy," and he kept his word. It is amusing sometimes to see the zeal with which boys on probation "mount guard" over any one suspected of a desire to abscond. Such an one is looked upon as a common foe, reflecting discredit upon the whole body. Nothing seemed to please the little reformed runaway already referred to better than being intrusted with duties of this nature.

Licenses are not usually granted before the expiration of from two to three months. Some boys are intrusted to the care of friends earlier, but others are detained for a considerably longer period. The superintendent is required to submit a special report at the end of the first three months, and a further report quarterly if detention be still further prolonged. Sometimes it is found that boys cannot be sent out because their home surroundings are unsuitable, but in such cases arrangements may be made for placing them under the care of respectable employers directly they reach the standard of education entitling them to exemption from the obligation to attend school. Some are so quick and so successful in their studies as to render this the work of a short time only. One who on admission could barely read the simplest monosyllables and had been in a shockingly neglected condition, managed, after sixteen months, to pass very creditably an examination according to the 4th standard of the new code—a rate of progress certainly not common in ordinary schools.

The food is plain and suitable, costing a little over 3s. per head per week; and amid the pure, bracing air of Hollow Meadows it has an evident relish. A simple warm uniform is provided, with special provision for the boys who are told off for outdoor work. The total cost, including salaries, will, with a full school, amount to about 8s. per head per week, a portion of which is met by Government grant and contributions from various School Boards. The contributions levied upon parents varying from 6d. to 5s. per head per week are appropriated by the Treasury towards the Government grant in each case, and only when the amount is greater than the grant is any allowance made to the school on this account. In most districts the police are intrusted with the collection of these contributions, but in Liverpool the duty is performed by the officers of the School Board, acting as the agents of the Government authorities; and the result has been satisfactory in that very special attention has been given to the enforcement of payment as far as possible. It is a common mistake to fix the contributions only at such a figure as will render the collection easy and the burthen upon the parents light. But this is positively mischievous in cases where the parents themselves are the real culprits. For such the contribution should not only be fixed high enough to make its payment inconvenient, but it should be relentlessly exacted. Better by far that they should suffer the just penalty of their infamy than that they should be encouraged in so rearing a whole family that each member may in turn become the head of a future race of vagabonds and criminals. A curious calculation recently made is said to have revealed the fact that in one of the States of America one single family of illiterates had in seventy-five years produced 1,200 criminals, paupers, and drunkards, and had cost the country, directly and indirectly, more than 1,000,000 dollars. It would have cost the State less to have held the head of this unhappy race strictly to his duty at the right time.

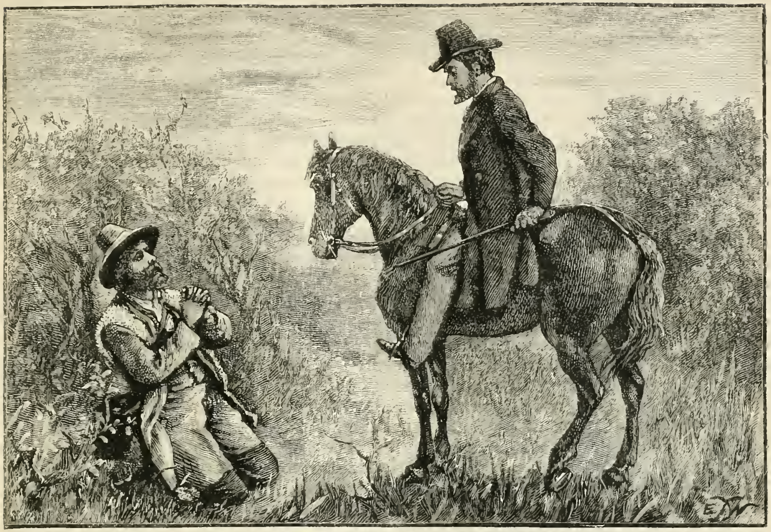
The school must not be made a convenience for those who would only be too glad of thus shelving their responsibilities. Some have been known to even incite children to crime with the object of getting them easily off their hands; but, on the other hand, not a few have found means of working a wonderful improvement without any intervention of the law, directly they found that the "incorrigibles" would not be taken without some suitable contribution being exacted towards maintenance.

Nor is the deterrent effect of the system confined to children actually received into the schools. Every boy let out on license becomes a sort of missionary in his way, preaching terror to evil-doers. His wholesome dread of the discipline which a second detention would entail has no slight influence upon both himself and his companions, though unfortunately sometimes temptations prove too strong and he has to bear the consequences. During last year twelve children were returned once to the school, and one was returned a second time.

Many pleasing instances are reported in which children have done exceedingly well when restored to liberty; but a number of licenses have been revoked on account of irregular attendance after the first few weeks of trial. In nearly all these latter cases, however, the parents are at fault, and it is believed that with proper care on their part reclamation might have been made complete.

Taking it altogether, the result of the experiment proves the possibility of refractory children being reclaimed otherwise than as quasi-criminals, and without waiting till they actually render themselves liable to imprisonment with all its blighting consequences.

As compared with Industrial Schools, into which children are received for long terms only, the expenses of management are of course heavy, as with short terms the labour of the children cannot so well be made remunerative, and indeed many are too young for much physical work. But if the system succeeds it amply repays the cost, and it is really economical in the end. The issues are too momentous to be measured by monetary cost, and must be appraised by a far higher standard; for who shall tell the ultimate results, penetrating, as it is hoped they will, into the unseen future, and affecting generations yet unborn?



"Mercy!" he cried; "mercy, good signor!"

THE CAMORRISTI.

By Madame GALLETTI.

CHAPTER VII.

It was a lovely May morning, and the "Principe," as the Monte Brigidites persisted in calling the new inmate of their village, seemed for once to have been tempted by the fine weather, and, instead of poring over papers, as was his wont, was already mounted on one of the sindaco's ponies, and about to start on an excursion to the ruin of which mention has been made before. The postman, too, was preparing for his daily walk, and was the centre of an eager little crowd pressing their various commissions on him, when the "Principe" rode up, and asked if the bag was locked, as he had a letter to put in. It was not locked, and the letter was duly inserted.

"Buon passeggio, Signor Principe. A fine morning for your ride; and what way may vostra signoria be going?" were the polite greetings and inquiries that assailed him on all sides.

"Can any of you good people direct me to the ruin of which I have heard so much since I have been here?" inquired he in his turn.

"Ah, certo!" And the most ragged pressed forward eagerly, seeing an opportunity for claiming a sou.

"You go along the road to Oliveto till you come to the shrine of the Madonna."

"Yes, and then?"

"You still keep on quite straight, un bel pezzo, till you come to the group of oaks where there is a little path that turns off to the left——"

"And I am to take this little path?"

"Nossignore, you keep straight on—always straight on until you get——"

"Grazie, but I don't want an enumeration of all the objects I shall meet on the road whilst I am going straight on. I want to know when to turn off and in what direction."

"You never turn off the road at all; you always go straight on and straight on—dritto, dritto, dritto, dritto until you get to the ruins. But if you wish for a guide I am at your disposition, Signor Principe."

"And I!"

"And I!"

"And I!"

"Thank you, but apparently the road is

not difficult to find," replied the Principe, laughing.

"But surely you will give me a soldo for having 'faticato'd' so to explain the way."

"Zitto! It was I told him."

"No, it was I!"

"You poor creatures!" exclaimed the gentleman, flinging a handful of copper coins in their midst, and hastily trotting off. Whether he alluded to their mental, moral, or bodily condition is a matter of conjecture.

Meconi had to take the post-bag to the municipality to be locked, and something which occurred there gave him cause for much meditation as he pursued his way to Oliveto. "I am used as a tool," he thought, "but they tell me none of their secrets. They had better take care though how they despise me, for, after all, I have them in my power, and I am not so blind that I can't see they are afraid of this stranger. If I were to show them up? No—they would find me out; there is no escape from their vigilance, and their revenge is deadly."

At this last reflection Meconi shuddered from head to foot. He was a liar and a coward—a mean and despicable character enough, but not malignant. A native of Monte Brigida, such feeling as he had was with the oppressed, but fear made him the reluctant tool of the oppressors.

An unexpected sight awaited him at the post-office, and he started, like the guilty wretch that he was, on finding himself in the presence of the Principe, whom he had imagined to be investigating Roman remains. The gentleman greeted him with a pleasant smile, saying, "Ah, Meconi, I have been waiting for you! As the letter I put into the bag this morning was of importance, it has since occurred to me that I had better have it registered."

Meconi turned very pale as he handed up the bag to the postmaster, who kept the other key.

"There must be some mistake," said that official. "There is no letter in the bag."

"Indeed!" exclaimed the Principe, who, it may as well be mentioned, was plain Signor Martini, "then I must have forgotten to put it in."

"Never mind. Good day." And he withdrew.

The feeling of relief experienced by the postman was but momentary. He was sharp enough to perceive that he had been caught in a trap, and the contriver of it might have his own reasons for not letting the post-office officials into his secret. Then, recollecting that the "Principe" carried a heavy riding-whip and looked like a man who could use it, Meconi resolved to shirk his commissions and sneak home by the by-ways.

But he was not destined to escape his doom. He was passing along a secluded path which ran parallel with the high-road, and was screened from it by the hedge in complete safety as he thought, when he heard the tramp of horses' hoofs behind him.

"Stop, you thief and scoundrel!" cried a voice of thunder.

Meconi turned and fell on his knees, trembling, before the enraged horseman.

"Mercy!" he cried; "mercy, good Signor Principe, illustrissimo! Have pity upon a poor oppressed creature!" Then still grovelling and whining, "I was going to tell you—I would have told you, most excellent prince, that they read all your letters—those fiends! But I am a poor man. If I were to resist them it would be ruin, perhaps death to me!"

"Get up," said Signor Martini with impatient scorn. "I am not going to hurt you. I spared you at the post-office, and I will continue to spare you if you do what I tell you; but beware how you play a double game. If you venture to betray *me* woe to you—woe to you, I say! Think not to deceive me. If you do you will find out to your cost with whom you have to deal."

Meconi felt himself between Scylla and Charybdis. He could do nothing but moan and wring his hands in abject terror.

"What are you afraid of?" demanded the delegato angrily. "Have I not told you that I will not hurt you?—that I will protect you from these camorristi? You have only to answer my questions truthfully and do as I bid you. What can be easier? When I tell you that I have the King and all his ministers to back me up, do you not believe me? Cannot you see that your oppressors are afraid of me?—that they cringe before me?"

"Oh, yes, yes! Vostra signoria is a great and powerful man. We can all see that," replied Meconi, trembling anew with fear. "But you do not know all their power, nor all their secret resources. Not the King himself could protect me. It is impossible to evade their vigilance, and their vengeance is sure and deadly. I am a doomed man!" cried the panic-stricken wretch. "And you, too—you, too, beware! Fly, fly if you would save your life!"

"Bah!" said the delegato with cool contempt. "Let them dare to lay a finger on me! They know better." The Principe's sovereign contempt for the power of the dreaded tyrants and his air of calm assurance had the effect of soothing the agitated nerves of the postman. He made up his mind to go over completely to the side which he now believed to be the strongest; and, although his natural instincts would have led him to temporise and play a double game, he had the shrewdness to see that that would be the most dangerous course of all. So he told all he knew for once truthfully and without reserve. A terrible revelation it was of the power of well-concerted wickedness.

CHAPTER VIII.

It was all bustle and importance down at the little seaport station on the memorable day when the train conveying the royal party was to pass by. The station was gay with flags and garlands, the dirty bare little waiting-room all carpeted and gorgeous with red hangings and gilded chairs. The Sant Antonians were quite dazzled by their own magnificence. There were all the officers quartered in the town with their epaulets and their medals (such as had them), the ladies in silk, lace, and trinkets which had lain by for many a year as sacred possessions, which only an occasion such as this could justify them in wearing. There was the deputy for Oliveto and all the neighbouring nobility that were not clerical. These notabilities were drawn up in two rows on the platform for his Majesty to pass through. A throng of eager spectators of the lower class were pressing on all sides ready to shout anything that might be required of them on the smallest provocation. Our prefetto was but a "sotto prefetto," still, on this occasion, he felt himself to be inferior in importance to no one but the King. He was responsible for this reception. It was he who had obtained the stoppage of the royal train; he had an address to deliver; he had to see that all went well: and the perspiration streamed down his face as he walked along the carpeted space across the platform in front of the spot where the royal carriage was to stop, trying to keep the eager row on each side from encroaching on the passage.

A few more hurried instructions, a final clearance of the passage, a last exhortation to the crowd, and the royal train came in sight. At what a pace it was coming! If it should not stop after all! Surely no trick could have been played them at the last moment. No, it was slackening pace, but not enough. The carefully arranged passage was whizzed past, and helter-skelter rushed the bewildered functionaries in dire confusion after the train, which at last pulled up, leaving the royal carriage at the extreme end of the platform. Addresses, presentations, order, dignity, all were forgotten, and the prefect found himself in the presence of his sovereign too much out of breath to utter a syllable. In the midst of the general confusion a young girl, waving wildly a paper which looked like a petition, succeeded in forcing her way up to the royal carriage, when a man who had been following her snatched the petition from her hand. "It is for me to present it. I am the mayor," he said, as an indignant murmur arose. Tetella gave a cry of despair, and would have fallen but that some one within the carriage leant forward, caught her by the arm, and said in her ear, "Never fear. Your petition is already granted." She looked up and beheld a gentleman in court dress resplendent with decorations, and recognised him as the unknown traveller who a few weeks before had spent the night beneath her father's roof. In another moment she was pulled aside. His Majesty and suite were about to descend; the prefect had recovered his breath and his presence of mind; the address was delivered, a few introductions were made; then, taking advantage of a momentary pause, the sindaco of Monte Brigida stepped boldly forward, and with many bows, "Your Majesty will excuse me," he said, "if I venture to explain a little awkwardness which occurred just now. In my capacity of mayor of Monte Brigida I thought it my duty to prevent your Majesty from being annoyed by the presentation of a foolish and useless petition."

"Your intentions, no doubt, were excellent," returned his Majesty drily, "but I desire to see this petition."

Nicolai saw that his game had failed. He had seen the necessity of explaining his brutal conduct, which had evidently produced an unfavourable impression, and had hoped that the King would have been glad to escape the perusal of one of the numerous petitions that were daily being pressed upon him. His game had failed, and there was no alternative but to give up the paper. Meantime, a look, an indescribable look of horror on the face of one of the King's suite—the much-decorated gentleman who stood nearest him—was perceptible. A tremor ran through this gentleman's frame at the mere sound of Nicolai's voice. He recoiled from the sindaco of Monte Brigida as one recoils from the contact of a noisome reptile. This Nicolai saw, and saw also that it was observed by others. He resolved to play his last card. It was a rash game, but his case was desperate, and revenge, though but a small revenge, still would be sweet. Glancing around to assure himself that all the *élite* of the neighbourhood were within hearing, he said, in a loud and distinct voice—

"His Excellency, the most Noble and Illustrious Marquis of Altaterra, will surely allow an old if humble friend and companion in misfortune to offer his congratulations on the recent elevation of the worthy gentleman to the distinguished post which he now occupies."

All eyes were now turned upon the two men facing one another, and certainly the smiling assurance of the village mayor contrasted strangely with the expression of agonizing distress on the face of the minister, who literally shuddered from head to foot. They looked and wondered. Did the sindaco know some disgraceful episode in the great man's life? Was he possessor of some dreadful, shameful secret, such as if disclosed would occasion the ruin and downfall of the minister? It looked like it. But the Marquis of Altaterra made a violent effort, and conquering his mysterious emotion, turned to his sovereign, and speaking loudly enough for all to hear—

"Maesta," he said, "to this man, who has been your Majesty's representative in the village of Monte Brigida, I was for five years chained hand and foot. *My* crime was, as your Majesty well knows—devotion to my country. *His* was robbery and murder."

CHAPTER IX.

It was "festa," and the population of Monte Brigida were trooping through the archway in their Sunday clothes to enjoy their summer evening under the acacias outside. Things must go badly indeed with Italians if they cannot enjoy a little idleness, a little music, and a little dancing. Soon a ring was formed, and three fiddlers set up a strange monotonous tune in a minor clef. It went at a quick pace, and was now and then varied by a sudden shout and gust of song. Two couples then proceeded to dance within the ring, their right hands joined and held up high, the man going backwards, and the woman forwards with a short tripping step, and holding up her petticoats with her left hand, whilst the man snaps his fingers in time to the music. Then partners are exchanged. The most indefatigable dancer was Matacchione, the imperturbable gravity of his anxious and careworn face contrasting ludicrously enough with the liveliness of his steps. The blithe widow, his partner, was all one beaming smile, and in spite of her heavy figure displayed extraordinary grace and agility.

The old people sat on a rustic bench looking on, and the little children hopped, skipped, and jumped outside the circle in imitation of their elders. There was a peep of hill, and dale, and sea through the acacia branches, and for the time all was peace and harmony. Presently the pretty rustic scene was broken in upon by one whose mood seemed little in accordance with it. The new-comer was a young man with flaming eyes and lowering brows, who advanced with long, rapid strides. "Sor Pietro!" was the general exclamation of surprise and pleasure. The music ceased, and the dancers assailed the young man with eager questions. "You here—escaped? How did you manage it? Who helped you?"

"I have not escaped. I have been released."

"By whom?"

"By the King."

"Il Re?"

"Yes, the King himself," repeated the young man, repulsing with impatient scorn the eager greetings pressed upon him. "The King himself, who knows all about these thieves, these camorristi, and desires but a few plain answers to a few plain questions to send them all to the galleys."

"Davvero!" was the exclamation of the gaping crowd.

"But *what* do I hear?" continued Pietro in a tone of overpowering indignation. "What do I hear? That when his gracious Majesty is pleased to send us a deliverer, with orders to inquire into the frauds of our enemies, *you*—you yourselves put obstacles in his path, perjuring yourselves, and telling shameful, cowardly lies against your own interests? Is it possible? Can it be true?"

"What! He is a friend, then, this new-comer. We thought he was one of them."

"You fools!" thundered Pietro, "I am almost tempted to say you deserve the fate you are trying to bring upon yourselves."

Pietro's indignation and contempt thus forcibly expressed began to rouse a little counter-irritation.

"First let's be quite sure *who* is the fool!" exclaimed one.

"Eh, Volcano! At least we have not got ourselves put in prison by our foolhardiness, and we have no wish to go there," remarked another.

"How did you manage to hear so much locked up in prison?" inquired a third.

"How I know it I am not bound to say; but I will tell you this. Some of the greatest in the land are interested in our cause, and I will not see their purpose frustrated. I will go into the piazza and proclaim the truth, although I do not find one man to back me—though I die for it. *I* am no coward. Grazie a Dio!" And with this the indignant Pietro turned his back upon the bewildered crowd, and strode through the archway into the town; but he did not immediately fulfil his threat of proclaiming the truth in the piazza. A feeling stronger even than love of justice or hatred of his enemies made it impossible for him to pass Marotti's door without going in; and there, amidst the rapturous greetings of those who loved him best in the world, his turbulent feelings soon calmed down and gave place to softer emotions. It was perhaps the happiest and proudest moment of Teresa's life when Pietro declared that he owed his release to her, and warmly praised her heroism and her devotion; but she could not feel as if she quite deserved it all.

"I was very near failing," she observed, "when I became aware that Nicolai was pursuing me closely, although I had resolved to die rather than let go the petition; yet at the last moment he snatched it from me, and I thought all was lost."

"But, tell me," said Pietro fondly, "how came it that your fisher friends deserted you at the last, and left you to struggle with the crowd alone?"

"It was all such a confusion," replied Teresa, "no one seemed to know which way to run. But I was the first to distinguish the royal carriage; among the first to force my way up to it. I kept the paper in my bosom until the last moment, but Nicolai must have been waiting in ambush for me. I had no idea he was near me till, as I approached the carriage window with the petition in my hand (I had resolved that it should pass straight from mine into the King's, as you desired, Pietro), in that moment it was torn away from me. Faint and despairing I clutched the window-sill to support myself, but should have fallen had not a firm hand grasped my arm, and a low, clear voice bade me be of good cheer, for my petition was already granted. Looking up, I was dazzled first by a shimmer of gold braid, lace, medals, chains, and crosses, and above them I saw looking down on me the grave, kind face of our unknown guest."

"God bless him!" was the simultaneous exclamation of Teresa's listeners.

"Then," pursued Tetella, "I was forced away; there were deafening cheers, and that is all that I remember until I came to life in the fisherman's cottage, which was full of people, all talking together and each one giving a different version of what happened afterwards."

"Ah! you should have kept up just a little longer, Teresa," observed her father, "instead of giving us the climax of the story at second-hand"—"and if only she hadn't been too nervous to see how anybody was dressed," murmured the old signora, rather querulously.

"Never mind," said Pietro tenderly; "she did all I required of her—like a heroine. And now let us try and make out the truth from the hundred versions of the wonderful finale."

"One thing, at least, is clear," said Marotti. "Our sindaco escaped from the Neapolitan dungeon, in company with a fellow-sufferer to whom he had been for five years chained. The brilliant idea occurred to him to exchange biographies, therefore the touching history of political martyrdom he first told my father was strictly true, as was also that other account of the notorious thief and murderer, which he gave us lately. The only mistake was, that the stories were made to fit on to the wrong people. Ecco!—our mysterious guest was no other than that illustrious statesman whose past misfortunes are a matter of history, and Nicolai himself the notorious criminal, of infamous memory, of whom we have likewise all heard."

"All that," said Pietro, "I found out during the visit that the Marquis of Altaterra paid me in prison. He, of course, intended me to know it. I told you something, Sor Gabriele, but that secret was not mine to reveal."

CHAPTER X.

Whilst the women busied themselves in preparing as plentiful a repast as their means allowed for the beloved guest, the two men held a long and earnest debate. That Nicolai should still have the impudence to brazen it out after his terrible exposure down at the port seemed amazing. He must know that he was a doomed man; but many things led Marotti to suppose that the whole party were secretly preparing for flight, and only stayed on in order to make their arrangements complete. There was a certain daring about Nicolai which was his nearest approach to a good quality, and he was quick to take advantage of the time allowed him by the slow and cautious mode of proceeding which the delegato adopted.

"Yes, and while he is hesitating and dallying," cried Pietro, "the robbers will make off with their ill-gotten gains to begin their system of plunder afresh elsewhere."

"I do not think our delegato is hesitating; he is carefully preparing a mine which he means to spring under their feet. The only fear is lest he should delay too long in setting fire to his train. If you had not made me promise not to interfere until after your release, I should have been tempted to help matters on a little, but I was afraid of making some blunder. I have blundered all my life," confessed the old man, with a sigh.

"Let us lose no more time then," exclaimed Pietro eagerly, "but seek an interview with this gentleman at once." And, seizing his hat, he would have gone forth supperless on his mission had he not been prevented by the remonstrances of his hosts.

"Oh, Pietro, when we have killed our last fowl for you!" cried the elder lady, reproachfully.

"Why, you look quite pale with fasting, and we have got out the grandfather's wine to make a 'festa' of your return, and we thought we were going to have such a merry supper together," pleaded Teresa, melting into tears.

"Sit down, sit down, Pietro," urged Marotti, "we shall be all the more eloquent for a little good wine."

Thus exhorted, Pietro sat down; and, nature asserting her claims, did full justice to the unusually luxurious repast—for in that household meat was a rare indulgence. The Marottis lived, like the rest of the villagers, on herbs and polenta, their chief article of food being maize bread.

The meal over, the men set off without more delay for the abandoned convent where Signor Martini had taken up his abode. The Principe was engaged, as usual, in writing. He received his guests with the greatest courtesy, and showed an unfeigned pleasure in hearing who Pietro was. Marotti he of course knew by sight, and with the names and history of both he was familiar. Signor Marotti, as the older man, respectfully desired to know whether he stood in the presence of the King's delegate, and whether he had been correctly informed when told that the municipal council had been dissolved and that the syndaco was by royal decree suspended. Signor Martini replied in the affirmative.

"If some of the villagers had known this fact," proceeded the old man, "I think they would have replied in a different manner to some of your interrogations."

"My dear sir, it was not in my instructions to proclaim my mission in the market-place. On the contrary, I was recommended the utmost reserve and caution."

Here Pietro, whose policy was always of the bold and daring sort, could no longer restrain his impatience.

"Why all this mystery?" he burst out. "Why must there be always secrecy and beating about the bush? Signore! these are brigands, thieves, murderers! Everybody knows it, from the King himself down to the smallest child in the village. Why, sir, not one poor person has received a grain of the corn we ought to have had. The camorristi have divided it amongst themselves. They told lies, sir, because they were afraid to tell the truth. Not knowing that you were a friend they trembled, and with reason, for dread is the vengeance of the camorristi, as the fate of more than one poor murdered wretch has warned us. We have been illegally and outrageously taxed; and, in order to account for the disappearance of the money, every purchase made for the public benefit figures in the accounts at double and at treble the price that was actually paid."

"Stop. Can you prove this?" inquired the delegate. "Can you get hold of the tradesmen's books?"

"Yes—I think I can."

"My good fellow, you only *think*. You must surely be aware that mere conviction without proof is useless, utterly useless."

"But what in the name of all common sense can be stronger proof of foul play than the fact that since this man Nicolai has had the control of the public money the village has decayed; the population, once flourishing, has been reduced to the extremest misery, whilst he himself grows richer every year, although he has no known means of subsistence!"

"That, no doubt, is a reason for very grave suspicion and a justification for inquiry, but it does not in itself constitute absolute proof."

"Then I should like to know what *does?*" demanded the impetuous young man, almost fiercely. "And then, sir, but the other day, down at the port, did not our illustrious statesman, the Marquis of Altaterra, expose him in the presence of his Majesty and several witnesses as a notorious thief and murderer, who ought by rights to be at the Bagni?

Why is he not sent back there without more ado?"

"All that is outside my province," replied the delegato coolly. "I am here to investigate his conduct as sindaco, and not to ask questions as to his former career. Do not doubt that justice will be done, Signor Fontana; but nothing is gained by hurry and irregularity."

"Then you will allow them to escape," retorted Pietro, with increasing irritation. "Perhaps you are not aware that they have long been making secret preparations for flight?"

"I am perfectly aware of it; and aware also that there is no time to be lost. Therefore, if, instead of rhetoric, you can help me to a few damning proofs of embezzlement, which are all I want to be able to send in my report to the Government, I shall be infinitely obliged."

The cool, dry manner of the man of business chafed Pietro so much that he left the convent almost as angry with the King's delegate as with the peasants. He was filled with a frantic desire to cut the tangled skein which it seemed so impossible to unravel.

CHAPTER XI.

Signor Martini was in the habit of refreshing himself after his day's weary labour by a little stroll in the evening. He would cast aside all care and worry at those times, and being a man of varied tastes and much general information, would find material for amusement and speculation even about the narrow precincts of Monte Brigida. Wandering around the outer wall, he would try and determine to what precise epoch its fortifications belonged. Then he would examine the mosses and ferns and wild flowers in the crevices of the wall, and looking upwards, he would admire the terrace garden which had been made on its broad summit, and think how pretty the vine arbour was, and how well the geranium in the pot harmonized with the blue skirt hanging out to dry. Then he would listen to the voice singing at the window above, and wonder to whom it belonged, and what was the origin of the singularly doleful love-song. He was aroused one evening from his meditations by a sensation as of some animal sniffing about him. Looking down, he beheld a large white dog, which he recognised as Biancone, a beautiful animal of an Apennine breed, the property of one of the guardie. Signor Martini had often remarked the dog, and remarked also the peculiar attachment which seemed to exist between him and his master. The two were inseparable, and the dog would obey the merest sign from Trico, who took a pride in showing off the accomplishments of his dumb companion. It had never occurred to Signor Martini to be afraid of Biancone, so all the notice he took of him was putting out his hand to pat the brute's head. He was warned by a low growl that Biancone did not reciprocate his friendly feelings. A very low whistle was just audible from somewhere behind, at which the dog pricked up his ears and gave a deeper and more ominous growl. The delegato saw now that the creature meant mischief. Was he mad? The weather was very hot. As this terrible explanation occurred to him he recoiled, and sought for the revolver which he always carried about with him. But before he could draw it from his pocket another low whistle was heard. The brute crouched, and was about to spring at his throat when a stone whizzed through the air, and with an agonized yelp Biancone limped away as fast as three legs could carry him, and from the place whence had proceeded the low whistle a few muttered oaths were heard.

"Take care of that dog of yours," shouted the delegato to Trico, whom he very naturally concluded to be the man behind. "Secure him, or he will do some one mischief," and, looking round, he beheld the guardia examining the dog's wounded leg.

Trico did not at once reply, but presently looking up, he said, "Scusa, signor, if Biancone gave you a fright by growling at you; but it is only a way he has; he means no harm."

"Then, since you have taught him so many clever tricks, you might teach him not to frighten inoffensive strollers. That would obviate all necessity for throwing stones at the poor brute and laming him."

"You are perfectly right, Signor Principe," returned Trico with great humility, and the gentleman thought no more about the incident, but returned to his tranquil meditations.

It seemed his destiny, however, not to be permitted to indulge in them undisturbed. He began soon to feel uncomfortable suspicions that some one was dogging his footsteps during his evening rambles. A man was always wandering about somewhere in his vicinity, not very near, but scarcely ever out of sight. At last Signor Martini became both annoyed and suspicious, and one evening turned round on his shadow, and asked him plainly what his name was, and what he meant by following him. The man answered with equal bluntness—

"Never mind what my name is; for, although, maybe, it is a better one than your own, Signor Principe, it does not concern you to know it. It is enough for you that I am a friend, and that if I watch you it is from no idle curiosity, nor to please myself, for I can assure you that it does not amuse me at all to follow you about, and as you must be getting rather tired of this eternal walk, I advise you to stay at home for the future. It would save me a great deal of trouble."

"My good friend, why should you take this trouble? Do you think me incapable of taking care of myself?"

"Yes, I do. You are a stranger, and you do not know what a curse there is upon this village. Accidents are always happening here that don't happen anywhere else. Something heavy may fall out of that window on your head; or a dog may go mad and bite you."

A light broke in upon the delegato's mind.

"It was *you* then, that threw the stone at the dog? and he was set on to attack me. That *I* could be such a simpleton as not to have found out that before." Then looking earnestly at his intruder. "I know you; you are the man they call Trovatello," he exclaimed; "I wrote a letter for you once."

"Yes; and it is to that letter that you owe your life," returned Trovatello. "You wrote a letter and you kept a secret for me, and every one who knows me will tell you that never a service done to Trovatello goes unrepaid or an injury unavenged."

Signor Martini remembered distinctly, now that it was recalled to his mind, an incident which would have made more impression on him had he not been absorbed in other matters. He recollected how one day his solitude at the convent had been disturbed by a peasant who desired to speak with him in private. The delegato was very much occupied, and desired the intruder to tell his business quickly and have done with it.

"It is to ask you to write a letter for me," pleaded the young man.

"I have enough letters of my own to write," he had answered somewhat crossly. "My good fellow, apply to some one else."

"I cannot bear to confide in any one who belongs here," said the young man. "You, a stranger, can have no curiosity about my affairs, and would not be tempted to betray my secret. If you will do me this service I shall be for ever grateful to you."

There was something prepossessing about the man's appearance, and the imploring look in his eyes touched Signor Martini.

"Oh, if it is to your sweetheart," he began, drawing ink and paper towards him, "I suppose I can't refuse."

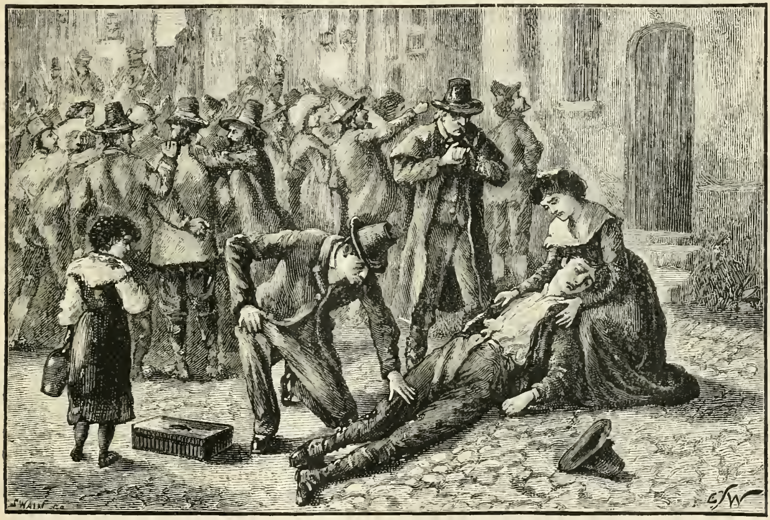
"It is to my mother," said Trovatello. "I am a poor contadino, but she is a lady of rank, and that is the secret that you must promise to keep for me."

So Signor Martini wrote at Trovatello's dictation a few simple affectionate words, and directed them to the Most Noble Elena dei Marchese Laurini, reflecting the while that great ladies in that part of the world were certainly no better than they should be, and also that the wish to keep his mother's secret was creditable to the young man, who might have used it to his own advantage, and evidently had no thoughts of doing so. The result of Signor Martini's present cogitations was to make him seize Trovatello's hand and wring it with warm admiration and gratitude.

"You are a noble fellow," he exclaimed, "and I thank you with all my heart for the service you have rendered me. I will take your warning, be assured, and stop at home for the future. It is but for a very few days," he added to himself, "and then we shall catch them very neatly."

For many things were working together to bring about a crisis. The delegato had by patience and industry accumulated circumstantial evidence against Nicolai and companions which now amounted to proof of more than carelessness, of deliberate dishonesty and embezzlement. In these researches he was much helped by Gabriele Marotti, whose voluntary assistance he saw no reason to refuse, in spite of private injunctions on no account to bring this old man into any sort of trouble or danger.

As for Pietro, he lent his assistance in another way. He was generally to be seen haranguing a group of adherents which every day grew larger. Little by little his enthusiasm and energy communicated themselves to the dwellers in Monte Brigida, until the smouldering elements in their somewhat sluggish temperaments caught fire, and they began to murmur loudly about their rights and their wrongs, and to demand of one another why, if this gentleman had come to deliver them, he need be so very long about it. What was the use of being a great man if one could do nothing without proof? Why, surely he had only to write off to his Majesty and say, "Maesta, just to oblige me, send all these people to the Bagni," and of course it would be done without any more ado. The idea of the King himself not having the power to do what he liked with his own subjects, and hang them without rhyme or reason if such were his good pleasure, was one which our villagers were incapable of entertaining; and if by any surgical operation it could have been got into their heads, the result would have been very subversive to their loyalty. Meantime Nicolai still drove his carriage and pair, still demanded his usual perquisites, but with less assurance than formerly. His complexion was green and yellow, he lost flesh, and his countenance was one of brooding anxiety and fear. These symptoms of weakness in the tyrant very much encouraged the growing spirit of rebellion. Fowls, eggs, or forage were sometimes refused, and when given were accompanied by some not very civil remarks. Occasionally, too, the sindaco would be assailed on his way down the street with various gibes and jeers from the wags of Monte Brigida; and although he would turn round to threaten, and even lash out with his whip, they noticed how livid his face was and how his hand shook, and they feared him no more. Mariangela was the first of the villagers who found courage openly to defy the principal tyrant. One day when the pony carriage stopped at her door for a pair of fowls, "Good fat ones this time, not skinny like the last," she stuck her arms akimbo and announced boldly that she hadn't got any. Nicolai asserted in no very polite terms that she lied, and further remarked that lies would not go down with *him*.



"Pietro was lying helpless on the ground."

"They went down well enough with you that time I lied about the corn," retorted the widow. "I swore I had had four rubbia, and I never had a single grain, as you know very well."

"You had better go and say so," sneered the sindaco; "a pretty figure you will cut if you do."

"I am going to say so. We are all going," was the reply.

CHAPTER XII.

One day while the usual business was going on at the municipality, the delegato still going through the form of asking for explanations of hopelessly involved accounts, Nicolai giving more and more evasive and unsatisfactory answers—a sound, a sort of hum or murmur, gradually increasing in volume, like the sound of a gong, accompanied by a tramping of feet coming closer and closer, gave warning that the long-impending crisis had come, and in a form for which all within those walls were equally unprepared. They were being mobbed!

The first thought of most present was to bolt and bar the outside door. Nicolai hastily whispered to his double to rush out at the back entrance and signal for the carabinieri. Meantime Signor Martini boldly threw open the window, and looking down upon such a crowd of men, women, and children as he had not believed the village could have mustered, inquired, in a calm, conciliatory tone, "Friends, what may your business be? Is there anything that I can do for you?"

This speech was received with shouts of "Bravo!" and prolonged cheering; then, "Your name? your name? and your business here? That is what we want to know."

"My name is Carlo Martini," replied the stranger simply.

"Who sent you here?"

"His Majesty King Victor Emmanuel."

"What did he send you to do?"

"To inquire into the truth of certain accusations made by certain persons against the mayor and corporation of this village."

"And you have not yet discovered that they are thieves and pickpockets!"

Then voices were heard trying to explain, but all in a confused jumble together, "We never had an ear of corn, it all goes into their pockets." "They put what taxes they please." "If we complain we are sent to prison." "Some have been murdered." And the word, "Camorristi, camorristi," until scarcely another could be distinguished.

In the midst of the growing tumult, which Pietro was seen trying in vain to keep within decorous bounds, Nicolai showed himself on the balcony of the upper floor, and rallied all his courage to roar out with his old bluster—

"I have sent for the carabinieri, do you hear? You will soon be all in prison if you don't disperse."

There was a roar of execration, and some one flung up a stone. It hit no one, but the sindaco, pale with passion, drew out a pistol and cried, "Disperse, or I fire into the midst of you. Fontana, you shall pay dearly for this!"

There was another yell, another stone. Then all was uproar and tumult, in the midst of which a shot was heard, and Pietro fell bleeding. Almost at the same moment Signor Martini, who had gone forth into the crowd, trying to second Pietro's vain attempts to keep order, staggered, and put his hand to his head, from which a bloody stream was seen to trickle. Then he forgot all except that he was a man and an Italian, and faced round to return the blow of his dastardly assailant. The wound which he had received had made him faint and his sight was dim, he could see no one, but he heard a scuffle behind him and a voice saying —

"Hold hard, Matacchione! We have caught him in the act. The bravo! the paid assassin!"

Then he comprehended that Trico had made another attempt on his life, and that the faithful Trovatello had not relaxed his vigilance.

The carabinieri arrived in hot haste, to find the riot at an end. Many fled at the sound of the pistol, and the sight of the bleeding victims quieted the rest, but the scene which the piazza presented told only too plainly what had been going on there. Pietro was lying helpless on the ground, and the village doctor was examining his wound. He had been shot through the leg. Marotti bent over him, and his head rested on Teresa's knee. The poor girl, with convulsed features and eyes nearly starting out of their sockets, presented a still more pitiable spectacle than her lover. Signor Martini, his head bound up, and weak from loss of blood, was sitting on the doorstep, also surrounded by a sympathetic crowd. Trico was sullenly passive in the strong grip of two stalwart men, Trovatello and Matacchione, who had constituted themselves his guardians. Nicolai was still standing on the balcony with the pistol in his hand, and his adherents were grouped behind; the military, all on horseback, were headed by an imposing-looking officer, whose uniform proclaimed him colonel. The sindaco was taken aback, for this orderly procession was very different from the undisciplined rabble he had been accustomed to summon whenever there was a riot, and who when marshalled by his dear friend Bonifazio, the brigadier, had shown themselves most obliging in taking up and marching off anybody he was pleased to indicate without asking any inconvenient questions.

"Who is the sindaco of this village?" inquired the commanding officer.

Nicolai rushed to present himself bareheaded before the great man.

"Signor Colonello, I did not expect this honour," he stammered out. "There has been a riot, led by one Pietro Fontana, a bad character just out of prison. They mobbed the municipality, threw stones at us."

"Who is that wounded man?"

"That is their leader, Fontana, a most dangerous character."

"Who wounded him?"

"*He* did," cried Trovatello, indicating Nicolai. "Pietro was but trying to keep peace, and *he* shot him down without provocation."

Nicolai's eye roved despairingly amongst the ranks of soldiers in search of his particular friends. One or two there were, but they averted their faces.

"I did it in self-defence, Signor Colonello," he pleaded; "if the Brigadier Bonifazio were here, he knows this man, he would explain."

"The brigadier you mention," said the Colonel, in a voice of exceeding sternness, is in prison on suspicion of being concerned in a camorra, as are likewise many of his companions."

Nicolai staggered, and now Signor Martini arose and made his way feebly, supported on each side, up to the horseman, and in a voice faint indeed, but as distinct as a strong will could make it, said:—

"It is my duty to mention that the man whom you address as sindaco is no longer such. He has been suspended by royal decree, and I am the person at present charged by the Government with the administration of the affairs of this community."

"May I see your credentials?"

The King's delegate drew from his breast pocket a paper, the same which had produced such a notable effect on Nicolai, and which was signed Victor Emmanuel.

"Who has dared to assault the King's representative?" now demanded the officer.

"Here, we've got him, and hard work it has been to hold him," said Trovatello and Matacchione both together; and with much satisfaction they gave up their prisoner, who was immediately handcuffed.

"Are there any more to take into custody?" inquired the Colonel, addressing himself to Signor Martini.

"Yes; the ex-sindaco and the five assessors, the giudice conciliatore, the secretary, the other guardia, and the curato, to stand their trial for an association of malefactors," was the reply of the King's delegate.

The astonishment was so great, that for a time utter silence prevailed. The camorristi were secured without any resistance, but Cico had fled in time, and the curato was nowhere to be found. He had taken refuge in the church, and thence Trovatello dragged him forth.

"Would you commit sacrilege?" gasped the poor wretch, trying to profit by the weak point—superstition—in Trovatello's character.

"You absolved me only this morning," he said triumphantly. "You cannot help that now, and I have not forgotten how you let my poor old Santa die without the last sacrament. You forgot that Trovatello always has his revenge."

"Wait a bit. Listen a bit, Trovatello. I have something to tell you," whispered the priest. "I know the secret of your birth, and if you will let me go, I will reveal it. I could make your fortune, Trovatello, for I am the priest who married your father and mother."

"I can prove it without your help," replied Trovatello, "and if I cannot, rather will I forego land and titles, honour and riches, than be baulked of my revenge. At Santa's grave I vowed to avenge her, and I will be true to my vow."

* * * * * *

Before the year was out Monte Brigida had already begun to recover from the effects of the iron rule of its oppressors. Pietro Fontana was, by general consent, elected sindaco, and although he did not find that situation as lucrative as did his predecessor, he found time for his wood-carving, and before long had earned enough to begin life comfortably with his Teresa. The camorristi were convicted of robbery and embezzlement, but the charge of murder could not be proved against them. They were sentenced to hard labour for life. Trovatello was seen for the last time in a boat down at the port, setting forth to catch a steamer bound for the opposite coast. His mother was dead, and, the certificate of her marriage being found, a subscription was raised (chiefly by the help of Signor Martini) by which he was provided with the funds necessary to prove his claims and to seek out his inheritance. He returned no more, but some years after his departure, Pietro, in his capacity of sindaco, received anonymously a large sum of money, to be employed in the erection of a handsome tomb, to the memory of Santa, the beloved wife of Count Danilo Petrovie de Drobyjac, etc., etc. (the names and titles being numerous and unpronounceable, the omission of some must be excused). The Marottis never again saw the great man whose one night's sojourn under their roof had been productive of such glorious results, but they often heard of him, for his is a name which will be famous in history. Signor Martini has often spent his villeggiatura amongst the good folks he had worked so hard to emancipate. It was satisfactory to be reminded, by the sight of their ever-increasing prosperity, that his labour had not been in vain.

But, alas! evil is never so entirely conquered in this world as to leave no trace behind it. That the camorra, with its hydra heads, was not entirely crushed, was proved by the fact that the postman, who had turned king's evidence, was found murdered one day in a lonely spot, on the road between Monte Brigida and Oliveto, as he was pursuing his usual daily journey with the post-bag. On his forehead was traced, in letters of blood, the word "Traditore."

THE END.

POOR CHILDREN'S SUNDAY DINNER.

A Glasgow Charity.

A SUNDAY in any of our great cities, when the busy life sleeps one day in seven, when the ring of the hammer and anvil is hushed, when even the scream of a railway whistle is rare, and the only sound that breaks the quiet of the still morning is the ringing of a thousand bells, summoning the devout to worship, has outwardly much to excite gratitude to God for the existence of such an ordinance of rest.

But beneath this outward decorum, hidden away out of sight, is too often a phase of existence upon which many would fain shut their eyes, or pass by on the traditional "other side:" dirty dens peopled by beings, many of them having little claim to humanity except a certain formation of bone and muscle, the *spiritual* element having been, too often, starved out by misery, or burnt out by alcohol. Subject to the tender mercies of such creatures, numbers of infants grow up, and pass through the various stages of childhood, knowing nothing of childhood's sweet innocence, associating the word "father" or "mother" with anything but tenderness, a kick or a growl their only caress.

Little savages, starving in the midst of plenty, like a sailor dying of thirst 'mid the mocking expanse of ocean, what becomes of *them*, when the silence of God's day succeeds the horror of the previous night, which is to most of them the acme of suffering?

Come and see a work now going on in Glasgow that quietly and unostentatiously is gathering in those little outcast lambs. Enter a large hall in a district purified by the work of the City Improvement Scheme, open and comparatively respectable, but on the verge of the alleys and closes which still exist in the immediate neighbourhood. It is a simple, comfortable building, with no unnecessary decoration, and yet sufficiently attractive, and the interior (as shown on p. 272) presents at two o'clock on Sunday afternoons a sight unique indeed.

Fourteen hundred bent heads, fourteen hundred young voices repeating the Lord's Prayer, uttering the often meaningless petition for "daily bread" with a significance which is full of pathos, for those fourteen hundred are poor, hungry, ragged waifs from the slums of Glasgow, who gather together Sunday after Sunday, attracted by this free dinner, which is perhaps the only meal in the week which they can calculate upon.

No ticket is necessary, no passport is needed, save their hunger and their rags, any child, Protestant or Catholic, being admitted, and the more destitute, the more welcome.

The whole area is filled, boys on one side, and girls on the other, part of the galleries is also occupied, and at times completely crowded, while a few spectators look on the strange scene from the platform. The children's eyes wander to the texts round the walls conveying many a message of peace. See the upturned faces, many of them sickly, and with that old weird look which suffering or crime stamps on the countenance; others again intelligent, and in spite of want or wretchedness possessing the fair beauty of youth—fair is used advisedly, for it is quite noticeable that the dark heads are in a minority.

It is said that exposure to the sun bleaches the hair, and the entire absence of head gear of any description among the girls may account to some extent for their flaxen locks. Many of the heads are rough enough and innocent of comb or brush, but here and there, a ribbon that *once* was blue or red, tied across the hair, bears a quaint testimony to the feminine love of finery, while some poor things hide all defects in a shawl tightly held round the head.

Bare feet are the rule, not the exception, but the faces are fairly clean, the wash which the dirty ones receive in a side-room previous to admittance into the hall having doubtless had a marked effect in teaching the virtue of cleanliness.

Monitors sit at the ends of the benches to keep order, but their efforts are not much taxed, the children seeming too well pleased with their quarters to create disturbance.

At the back of the platform hang large

printed sheets with the hymns for the day, and the children sing lustily, and evidently enjoy it. But the cynosure of attraction is an immense black-board (or rather sheet of glass, 8 feet square), on which is a Scripture picture, boldly done in coloured crayons, the Saturday afternoon's work of a gentleman who takes a deep interest in the children, and who possesses artistic powers of no mean order.

Singing over, the lesson for the day is the story of the picture, told in such simplicity as shall make it clear to the dullest comprehension; and at the end of each month woodcuts of the four pictures, with short letter-press, form a little book, which each child receives, thus conveying good lessons to many a home.

During the singing of the next hymn there is a sensible appearance of expectation, a suppressed excitement being visible on the faces.

A low rumbling sound is heard, and small waggons are wheeled in, somewhat resembling those in use at a coal-pit, and which are simply packing-boxes, from a well-known biscuit factory, set on wheels. Baskets were first used, but they did not wear well, nor were they so suitable for the purpose. Neatly placed in each waggon are four tiers of white earthenware mugs containing hot broth, while on the top is a tray holding the requisite number of bright galvanized spoons.

As the white-aproned assistants roll the waggons along the floor, each to its allotted position, the wistful eyes of the children follow them with keen expectancy. A hydraulic hoist is used for conveying the waggons to the gallery, and in crowded meetings no small number is required there.

Meantime a neat canvas bag holding twenty small round loaves (one for each child) has been slung on the benches, and each monitress donning a white pinafore, is instantly transformed into a smart and business-like lady-help.

Grace having been said, hundreds of eager hands are held out, the mugs are handed in rotation, and ere long the ring of the spoon shows how very soon the bottom of the can is reached.

The pampered children of luxury, whose appetites are cloyed with dainties, and who are in the habit of leaving quantities of wasted food on their plates, might well learn a lesson here.

The broth is excellent, thick and nourishing, and is usually made of marrow-bones, but at times, when beef is attainable, it is cut into small pieces, a few being put into each mug, and it is touching to see how eagerly the bits of meat are picked out, and how keenly they are enjoyed—beef being evidently *not* a thing of every-day occurrence.

Here and there a can or jug stands at a child's foot, and whatever soup may be left over is distributed at the end of the dinner.

All is done with the utmost order and precision, confusion or misconduct being unknown words; indeed, the whole behaviour of the children is a remarkable testimony to the value of the work, gratitude being the first feeling elicited, tends to soften and humanise the most neglected.

In one short hour the whole service is over; there is no flagging, no weariness, all is pre-arranged and carried out with spirit, and most systematically, as will be seen from the following fac-simile of the card given to each monitor :—

TIME TABLE AND PROGRAMME.	DIRECTIONS FOR WORKERS.
1.20. *United Prayer,*	Be in the Hall by 1.20 for United Prayer for God's help in the work.
1.30. *Children Admitted,*	Avoid unnecessary conversation with workers. During the assembling make yourself acquainted with the wants of the eight children coming to your seat. Tell all to come with clean hands and clean faces. Ascertain if they attend a Forenoon Meeting or Sabbath School. Arrange to take those who do not to both. When you meet with orphans or others needing shelter in Home, Orphanage, Industrial School, or Training Institution, communicate with Mr. Steel.
1.50. *Seats Filled,*	Fill up your seat to proper number, and receive Haversack with bread from distributor.
2. *Opening Prayer,*	See that all your children are seated, and follow the Chairman in the Lord's prayer.
2.5. *Praise,*	Late comers are admitted during this exercise. See that your children join in it. This will prevent their attention being taken up with the in-comers.
2.10. *Address,*	Complete cessation from work, with stillness over the meeting, is the rule during the address. Check inattention kindly, and more by eye than by hand, seldom leaving your seat. By your whole deportment show the children that *you* feel you are in God's House on God's day for His worship.
2.30. *Praise and Prayer,*	
2.35. *Dinner,*	See that each is supplied. Report any deficiency to distributor. Prevent waste. Do not stand in passage, nor allow children to shift their seats. Whenever mugs are emptied, place them quietly in basket.
2.50. *Praise,*	This exercise joined in promptly by you will be an example to the children.
2.55. *Closing Prayer,*	It would add to the solemnity of the meeting, form a good habit, and secure a quiet dismissal were *all* to engage in *silent* prayer at the close of this exercise.
3. *Dismission,*	Seat by seat from rear of each division. See that all in your seat leave quietly and in turn. Step into the empty seat behind, and sit down with any of your children who wish to remain for conversation. Remain seated till asked to join in the closing prayer.
3.10. *United Prayer,*	Prayer for God's blessing on the work.

The work is thoroughly organized, and has been in active progress for six years; at that time a joint committee of the "Sabbath School Union" and the "Foundry Boys'

Religious Society,"* anxious to lay hold of some of the street Arabs, tried to gain their attendance at a religious meeting on Glasgow Green; but it was of no use, for, while the meeting was largely attended, the class aimed at was never touched.

The Free Breakfast for adults having been successfully started, the directors thereof intimated their willingness to give what was left over for the children. The truth of the old saying, that "the way to the heart is through the mouth," was instantly seen; for no sooner was it known that some food was to be had than the poor neglected children came from their wretched homes, many of them not having even the humblest apology for that sacred word, which means happiness to so many more-favoured mortals. From such a small beginning has grown this immense undertaking, which, in winters of special cold or distress, has fed 2,200; even in summer the attendance rarely falls below 1,000, 1,200 being the average number.

It must be explained that the children's Sunday dinner is one branch of the many religious schemes and active charities wedded together under the name of the "United Evangelistic Association," which manages the finance in connection with them all, and is the central point from which each radiates, the different schemes acting independently, and at the same time working into each other's hands. The food for the children's dinner is still supplied from the funds of the Free Breakfast, the contributions to which are entirely voluntary, and amounted, in 1880, to £1,706 0s. 4¾d. The average cost of each dinner is about £5, or at the rate of £3 10s. per 1,000—rather less than a penny for each child, a very moderate figure, which shows the economy with which this charity is managed.

There is nothing sectarian in this work, all differences of ecclesiastical opinion being merged in the one desire to advance the work, and make it as extensive and practical as possible.

There are 150 workers, monitors, &c., many of them warehouse girls, and young men of all different pursuits; among the number several theological students, for whom this is an experience rather outside of ordinary college life. These are presided over by the committee, active business men of the city, who give much of their time to this labour of love; and in connection with the charity there is only *one paid official*—the person who takes charge of the building and cooks for the different entertainments.

The kitchen, like all else in the new building, is excellently adapted to its purpose, containing several coppers for tea, and three boilers for soup, two holding 1,320 imperial pints, and one 350 pints, so that a large quantity of broth can be prepared with ease. Pea-soup is sometimes given as a change from broth, varied with ox-cheek or barley-soup; while in summer the fare is altered to rice and milk, which is such a favourite with the children that the attendance, previously falling off, takes a rapid rise as soon as the change is made.

But the grand and practical result of this work among the children is not the mere supplying their physical wants once a week, but in the endeavour to search out the cases and raise the neglected young to a higher level, and the aim of the Committee is shown in the following notes from the report:—

"1. We never help a child beyond the necessity of the occasion on which it is first brought before us till we have visited its home, seen the parents or guardians, and inquired particularly into the circumstances of the family.

"2. The Sabbath Dinner having brought the children together, it is usually the nakedness and filth of the child that attract our attention. During this winter, however, we have had cause to inquire into the circumstances of children whose clothes were clean and tidy, and in all these cases work for the parents was the need. The Dinner Meeting is a centre for hungry children, a stepping-stone, so to speak, towards the investigation of the different cases, resulting in an improved position for the children in the Day Refuges or in other charities.

"3. The two Children's Day Refuges, under our own management, have been the chief sources of relief. They were established for educational purposes before the changes wrought by the School Board, and are now the means of enabling many neglected children to attend school, whose parents are either too poor or too careless to look after them. The children receive three meals daily, except Saturday, get Bible instruction, and are guided to and from school, in some instances of extreme poverty fees being paid. Government has made education compulsory, but no law insists on a child being fed and clothed, so the School Board, recognising the value of this agency, receives the children on the most favourable terms, and a yearly grant from the "Juvenile Delinquency Board" of £300 for the last two years, has been a material help in supporting a charity entirely dependent on voluntary contributions, and whose usefulness is shown in the fact that, in 1879, 90 per cent. of the children passed the annual examination.

"4. The children sent to other city charities are, of course, only recommended by us, but, with very few exceptions, they have been received on the ground of our pleading.

"5. The sufferings of the poor children who have drunken and vicious parents are very great, even in health, but when sickness overtakes them, their position is truly deplorable. They are often allowed to sink into imminent danger before a doctor is called. Knowing this, we make every use of the medical charities of the city, and, through the kindness of medical friends, we have been able to give "advice" on the Thursday evenings at our Inquiry Meeting, and can testify to the medicine-chest being a powerful auxiliary."

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* An extensive and valuable organization, also peculiar to Glasgow, and deserving special notice.

Every Sunday some cases are inquired into, and the child receives the following ticket—

CHILDREN'S SABBATH DINNER.

PLEASE CALL
AT COMMITTEE ROOMS,
NEW HALL, JAMES MORRISON ST.,
ON THURSDAY, AT 7 P.M.

ENTRANCE BY STEEL ST.

The address of the parents is then taken down, and next week the applicant returns, when his or her story is compared with the notes sent in on a post-card by the monitor, who has meantime visited the home and made a rigid examination into the circumstances, for lies are prevalent, and imposture must be guarded against.

Much destitution urgently crying for help is revealed in the few simple but practical remarks on these cards; a copy of one is here given—

Visitor's Name, ...
Address, ...
Date of Visit, ...18

Name.	
Address.	*No. and Street,* .... *Stair.* *Door.*
Father. (*Occupation*)	
Mother. (*Occupation*)	
Family. *Ages, Occupation, and Wages.*	*Parochial or Society Relief.* Total Income.
Church Connection.	
Sabbath School.	
Forenoon Meeting.	
Visitor's Suggestions. Help Wanted, &c.	

Should the case be found worthy, help is afforded in the way most likely to be beneficial, one fixed rule being that money is never given, and much disappointment is at times expressed when the help of every other kind which is ready is not wanted.

There is also a Dorcas Society by which gifts of goods or clothing are warmly welcomed, the need for them (boots or shoes especially) being great indeed; the clothes are given most sparingly to the children, and only after strict inquiry into the position of the family. In any cases where doubt exists, mended and patched garments are given, which are as useful to the children as new ones, but not presenting the same attraction to the pawnbroking fraternity, are therefore less temptation to a certain class of parents.

Indeed the almost utter impossibility of doing good to the children of confirmed drunkards is one of the most grieving elements in the work, and the attempt to do so presents a constantly recurring and puzzling problem.

Another thing the Committee has to contend with is the difficulty of getting work for those out of employment.

Some years ago a gentleman in Wigtonshire asked the Convener* to send down a squad of twenty boys to thin turnips: a suitable set of boys was accordingly despatched, and great was the enjoyment and also the benefit from the change to the pure country air. Such demands for labour would meet with much acceptance, and be an active charity.

The following list from the report for 1880 shows the practical results for the year:—

209	Children sent to	Children's Day Refuge, Steel St.
23	,,	,, Anderston.
7	,,	City Orphan Home.
8	,,	Sea-side Home for Destitute Children, Saltcoats.
9	,,	to other Seaside and Convalescent Homes.
11	,,	Royal Western and Eye Infirmaries.
1	,,	Buchanan Educational Institution.
12	,,	Poorhouses.
10	,,	Poor Children's Dinner Table.†
8	,,	Industrial Schools.
118	,,	School Board Evening Schools.
28	,,	got work in town (half fees paid).
89	,,	received clothing from Dorcas Society.
124	,,	,, bread tickets or meal (contributed).
355	,,	,, Medicines and medical advice.

1012, or 3980 since these cases of relief to poor children began to be tabulated.

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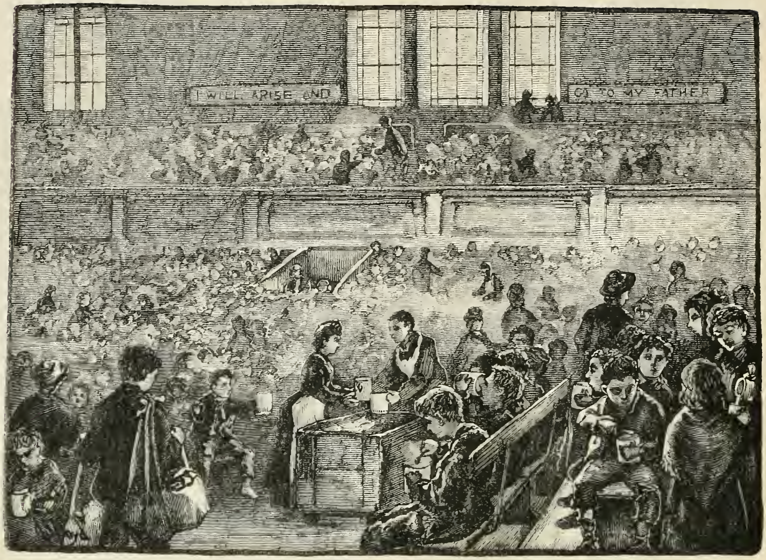
* For all the facts contained in this paper, thanks are due to the kind courtesy of Mr. John Steel, Convener of the joint committee, and whose enthusiasm is the mainspring of this work.

† A society for providing poor children with dinner every day in different quarters of the town, but quite distinct from the Sunday Dinner.



The Sunday Dinner.

It is impossible within the limits of this paper to give particulars regarding the Orphan Home at Saltcoats, one of the most useful agencies of the United Evangelistic Association, where the most exigently wretched of the neglected children are cared for, fed, clothed, and educated, at an average cost of £12 18s. per annum for each child. The moderation of the sum not being attained by any denial of necessary comforts to the children, but by the system (practised also in the Day Refuges) of making the children wait upon each other by turns, so that there is absolutely no outlay for service.

Such is one of the means at the disposal of this society, for drafting the young into a sphere where improvement is possible, and the preceding table shows the extent of their labours in this direction.

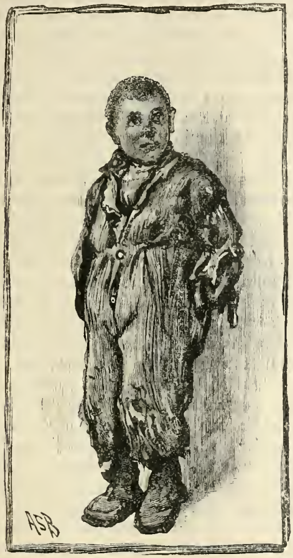
Whatever objections may be raised against feeding adults on the score of pauperizing the lower classes, and encouraging idleness or crime, surely not even the most bigoted can cavil at a work which aims only at helping poor innocent children, whose position is their misfortune, not their fault, and whose sufferings for the sins of others are sufficiently keen and painful. Whatever other benefit they may receive, they are *at least* being civilised: witness a little fellow, about eight, taking off his cap the moment he entered the hall, and hastily snatching the Scotch-bonnet from the rough head of his brother, a wee two-year-old who could scarcely toddle.

Look at the children a little closer.

Here in the front row of the area are two little fellows bare-footed, yet with clean faces and an evident attempt at respectability. Their mother sells pipe-clay, a species of livelihood not likely to yield a very fair means of existence to the five human beings she has to support.

There sits a boy shivering, though the day cannot be called a cold one for November, the rags which take the place of trousers hang in ribbons round his thin legs, his feet are stuck into large, worn, unlaced boots. He is a newsboy and sells evening papers at St. Enoch's Station; he makes 2d. a dozen, and the day previous went home with 1s. 4d., and was turned out with the fourpence to buy more papers and bring home more money. The second lot does not sell, and in consequence the boy is on the streets all night. At the question, "Why did you not go home?" the lips quiver and the eyes fill.

Large, dark, beautiful eyes, they are with long curled lashes, eyes that make the whole face attractive though the rest of the features are plain enough. Reiterated questions bring out the fact that he dared not go home because his father would thrash him! So the night is spent in such rest as doorways afford, and the guardians of the peace permit, and in the grey morning light the child creeps back to his wretched home and is admitted by his mother. On being pressed he owned that his father took a *taste*, "*when he could get it*."



That brute of a man, beating the child who is the only bread-winner of the family, is a fair sample of the kind of father those poor children possess, when they own such an adjunct at all.

The father is always certain to be out of work, and more than likely has himself to blame for that result.

Here, again, are three girls; one has just come from a fourteen weeks' stay in a hospital, whither she was sent by her friends here; she has her hand in splints, and gets it dressed after the meeting. She is clean and decently clad, doubtless in clothes which have been given to her. Her elder sister has an intelligent face; but her clothes are a very poor apology, and likely to offer rather a thin resistance to the winter's wind. She has a child in her arms, a puny being like an infant of six months, but with a face years old in the expression of misery. Their mother has been dead nine months, their father has rheumatic fever, and is out of work. There are eight children in that family—nine mouths to supply with food, and the sole support at present is one older sister, who goes out as charwoman!

Are not things like that enough to make one shudder at the thought, and even with the strongest effort of the imagination, what is the *thought* to the *reality?*

Here is a letter handed in during the dinner, written in such a way as to show that the writer must have known better days:—

> "*Mr.* ——
>
> "*I am almost ashamed to tell you how badly off I am. I have to send Alice for her dinner to-day and I have not a bite for myself, and if you could send me a little with her I will be very thankful.*
>
> "*Yours respectfully,*
>
> "*J*—— *C*——"

Starving! And we call this a Christian land!

Those are not sensation "cases" chosen for effect, but the simple facts of *one Sunday's experience*, a sample of the misery which this society attempts in some measure to relieve.

A work such as this deserves to be more widely known and more fully recognised, and it is to be hoped that ere long this Children's Dinner in Glasgow may not be (so far as known) the only institution of the kind in the kingdom. For the depths of degradation that are revealed, the church members who have been allowed to lapse, the brutal parents, the suffering children, show in this vast substratum of humanity an abyss of wretchedness and misery which is simply appalling.

If any tenderness be left in degraded human beings it must be for their own offspring, and so it is through the young that the best means exist of touching and benefiting the old; and if any religion can ever reach hearts seared by crime or dulled into insensibility by wretchedness, it must be a religion which holds out a helping hand; and can there be a better or a more practical way than in the words of the prophet of old: "To deal thy bread to the hungry, and that thou bring the poor that are cast out to thy house"?

HELEN K. WILSON.

CONFUCIUS.

By MARCUS DODS, D.D., Author of "Mohammed, Buddha, and Christ."

I

THE Chinese are supposed to form about one-third of the population of the world. And there is some ground for believing that for the last four thousand years they have held much the same numerical proportion to the entire human race. Yet it may be said that there is but one Chinaman who has earned a world-wide reputation—one individual who has been large enough to lift himself above the millions of unknown, unrecorded lives, and force himself on the regard of the Western World. It is probably due to the absorption of the individual in the State, that there is in China so remarkable a lack of great names. The individual exists for the State, not the State for the individual. Everything is crushed down to a dead level and monotony. No heroic spirits arise: no heroic deeds are done. Patriotism is enjoined by law, and the *spirit* of devotedness has never been evoked. Consequently though no state has ever governed so many men, none has annals so poor and flat. Individual effort is frowned upon: improvement is branded as innovation.

By what singular qualities, then, did Confucius win for himself his unique reputation? He was not a conqueror stamping his name on the terror-struck imagination of surrounding tribes. He was not an inventor whose memory is kept green by the gratitude of those who daily enjoy the fruit of his genius. He was not a poet uttering men's best thoughts and deepest feelings for them in words more expressive than their own. He was not even a philosopher, or if a philosopher, his philosophy was on the level of that of Benjamin Franklin. In short, no ordinary avenue to fame seems to have been open to him; and yet, if numbers go for anything, what fame rivals that of the man who for twenty-three centuries has been worshipped as all but divine by nearly one-half of the world, and whose words are regarded as canonical by a people compared to whose exclusive jealousy the Jewish exclusiveness is latitudinarian? The secret of his fame is mainly this, that he was the Chinaman of the Chinamen, the most conservative and ancestor-worshipping individual of the most conservative and ancestor-worshipping race. It was by his work that the national tendencies and popular instincts were recognised and definitely fixed. What had before been implicit was by Confucius made explicit. It was he who formulated the relations of ruler and subject, which form so large a part of Chinese life. It was he who gave utterance to those maxims of personal conduct which the Chinese are justly proud of, though they do not scrupulously observe them. Especially it was he who gathered into a Chinese canon all the wisdom which had been tested by previous generations, and so set the seal of completeness on Chinese life and customs, so far as this can be done by any man or by any books.

The facts of his life which are at once well ascertained and significant are few. Confucius, or Kung-foo-tsze (*i.e.* Kung, the master), like some of the heroes of Hebrew history, was the son of his father's old age—the long-coveted boy whom nine unwelcome daughters had preceded. He was born in the year 551 B.C., of parents who, though poor, were in good position. His father was a soldier of immense size, strength, and courage, and with the blood of emperors in his veins; so that even at the age of seventy he found it possible to contract a second marriage from which sprang his famous son. The child was named Kew from a peculiar formation on the top of his head, which is still represented in some of the statues of Confucius. In his third year he lost his father, and of his childhood and school days only one characteristic trait is preserved. As it is recorded of Athanasius that he was observed when a child playing at church ceremonies, and himself enacting the part of a bishop, so of Confucius it is related that "as a boy he used to play at the arrangement of sacrificial vessels, and at postures of ceremony." At the age of nineteen he married, and entered the service of the State as a keeper of grain-stores and inspector of pastures and flocks. These duties were interrupted three or four years after by the death of his mother, an event which required that he should go into retirement for twenty-seven months. This period, however, was abundantly utilised for purposes of study and of inquiry into funeral and other religious observances and ancient customs. By slow degrees, and with some interruptions, he won his way at the age of fifty to a position in which he could practically carry out the social reforms he had long designed. As chief-magistrate of the town of Chung-too he produced in a single year a marked improvement in trade-customs, in the private life of the citizens, and generally in the prosperity of the community. Rulers and people were alike sensible of the change. Neighbouring governors applied to him for draft-schemes for the government of their provinces; and when he was made Minister of Crime, so alive were the criminal classes to his integrity and thoroughness, that his mere appointment awed them into honesty.

His success indeed was his ruin. The province of Loo became the envy of surrounding provinces, and by an extraordinary appeal made to the sensual appetites of its prince, the neighbouring rulers succeeded in destroying the influence of the austere minister. When eighty dancing girls and one hundred and twenty of the finest horses arrived as a present to the prince, a discerning friend of Confucius said to him, "Master, it is time for you to be going." Reluctantly and regretfully Confucius withdrew, and the remainder of his life is a record of sorrow, disappointment, and unsettledness. Passing from place to place as the Apostle of Reform, he was everywhere rejected, though frequently treated with kindness and respect at the first. His wife, his son, his most intimate disciples, died during these melancholy years, till at last, broken with years and failure, he bowed to his fate. He died in his seventy-third year, a disappointed, saddened man, conscious of his own greatness, or at any rate of the importance of his teaching, and yet more than doubtful whether any lasting impression had been made by it. If we may judge from the pathetic significance of one of his brief sayings, he seems to have himself lost hope, and to have allowed his long-cherished ideal kingdom of Chow to pass altogether into cloudland, out from among all practical realities. "Extreme is my decay," he says; "for a long time I have not dreamed as I was wont to do, that I saw the Duke of Chow." Dr. Legge gives the following touching account of his death. "Early one morning he got up, and with his hands behind his back, dragging his staff, he moved about by his door, crooning over:—

"'The great mountain must crumble;
The strong beam must break;
And the wise man wither away like a plant.'

After a little he entered the house and sat down opposite the door. Tsze-Kung had heard his words, and said to himself, 'If the great mountain crumble, to what shall I look up? If the strong beam break, and the wise man wither away, on whom shall I lean? The master, I fear, is going to be ill.' With this, he hastened into the house. Confucius said to him, 'Tsze, what makes you so late? * * No intelligent monarch arises; there is not one in the empire that will make me his master. My time is come to die.' So it was. He went to his couch, and after seven days expired."

The acknowledgment so scantily given him in his lifetime was afterwards abundantly rendered by those to whom he was little more than a name. His reputation grew until, in the year 57 of our era, it was enacted that sacrifices be offered to him in all the colleges of the principal divisions of the Empire. A few centuries more, and temples were erected to him, and his worship became, as it remains to this day, the State religion. Twice a year the Emperor, himself the representative of the divine to all Chinamen, performs ceremonies in honour of Confucius, with special solemnity, and this most exalted of potentates bows himself to the earth and invokes the spirit of Confucius in the words, "Great art thou, O perfect sage! Thy virtue is full, thy doctrine is complete. Among mortal men there has not been thine equal. All kings honour thee. Thy statutes and laws have come gloriously down. Thou art the pattern in this imperial school."

While, however, the career of Confucius as a practical statesman or reformer was almost wholly ineffective, his influence in private on the select circle that owned him as their master and treasured his words was immense. He may best be understood as a kind of Chinese Socrates, quickening his disciples to think rather than handing over to them a finished system, fearless and disinterested as the Greek sage, and with a like capacity of discriminating between the likely pupil and the unimprovable dullard. "Rotten wood," he said, "cannot be carved; a wall of dirty earth will not receive the trowel. This Yu, *who sleeps in the daytime*, what is the use of my reproving him?" Again, "I do not open up the truth to one who is not eager to get knowledge, nor help out any one who is not anxious to explain himself. When I have presented one corner of a subject to any one, and he cannot from it learn the other three, I do not repeat my lesson." As a teacher he maintained throughout his whole career a perfect independence, for which we cannot but honour him. A provincial governor who had been captivated with his conversation, offered him the revenues of one of his towns, but Confucius declined the gift, saying to his disciples: "A superior man will only receive reward for services which he has done. I have given advice to the Duke, but he has not yet obeyed it, and now he would endow me with this place. Very far is he from understanding me!" Threats moved him as little as bribes or rewards. His vigorous reforms and re-assertion of forgotten and inconvenient customs often made him obnoxious both to rulers and people. But he argued that if heaven had wished to let the cause of truth perish, he would not have been impelled to proclaim it, and "if heaven intends that the truth shall not perish, then what can the people of Kwang do to me?" Always accessible to the earnest enquirer, he never declined to give instruction, though his pupil might—to use his own words—have nothing to give him but a bundle of dried flesh. He was himself profoundly interested in human duties and relationships, willing always to receive or to impart light. "There were four things," his disciples used to say, "from which the master was entirely free. He had no foregone conclusions, no arbitrary predeterminations, no obstinacy, no egoism,"—important qualities, certainly, in any one who proposes to find the truth. Of his sincerity no one can entertain a doubt. "I detest," he says, "that which has appearance without reality; I detest clever men, for fear that they shall confound justice; I detest an eloquent mouth, fearing lest it confuse truth; I detest the colour of violet, because it mimics the colour of purple; I detest the most respectable people of a neighbourhood, because they mimic virtue."

The subject matter of the teaching of Confucius was Ethics. In his day, there was a remarkable stirring of the Chinese mind; and this mental movement naturally revolved round the popular religion. This religion was one which could satisfy neither the speculative nor the morally earnest men. It was a degenerate nature-worship, each natural agency being under the control of departmental spirits, who had to be consulted and propitiated on every occasion. No better soil could be found for charlatanry and superstition. Two reformative reactions appeared in the sixth century, B.C., the one associated with the name of Lao-tsze, the other with that of Confucius. The work of the former was an attempt to elevate the popular religion by rationalizing it, or finding a sufficient speculative basis for faith. To Confucius fell the more congenial task of introducing a higher morality. Both were disatisfied with the state of matters around them: the one said to himself: Let us see what basis, in fact, there is for religious worship; let us find out what existence is, and what this world is, and whence we are. The other said: Let us look at the things immediately before us, and speak only of what we know, and regarding which we can make positive affimations. The one was the Hegel, the other the Comte of China. They had no sympathy with one another; Confucius had a dry, prosaic, practical mind which could only gaze in wonder at the speculative flights of Lao-tsze. He was not ashamed to make the admission to his disciples: "I know how birds can fly, how fishes can swim, how animals can run. But there is the dragon: I cannot tell how he mounts on the wind through the clouds and rises to heaven. To-day I have seen Lao-tsze, and can only compare him to the dragon."

The position of Confucius may best be understood through the analogous position of the statesmen-philosophers of Rome, such as Cicero, Seneca, and Plutarch. Confucius could not break with the religion of his country, and he had no desire to do so. A reverence for antiquity was his chief characteristic, "I am a transmitter, not a maker," he was fond of saying. All his reforms were conducted in a conservative spirit, and on the principle that all wisdom had been given to the ancients. He would not meddle with the established worship which had satisfied his fathers. It was part of his duty, as a good citizen, to render that worship, and therefore he would unquestioningly give it. To him, as to every Chinaman, the State was the supreme entity. It was to it he owed his allegiance, and his aim was to discover how men could best live together, and serve the State. Like Aristotle, he is devoted to Ethics and Politics, and has nothing to say about the Divine. The bent and constant attitude of his mind is given in his words: "To give oneself earnestly to the duties due to men, and while respecting spiritual beings, to keep aloof from them; this may be called wisdom."

(*To be concluded next month.*)

THE ROAD TO THE POLE.

A Yachting Cruise to Novaya Zemlya and Seas adjacent.

By Captain ALBERT HASTINGS MARKHAM, R.N.

CONCLUSION.[*]

ON the 22nd of July our anchor was again at the bows, and we made a second attempt to sail through the Matyushin Shar, confidently expecting that this time, at least, we should not be disappointed, and that we should with ease sail into the Kara Sea. But—

> "Who knows what the coming hour,
> Veiled in thick darkness, brings for us?"

The coming hour brought for us nothing but disappointment. Sailing up with a fair wind, to our great joy we passed the position where a month previously our progress had been arrested by ice, and we naturally congratulated ourselves on the prospect of getting through; but only a few short miles farther on, we again met an ice barrier, and one apparently of such a formidable nature as to afford us little hope of its being removed until a much later period of the season.

Anchoring the vessel under the lee of a projecting point we decided, before abandoning our project of reaching the Kara Sea, upon ascertaining the extent of the obstruction. It is never pleasant to relinquish suddenly all one's ideas and hopeful anticipations.

The position of the ice was, we knew, in the very narrowest part of the Matyushin Shar; we therefore indulged ourselves with the hope that the ice was of no great extent, and that being impinged on two points in the channel, it would be released and cleared away by the first breeze of wind or unusually high tide. A set of serial temperatures obtained in the channel revealed to us the fact that the warmth of the water was increasing, caused by the innumerable streams and rivers that were now emptying themselves into the sea; and this in itself considerably raised our hopes, for we were aware that the ice would be unable to exist for any length of time in water whose temperature, although ever so little, was above the freezing point.

With all these hopeful prognostications we started, after the vessel was secured, to walk up the channel to ascertain how far the ice barrier extended. The road was none of the best, for the hills had an unpleasant knack of descending sheer into the water; if we adhered to the ice-foot, the snow on its surface was of such a sludgy consistency as to render the walking laborious and unpleasant, whilst if we remained on the land we had to walk on the slope of the hills at an angle of 25° and over huge rocks and boulders.

The walking altogether was most atrocious, the difficulties being greatly augmented by the thaw which for some days had been in rapid progress. The ravines were, in consequence, filled with turbulent streams of water, which necessitated great care on our part in crossing them. One of these watercourses was bridged over by a great mass of snow, under which the water was rushing in its headlong course towards the sea. Thinking it would offer a safe and easy method of crossing, I walked over it, but my confidence in the bridge was sadly misplaced, as was very nearly my body, for just as I had reached the centre it gave way with a tremendous report. Fortunately I succeeded in scrambling across to the opposite side in safety, but on looking behind I saw the remains of my bridge being whirled and tossed about in the seething foam, as it was rapidly carried away by the stream.

After a rather toilsome walk of eight miles, to our great delight we reached the eastern limit of the ice barrier; the water beyond flowed from the Kara Sea. Only seven or eight miles of ice separated us then from the sea we were desirous of entering. It was certainly very provoking that we should be delayed by such an insignificant obstruction, but knowing that a gale of wind would very speedily clear it away, we resolved upon waiting, and were well rewarded for our patience, for in a week's time we had the satisfaction of witnessing the dispersion of the ice, and on the last day of July we at length sailed into the Kara Sea.

But the Kara Sea, alas! was full of ice, and ice of such a character as entirely to preclude the possibility of extending our obser-

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[* These papers have been in type for some time, but, much to our regret, it was found impossible to publish them sooner. A full account of all the details and observations of this "Yachting Cruise" has just been published by Captain Markham in a very interesting volume entitled "A Polar Reconnaissance." It is issued by Messrs. C. Kegan Paul & Co., who have kindly placed at our disposal the two illustrations which appear with our second and third papers.—Ed. *G.W.*]

vations in its neighbourhood during the short time we had at our disposal.

As "sport" was the main object of our cruise, and as we thought that by sailing to the southward we should in all probability reach a navigable sea free of ice, it was determined to work our way south, in a narrow channel of what might be termed land-water that usually existed between the pack and the shore, with the intention, if possible, of reaching Yalmal peninsula, which had the reputation of being a good place for walruses.

On one occasion we had a rather narrow escape of leaving the ribs of our little vessel to bleach with the drift-wood on the shores of Novaya Zemlya. We were at anchor in Lutke Bay on the east coast, and perhaps had taken up a position rather closer to the beach than was quite prudent.

During the night a heavy gale of wind, accompanied by very strong squalls, sprang up, blowing dead on to the shore. During one of these squalls, more violent than those that had preceded it, we went on deck, feeling anxious regarding the position of the vessel, in such close proximity to the shore.

It was midnight, but not a soul was on deck. The vessel had tautened out her cable to the utmost extent, and we could with ease have pitched the proverbial biscuit on the beach. On putting the lead over the side, to our horror we found only eight feet of water, the *Isbjorn* at the time drawing seven and a half feet.

The squalls were coming down fast and furious, and the sea had already risen. How it was we did not strike as each wave receded will always be a mystery to me. Quickly rousing our crew—who, it must be acknowledged, when they perceived the danger that threatened them were not slow in coming on deck—we hove off a short distance to our anchor and then let go a second one, veering out both cables to the same scope that the ship was riding to before; it was impossible to veer more—had we done so we should infallibly have struck. No sooner were the two cables secured than down went the crew to finish the sleep from which we had disturbed them, leaving no watch on deck! By 3 A.M. the wind had moderated, and coming more round to the northward left us in comparative safety.

The conformation of the land on the east coast of Novaya Zemlya we found to be very different from what it was on the western side. Low undulating plains took the place of the noble hills, deep valleys, and glaciers for which the west coast is so conspicuous. Both, however, possess innumerable bays and harbours, in which vessels may always find refuge either from stress of weather or the closing in of the ice. The vegetation did not appear to be so rich or profuse on the Kara Sea side as it was on the opposite coast, although I obtained a few specimens which I failed to get on the west side.

During the time that we were in the Kara Sea a great number of seals were shot, out of which only a few were secured, on account of the animals sinking before the boat could pull up in time to harpoon them. The Norwegians aver that during the month of August it is almost impossible to pick up a seal in the water after being killed, even if shot close alongside the boat, so rapidly do they sink. Our experience certainly corroborated this assertion, for whereas in June and July it was quite the exception to lose a seal by sinking after being shot, in the month of August it was quite an exceptional one that was secured.

It is a curious fact that although butterflies are to be found in Novaya Zemlya, none had hitherto ever been collected by the naturalists who had visited its shores, and I only saw them on one day (when I was fortunate enough to catch several specimens) out of the many on which I landed with the express purpose of seeking for them. Perhaps for them their summer is only of one or at the most three days' duration. Their life must indeed be a brief, but who can say that it is a merry one?

I do not think the remark made to me by our mate on one occasion, when the weather and climate was the topic, was at all an inappropriate one. He said, "that for two months we not have summer, the remainder of the year is winter!" This, I think, is very true, and may be applied to the living world, both animal and vegetable, of Novaya Zemlya.

As we proceeded south the character of the country again underwent a change; the hills became higher and more rugged; we lost the low undulations that we had been accustomed to, and the land assumed a totally different aspect; to borrow an expression that I once heard an American friend make use of, it was getting more "ravenous!" for deep ravines intersected the different hills, discharging their contents into the numerous lakes which run parallel to the coast. These large ponds are a very striking feature of the coast on the east side of the island. In them are to be found breeding in great numbers the Bean and Brent geese, the eider and the long-tailed ducks, besides an occasional swan, whilst along the banks are to be found the *Tringa maritima*, the ringed plover, and many other smaller birds.

In one of the lakes at our extreme southern position, my companion was fortunate enough to kill no less than twenty-two fish (*Salmo alpinus*) in a few hours. They were, I believe, the first ever killed with a fly in Novaya Zemlya. Their weight was from two to fourteen pounds, yielding a total of one hundred and ten pounds. One of these fish, broiled on the embers of a drift-wood fire, made an excellent repast, and tasted as well, if not better, than if cooked with all the resources of a well-equipped *cuisine* at command.

The difficulties that we had to encounter in various ways in order to make progress to the southward, and the little prospect of obtaining game in that direction, again made a change in our plans; and after sixteen days spent in sailing only sixty miles, it was decided to return to the Matyushin Shar. We felt that to persevere in our intentions of reaching Yalmal Land would have involved too great a loss of time. Young ice was already beginning to form on the surface of the sea, leaving a clearly defined canal behind us as we sailed through. This was a sign that we had nearly reached the end of our tether in those waters. The short Arctic summer was rapidly approaching its end, and winter, with its cold inhospitable grasp, was about to claim the surrounding land and sea, and freeze it all up into one solid continent.

On the 18th of August we re-entered the Matyushin Shar, where, to our great surprise but no small pleasure, we met the Dutch exploring schooner, *Willem Barents*, an account of whose doings during the preceding year in the same waters was published two years ago in GOOD WORDS.

As she had left Europe more than a month after our departure from England, we had not only the gratification of meeting old friends, but also the extreme pleasure of receiving letters and papers from home.

The following three days we passed in each other's company, working through the Matyushin Shar. We then parted, having agreed, if possible, to meet again to the north, as we had again determined to make another attempt to sail round the northern end of Novaya Zemlya, and try to reach Ice Haven, the spot where Willem Barents and his crew passed the winter of 1596.

On the 22nd of August the two ships separated, and on the evening of the same day we sailed out of the Matyushin Shar, to which we bade a long, perhaps an eternal, farewell.

At this time our little ship was almost unbearable from the amount of blubber, in a more or less advanced stage of decomposition, which was stowed in barrels in the hold. The motion of the vessel at sea caused such a nauseous odour to permeate the whole ship as to make our cabin almost uninhabitable. It was not the good wholesome smell of blubber which I recollect brought the tears to my eyes in the boiling oil establishment at Dundee, but it was a sickly, nauseous stench of decomposed animal matter! A smell that is quite indescribable.

It was a little ameliorated by boring a hole in the bows of the ship, and so admitting the water, which was afterwards pumped out; and thus for the time a portion of the objectionable matter which had found its way into the bilge was got rid of; but, for the remainder of the cruise, we were condemned to endure the rich perfume of the *bouquet à la Isbjorn*.

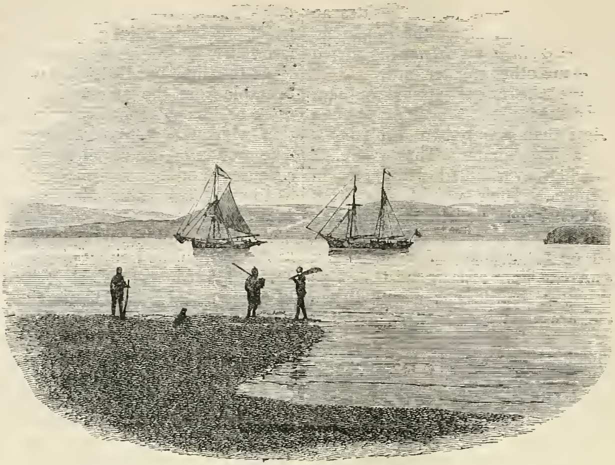
A falling barometer and the appearance of dirty weather drove us for shelter into South Solmenjew Bay on the 25th of August. On that night the sun set, wild and fiery, at half-past nine, the twilight following being just sufficient to enable us to distinguish the planet Jupiter, the first heavenly light, with the exception of the sun and moon, we had seen since leaving England.

At the head of the bay in which we had taken refuge was a large glacier entirely surrounding a range of hills; that is to say, the glacier had the appearance of being split in two by the hills, which seemed to spring up, as it were, from the very centre of the ice.

Accompanied by one of the harpooners, I landed with the view of making a closer examination of this glacier.

We first walked along the beach until within a short distance of its terminal face, the rugged edge of which rose perpendicularly out of the sea to a height of about thirty-five feet, when, crossing its lateral moraine, consisting of large heaps of squeezed up mud and stones pressed into all sorts of grotesque shapes, we ascended the side of the glacier, and, reaching the top, walked some two or three miles on it towards the interior.

For about a mile from the face of the glacier the surface presented an irregular and chaotic mass of ice, apparently tumbled



The Meeting of the *Willem Barents* and the *Isbjorn* in the Matyushin Shar.

about in the strangest and most wanton confusion. I can compare its appearance to nothing more appropriate than to that of a turbulent, boisterous sea instantaneously solidified by congelation. Deep crevasses, treacherously bridged over by snow, necessitated great caution on our parts as we walked along. Our guns were decidedly encumbrances, and I could not help wishing for the appearance of some kind fairy who would undertake to transform them into Alpenstocks.

As we advanced, the surface of the glacier assumed a more smooth and undulating character, when the walking became proportionately improved. In some places, however, the ice was so slippery that we found great difficulty, with our smooth nailed boots, in retaining a perpendicular position, and we found it much easier to make progress on "all fours," however undignified we might have appeared in that position.

I know nothing more deceptive to the eye than the appearance of the surface of a glacier. At a short distance it looks so smooth, and in some places so level, that travelling over it appears easy enough. But, on a closer approach, the beautiful level plains are found to be intersected by broad streams of water, which, by constant friction during their course to the sea, have so worn away the ice that their beds are, in reality, considerable chasms many feet in depth. Some of these cracks or fissures were not many feet in width, and these we easily jumped over, but the broader ones in some instances necessitated a long *détour*.

The murmuring of the running water, and the low moaning of the wind which somehow found its way to the bottom of these fissures, some eighty or hundred feet immediately underneath us, had a very weird effect, enhanced, on gazing down into the depths below, by seeing the beautiful icicles of all sizes that adorned the sides with an exquisite network fringe.

The 27th of August saw the little *Isbjorn* again under sail, and subjected to the buffetings of a strong wind and sea.

On the following day, with a fine fair wind, we ran past Berg Island, and on to the north end of the Pankratjew Islands, where, as agreed with the Dutch, we landed, erected a large cairn, and deposited a record detailing our movements. This cairn was surmounted by a cross, on which our vessel's name was inscribed.

On the same evening we passed the Barents Islands, and the next morning, being off Cape Nassau, encountered the severest gale of wind we had hitherto experienced. During the afternoon the wind increased considerably.

Being close in to the land the squalls that assailed us were more frequent and violent than we should have felt had we been farther at sea. Moreover, the wind was excessively keen and cutting as it swept down over the glaciers, which offered little or no impediment to its velocity.

For some time we endeavoured to reach a harbour in which shelter might be obtained, but so fast and furious came the squalls, cutting the surface of the water and lashing it into a perfect sheet of white foam, that all sail had to be reduced, and the little cutter lay helpless, sometimes almost on her beam ends, in the trough of the sea, until the fury of the gale had abated; when we were eventually enabled to reach the haven, to accomplish which the gale had for so long baffled our utmost exertions.

During our stay in this anchorage, however, it blew so violently from the south-west that for three days it was quite impossible to leave the ship. Such was the fury of the gale, accompanied by heavy snow, that we dared hardly venture on deck. Although anchored within two hundred yards of the shore, the land was scarcely ever visible, whilst everything on our upper deck was completely buried under the snow, great drifts being piled up under the lee of the bulwarks.

A lull in the weather enabled us to put to sea on the 5th of September, when a course was shaped northwards.

The scenery along the extreme north-west of Novaya Zemlya is very fine, and is rendered all the more so from the number of large glaciers along the coast.

On the morning of the 6th of September we rounded Ice Cape, and at noon, the same day, landed on one of the Orange Islands, and erected a cairn in which a letter was placed for the Dutch.

The Orange Islands consist of two and are situated off the northern extreme of the land. To us, therefore, belonged the honour of carrying the British flag for the first time to the northward of Novaya Zemlya.

On the 8th of September we sighted our Dutch friends in the *Willem Barents*, but it was blowing too hard to effect any communication. It was only after our return to Tromsö we heard the pleasing news that she had actually reached Franz Josef Land, on the evening prior to the day on which we saw her.

The weather being threatening, and knowing there was a good deal of ice to the northward of Novaya Zemlya, they deemed it prudent to return at once, so that they did not have an opportunity of landing and exploring that interesting country. It was, however, a great geographical achievement, bravely undertaken and gallantly executed.

On the same evening that we saw the Dutch, being in a comparatively high latitude (78° 8′), steering to the north with no ice in sight, we experienced a strong northerly gale, compelling us to lay-to for twenty-four hours, during which time we were blown and drifted a long way to the southward. This gale lasted nearly three days, which were to us three days of utter wretchedness. A gale of wind at any time, even in a large ship, is bad enough, but in a tiny 40-ton cutter, with the temperature below freezing point, a heavy sea running, and a most abominable smell pervading the whole vessel, it is abject misery. It is almost impossible to do anything. Walking, of course, is quite out of the question, and yet to remain on deck without moving about meant simply to get wet through in two or three minutes and then freeze. The only alternative is to remain below, with the risk of having one's head broken by the falling on it of some book, rifle, or other *trivial* weight.

A fair wind springing up on the 11th, enabled us to recover a little of our lost ground. On the next day we sighted ice in latitude 78°. Determined, if possible, to ascertain the extent and nature of the ice, we steered due north, threading our way through loose, but on some occasions broad streams. Having penetrated through this ice for five-and-twenty miles, and finding it gradually getting more closely packed, we had reluctantly to come to the conclusion that it would be unwise in our little sailing vessel, with only four weeks' provisions on board, to persevere any longer, more especially as thick weather had come on and we were enveloped in a thick fog. Having reached the latitude of 78° 24′, the ship's head, much to the relief of our crew, was turned to the southward, and the homeward journey commenced.

This virtually ended our "yachting cruise to Novaya Zemlya and seas adjacent." I did not bring my readers out with me from England, nor will I ask them to accompany me home; suffice it to say that, after a rather boisterous passage across the Barents Sea, we reached Tromsö on the 22nd of September, where we left our little craft and her hardened crew, and on the 6th of October we landed at Hull, after an absence of more than five months, with our rather heterogeneous natural history collections in good order.

Duty necessitated my departure from England a few weeks after my arrival; so, if I have not made my subject as interesting to my readers as it might have been, I must ask them to attribute it to the fact that it was written in the saloon of a passenger steamer under the sweltering rays of a tropical sun, and with about a dozen children disporting themselves in innocent infantine gambols around me.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

By R. H. HUTTON.

THE common figment that we have lost a great writer for the first time, when first there ceases to be any place on the earth where his living body can be found, is perhaps more obviously a figment in the case of Thomas Carlyle than in that of any author of this century. For many years back it had been tolerably certain that Carlyle would add nothing more to that body of unique imaginative work which constitutes his real contribution to the life of man, except whatever of reminiscences and correspondence might be forthcoming at his death. And we now know not only that this has added, and will add, much very rich material to our knowledge of him, but also that what it adds will be exactly of the kind most fitted to increase the due appreciation of his great genius, and temper the undiscriminating idolatry of his special adorers. An author is best known, known in the best manner, when the largest number of those who are accessible to his influence first realise most clearly what he was as a whole; and it is certain that a much larger number of people will recognise more clearly what Carlyle was as a whole, during the next ten years, than have ever realised it up to the present moment.

Carlyle seems to me to have had the temperament and the powers of a great artist, with what was in effect a single inspiration for his art, and that one which required so great a revolution in the use of his appropriate artistic materials, that the first impression he produced on ordinary minds was that of bewilderment and even confusion. This subject —almost his only subject—whether he wrote history or biography, or the sort of musings which contained his conceptions of life, was always the dim struggle of man's nature with the passions, doubts, and confusions by which it is surrounded, with special regard to the grip of the infinite spiritual cravings, whether good or evil, upon it. He was always trying to paint the light shining in darkness and the darkness comprehending it not, and therefore it was that he strove so hard to invent a new sort of style which should express not simply the amount of human knowledge, but also, so far as possible, the much vaster amount of human ignorance against which that knowledge sparkled in mere radiant points breaking the gloom. Every one knows what Carlylese means, and every apt literary man can manufacture a little tolerably good Carlylese at will. But very few of us reflect what it was in Carlyle which generated the style, and what the style, in spite of its artificiality, has done for us. Indeed I doubt if Carlyle himself knew. In these reminiscences he admits its flavour of affectation with a comment which seems to me to show less self-knowledge than usual. Of his friend Irving's early style, as an imitation of the Miltonic or old English Puritan style, he says,—"At this time, and for years afterwards, there was something of preconceived intention visible in it, in fact of real affectation, as there could not well help being. To his example also I suppose I owe something of my own poor affectations in that matter which are now more or less visible to me, much repented of, or not." I suspect of the two alternatives suggested in this amusing little bit of characteristic mystification, the "not" should be taken as the truth. Carlyle could not repent of his affectation, for it was in some sense of the very essence of his art. Some critics have attempted to account for the difference in style between his early reviews in the *Edinburgh* and his later productions by the corrections of Jeffrey. But Jeffrey did not correct Carlyle's Life of Schiller, and if any one who possesses the volume containing both the life of Schiller and the life of Sterling will compare the one with the other, he will see at once that, between the two, Carlyle had deliberately developed a new organon for his own characteristic genius, and that so far from losing, his genius gained enormously by the process. And I say this not without fully recognising that simplicity is after all the highest of all qualities of style, and that no one can pretend to find simplicity in Carlyle's mature style. But after all the purpose of style is to express thought, and if the central and pervading thought of all which you wish to express, and must express if you are to attain the real object of your life, is inconsistent with simplicity, let simplicity go to the wall, and let us have the real drift. And this seems to me to be exactly Carlyle's case. It would have been impossible to express adequately in such English as was the English of his Life of Schiller, the class of convictions which had most deeply engraved themselves on his own mind. That class of convictions was, to state it shortly, the result of his belief—a one-sided belief no doubt, but full of significance—that human language, and especially our glib cultivated use of it, had done as much or more to conceal from men how little they do know, and how ill they grasp even that which they partly know, as to define and preserve for them the little that they have actually puzzled-out of the riddle of life. In the very opening of the "Heroes and Hero Worship," Carlyle says:—

> "Hardened round us, encasing wholly every notion we form, is a wrappage of traditions, hearsays, mere *words*. We call that fire of the black thunder-cloud 'electricity,' and lecture learnedly about it, and grind the like of it out of glass and silk. But what is it? What made it? Whence comes it? Whither goes it? Science has done much for us, but it is a poor science that would hide from us that great deep sacred infinitude of Nescience whither we can never penetrate, on which all science swims as a mere superficial film. This world, after all our science and sciences, is still a miracle; wonderful, inscrutable, *magical*, and more, to whosoever will think of it."

That passage reminds one of the best of the many amusing travesties of Mr. Carlyle's style, a travestie which may be found in Marmaduke Savage's "Falcon Family," where one of the "Young Ireland" party praises another for having "a deep no-meaning in the great fiery heart of him." But in Mr. Carlyle's mind this conviction of the immeasurable ignorance (or "nescience," as he preferred to call it in antithesis to science), which underlies all our knowledge, was not in the least a "deep no-meaning" but a constant conviction, which it took a great genius like his to interpret to all who were capable of learning from him. I can speak for myself at least, that to me it has been the great use of Carlyle's peculiar *chiaro-oscuro* style, so to turn language inside out, as it were, for us, that we realise its inadequacy, and its tendency to blind and mislead us, as we could never have realised it by any limpid style at all. To expose the pretensions of human speech, to show us that it seems much clearer than it is, to warn us habitually that "it swims as a mere superficial film" on a wide unplumbed sea of undiscovered reality, is a function hardly to be discharged at all by plain and limpid speech. Genuine Carlylese — which, of course, in its turn is in great danger of becoming a deceptive mask, and often does become so in Carlyle's own writings, so that you begin to think that all careful observation, sound reasoning, and precise thinking is useless, and that a true man would keep his intellect foaming and gasping, as it were, in one eternal epileptic fit of wonder—is intended to keep constantly before us the relative proportions between the immensity on every subject which we fail to apprehend, and the few well-defined focal spots of light that we can clearly discern and take in. Nothing is so well adapted as Carlyle's style to teach one that the truest language on the deepest subjects is thrown out, as it were, with more or less happy effect, at great realities far above our analysis or grasp, and not a triumphant formula which contains the whole secret of our existence.

Let me contrast a passage concerning Schiller in the "Life of Schiller," and one concerning Coleridge in the "Life of Sterling," relating to very nearly the same subject, the one in ordinary English, the other in developed Carlylese, and no one, I think, will doubt which of the two expresses the central thought with the more power. "Schiller," says Carlyle,—

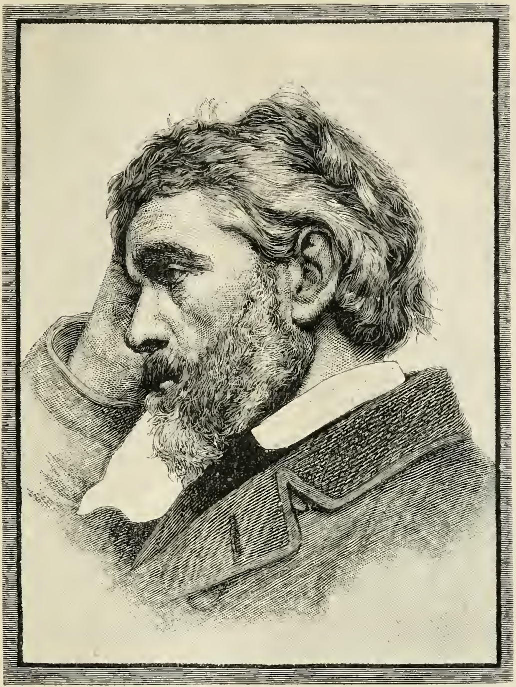
> "Does not distort his character or genius into shapes which he thinks more becoming than their natural one; he does not bring out principles which are not his, or harbour beloved persuasions which he half or wholly knows to be false. He did not often speak of wholesome prejudices; he did not 'embrace the Roman Catholic religion because it was the grandest and most comfortable.' Truth with Schiller, or what seemed such, was an indispensable requisite; if he but suspected an opinion to be false, however dear it may have been, he seems to have examined it with rigid scrutiny, and, if he found it guilty, to have plucked it out and resolutely cast it forth. The sacrifice might cause him pain, permanent pain; but danger, he imagined, it could hardly cause him. It is irksome and dangerous to tread in the dark; but better so than with an *ignis-fatuus* to guide us. Considering the warmth of his sensibilities, Schiller's merit on this point is greater than it at first might appear."

And now let me take the opposite judgment passed upon Coleridge in the "Life of Sterling:"—

> "The truth is, I now see, Coleridge's talk and speculation was the emblem of himself: in it, as in him, a ray

> of heavenly inspiration struggled, in a tragically ineffectual degree, with the weakness of flesh and blood. He says once 'he had skirted the howling deserts of Infidelity;' this was evident enough; but he had not had the courage, in defiance of pain and terror, to press resolutely across said deserts to the new firm lands of faith beyond; he preferred to create logical fatamorganas for himself on the hither side, and, laboriously solace himself with these. To the man himself Nature had given, in high measure, the seeds of a noble endowment; and to unfold it had been forbidden him. A subtle lynx-eyed intellect, tremulous, pious sensibility to all good and all beautiful; truly a ray of empyrean light; but embedded in such weak laxity of character, in such indolences and esuriences, as had made strange work with it. Once more the tragic story of a high endowment with an insufficient will. An eye to discern the divineness of the heaven's splendours and lightnings, the insatiable wish to revel in their god-like radiances and brilliancies; but no heart to front the seething terrors of them, which is the first condition of your conquering an abiding place there. The courage necessary for him above all things had been denied this man. His life with such ray of the empyrean in it had been great and terrible to him; and he had not valiantly grappled with it; he had fled from it; sought refuge in vague day-dreams, hollow compromises, in opium, in theosophic metaphysics. Harsh pain, danger, necessity, slavish harnessed toil, were of all things abhorrent to him. And so the empyrean element lying smothered under the terrene, and yet inextinguishable there, made sad writhings. . . . For the old Eternal Powers do live for ever, nor do their laws see any change, however we, or our poor Wigs and Church tippets may attempt to read their laws. To *steal* into Heaven,—by the modern method of sticking, ostrich-like, your head into fallacies on earth, equally as by the ancient and by all conceivable methods,—is for ever forbidden. High treason is the name of that attempt, and it continues to be punished as such. Strange enough! here once more was a kind of heaven-scaling Ixion; and to him, as to the old one, the just gods were very stern; the ever-revolving, never-advancing wheel (of a kind) was his through life; and from his cloud Juno did not he too procreate strange Centaurs, spectral Puseyisms, monstrous illusory hybrids, and ecclesiastical chimæras,—which now roam the earth in a very lamentable manner?"

I think Carlyle was driving by implication at something which seems to me quite false in the latter passage, and possibly even in the former also. But no one can doubt, I think, which of these two styles conveys the more vividly the idea common to both—that it is very easy and very fatal to deceive ourselves into thinking or believing what we only wish to believe, and that a mind which cannot distinguish firmly between the two, loses all sense of the distinction between words and things. And how much more powerfully is the thought expressed in the strange idiom of the later style. The fundamental difference between the two styles is that while the former aims, like most good styles, at what Carlyle wants to say expressly, the later is, in addition, lavish of suggestions which come in aid of his express meaning, by bringing out in the background the general chaos of vague indeterminate agencies which bewilder the believing nature, and render a definite creed difficult. Take the very characteristic Carlylese phrase "in a tragically ineffectual degree," and note the result of grafting the stronger thought of tragedy on the weaker one of ineffectuality,—how it dashes in a dark background to the spectacle of human helplessness, and suggests, what Carlyle wanted to suggest, how the powers above are dooming to disappointment the man who fortifies himself in any self-willed pet theory of his own. So, too, the expressions "logical fatamorganas," "tremulous, pious sensibility," "a ray of empyrean embedded in such weak laxity of character," "spectral Puseyisms," "monstrous illusory hybrids," "ecclesiastical chimæras,"—all produce their intended *daunting* effect on the imagination, suggesting how much vagueness, darkness, and ignorance Carlyle apprehended behind these attempted philosophical "views" of the great *à priori* thinker. Observe, too, the constant use of the plurals—"indolences and esuriences," "god-like radiances and brilliancies," which just suggest to the mind in how very many different forms the same qualities may be manifested. And finally observe the discouraging effect of the touch which contrasts the conventionality of caste-costume, "our poor Wigs and Church tippets," with the "Eternal Powers that live for ever"—a touch that says to us in effect, "Your conventions mystify you, take you in, make you believe in an authority which the Eternal Powers never gave." And all this is conveyed in such little space, by the mere suggestion of contrasts. The secret of Carlyle's style is a great crowding-in of contrasted ideas and colours,—indeed, such a crowding in, that for any purpose but his, it would be wholly false art. But his purpose being to impress upon us with all the force that was in him, that the universe presents to us only a few focal points of light which may be clearly discerned against vast and almost illimitable tracts of mystery,—that human language and custom mislead us miserably as to what these points of light are,—and that much of the light, all indeed which he himself does not recognise, comes from putrefying and phosphorescent *ignes fatui*, which will only betray us to our doom,—the later style is infinitely more effective than the first. He does contrive to paint the incapacity of the mind to grasp truth, its wonderful capacity to miss it, the enormous chances against hitting the mark precisely in the higher regions of belief, with a won-



[From a photograph by Messrs. Elliott and Fry.]

derful effect which his earlier style gave little promise of. It seems to me a style invented for the purpose of convincing those whom it charmed, that moral truth can only be discerned by a sort of brilliant imaginative tact and audacity in discriminating the various stars sprinkled in a dark vault of mystery, and then walking boldly by the doubtful light they give;—that very much cannot be believed except by self-deceivers or fools;—but that wonder is of the essence of all right-mindedness;—that the enigmatic character of life is good for us, so long as we are stern and almost hard in acting upon the little truth we can know;—but that any sort of clear solution of the enigma must be false,—and that any attempt to mitigate the sternness of life must be ascribed to radical weakness and the smooth self-delusions to which the weak are liable.

In speaking of his style, I have already suggested by implication a good deal of the drift of Carlyle's faith. What he loves to delineate is the man who can discern and grope his way honestly by a little light struggling through a world of darkness—the man whose gloom is deep, but whose lucidity of vision, so far as it goes, is keen—the man who is half hypochondriac, half devotee, but wholly indomitable, like Mahomet, Cromwell, Johnson. Thus he says of Cromwell:—

> "And withal this hypochondria, what was it but the very greatness of the man, the depth and tenderness of his ideal affections; the quantity of *sympathy* he had with things? The quantity of insight he could yet get into the heart of things; the mastery he could get over things; this was his hypochondria. The man's misery, as men's misery always does, came of his greatness. Samuel Johnson is that kind of man. Sorrow-stricken, half-distracted, the wide element of mournful *black* enveloping him—wide as the world. It is the character of a prophetic man; a man with his whole soul *seeing* and struggling to see."

In his life of "Frederick the Great," writing on Voltaire, Carlyle describes the same sort of character as the ideal Teutonic character, a type which recommended itself to Voltaire because it was the reverse of his own.

> "A rugged, surly kind of fellow, much-enduring, not intrinsically bad; splenetic without complaint; standing oddly inexpugnable in that natural stoicism of his; taciturn, yet with strange flashes of speech in him now and then—something which goes beyond laughter and articulate logic, and is the taciturn elixir of these two—what they call 'humour' in their dialect."

Every hero he had was great in proportion as he displayed at once this profound impression of the darkness and difficulty of life, and this vehement dictatorial mode of acting on the glimpses or visions he had by way of showing valour in defiance of the darkness. Carlyle's characteristic delight in Odin and the Scandinavian mythology is a mere reflection of this strong appreciation of the religion of the volcano, the thunder-cloud, and the lightning-flash, mingled with a certain grim enjoyment of the spectacle of the inadequacy of human struggle. If Carlyle loved also to describe keen, clear wits like Jeffrey and Voltaire—if he revelled, too, in the picture of thin, acrid natures like Robespierre's, it was as foils to his favourite portraits of grim, vehement, dictatorial earnestness. As his style is *chiaro-oscuro*, so his favourite figures and characters are *chiaro-oscuro* also. Carlyle did not love too much light;—did not believe in it even as the gift of God. Mankind to him were "mostly fools." To make the best of a bad business was the highest achievement of the best men. He had a great belief in the sternness of purpose behind creation, but little belief in the love there. In his reminiscences he describes the attitude of Irving's schoolmaster, "old Adam Hope," towards his average scholars as being summed up thus:—"Nothing good to be expected from you, or from those you come of, ye little whelps, but we must get from you the best you have, and not complain of anything." And so far as I understand his religion, that is very much how Carlyle represents to himself the attitude of the Eternal mind towards us all. He tells us candidly in his account of Irving, that he had confessed to Irving that he did not think as Irving did of the Christian religion, and that it was vain for him to expect he ever should or could. And, indeed, no one who knows Carlyle's writings needed the avowal. Carlyle had a real belief in the Everlasting mind behind nature and history; but he had not only no belief in anything like a true revelation, he had, I think, almost a positive repulsion, if not scorn, for the idea, as if an undue and "rose-water" attempt to alleviate the burden of the universe by self-deception, were involved in it. When, for instance, his coarse favourite, Friedrich Wilhelm, dies—the king, I mean, who assaulted his own daughter in his rage, struck her violently, and would have kicked her—Carlyle delights to tell you that he slept "with the primeval sons of Thor," and to comment on his death thus: "No Beresark of them, nor Odin's self, was a bit of truer human stuff; I confess his value to me in these sad times is rare and great. Considering the usual Histrionic Papin's Digester, Truculent Charlatan, and other species of kings, alone obtainable for the sunk flunkey populations of an era given up to Mammon and the worship of its own belly, what would not such a population give for a Friedrich Wilhelm, to guide it on the road *back* from Orcus a little? 'Would give,' I have written; but alas, it ought to have been '*should* give.' What *they* 'would' give is too mournfully plain to me, in spite of ballot-boxes, a steady and tremendous truth, from the days of Barabbas downwards and upwards." If this be not meant as a hint that, for Carlyle, such a hero as Friedrich Wilhelm was rather the king to be desired than He for whom Barabbas was really substituted—and this, perhaps, is an overstrained interpretation — it certainly does suggest that Carlyle's mind habitually adhered by preference to the Scandinavian type of violent smoke-and-flame hero, even at those times when the lessons of his childhood carried him back to the divine figure of the crucified Christ.

I do not think that any portion of Carlyle's works contains clear traces of the sort of grounds on which he came to reject the Christian revelation. Probably his correspondence when it appears may clear up this point. But I should judge that at the root of it was a certain contempt for the raw material of human nature, as inconsistent with the Christian view, and an especial contempt for the particular effect produced upon that raw material by what he understood to be the most common result of conversion. Dyspepsia may have had something to do with his preference for a decidedly dyspeptic type of religion—dyspepsia itself, and the imaginative mould into which dyspepsia cast his vivid thoughts. Certainly he always represents the higher fortitude as a sort of "obstinacy," rather than as a pious submission to the Divine will, and conceives the matter as if God were trying what stuff we are of by first setting us tasks, and then besetting us with difficulties in performing them. Thus, speaking of his own dyspepsia in these "Reminiscences," he does not in the least mince his language about it, though it would seem that at bottom he does regard it as something which it tasks his "faith" to bear.

> "The accursed hag, Dyspepsia, had got me bitted and bridled, and was ever striving to make my waking living day a thing of ghastly nightmares. I resisted what I could; never did yield or surrender to her; but she kept my heart right heavy, my battle being sore and hopeless. One could not call it hope, but only desperate obstinacy, refusing to flinch, that animated me. 'Obstinacy as *of ten mules*' I have sometimes called it since; but, in candid truth, there was something worthily human in it, too; and I have had, through life, among my manifold unspeakable blessings, no other real bower-anchor to ride by in the rough seas. Human 'obstinacy' grounded in real faith and insight, is good, and the best."

Of the existence of something hard,—something of the genuine task-master—in the mind of the Creator, something requiring obstinacy, and not mere submission, to satisfy its requirements, Carlyle had a deep conviction. I think his view of Christianity —reverently as he always or almost always spoke of the person of Christ—was as of a religion that had something too much of love in it, something slightly mawkish, and that if he could but have believed the old Calvinism, its inexorable decrees would in many respects have seemed to him more like the ground-system of creation than the gospel either of Chalmers or of Irving. His love of despots who had any ray of honesty or insight in them, his profound belief that mankind should try and get such despots to order their doings for them, his strange hankerings after the institution of slavery as the only reasonable way in which the lower races of men might serve their apprenticeship to the higher races —all seems to me a sort of reflection of the Calvinistic doctrine that life is a subordination to a hard taskmaster, directly or by deputy, and that so far from grumbling over its severities, we must just grimly set to work and be thankful it is not worse than it is. "Fancy thou deservest to be hanged (as is most likely)," he says in "Sartor Resartus," "thou wilt feel it happiness to be only shot; fancy thou deservest to be hanged in a hair halter, it will be a luxury to die in hemp." That seems to me to represent Carlyle's real conviction. He could not believe that God does, as a matter of fact, care very much for the likes of us; or even is bound to care. His imagination failed to realise the need or reality of Divine love. "Upwards of five hundred thousand two-legged animals without feathers lie around us, in horizontal position, their heads all in nightcaps, and full of the foolishest dreams," he wrote, in describing a city at midnight. And you could easily see that his whole view of life was accommodated to that conception. And the Creator, in Carlyle's view, takes I think very much the same account of these "two-legged animals with heads full of the foolishest dreams," as Adam Hope did of his stupid scholars; not much is to be expected of us or got out of us, but God will get out of us the best he can, and "not complain of anything." Even the best of our race show that they are the best by estimating their own deserts at the very lowest, by saying "we are unprofitable servants." As for the common sort they deserve not so much Divine love and salvation, as to be driven out of "the dog-hutch" of their own self-love into the pitiless storm. Such seems to me to be the general drift of Carlyle's religion. He has had his incredulity as to the Christian miracles, historical evidence, and the rest; but his chief doubt has been as to the stuff of which mankind is made—on which his verdict seems to me to be this—"not of the kind worth saving or to be saved, after Christ's fashion, at all, but to be bettered, if at all, after some other and much ruder fashion, the 'beneficent whip' being, perhaps, the chief instrumentality."

Carlyle has exerted, I think, a very potent influence on the political history of our day, —more, however, through the power of his imaginative picture of the turbulent fermentations and molten fury of popular democracy, than by his attempt to persuade the peoples to give up "palavers," "ballottings," &c., and to let wise men guide them and rule them. Such books as his "Chartism," "Past and Present," "Latter Day Pamphlets," in spite of all their humour and all their various truth of insight, —which was not small—did little if anything to influence the popular mind. And as to his apologies for slavery, and his vehement attacks on "Black Quashee," they were so utterly inconsistent with the drift of the known facts of the case, and contained practical advice so malign in its tendency, not only to the slaves but to the slave-owners, that I think they altogether failed, in this country at least, of political effect. But his wonderful and unique picture of a democracy stirred to its depths, in "The French Revolution," produced a profound impression of warning, and partly even of terror, on those who could understand it; and through them the impression spread to many, so that the dangers of democracy have been more fully appreciated ever since, and will be the better understood for all time to come in consequence of Carlyle's marvellous picture. On those who, like myself, read it in their youth, no book probably ever produced so vivid and startling an impression. One reads in the "Reminiscences" how deeply Carlyle himself was excited by the composition of it, nay one sees how exactly he found in it the concentration of his general view of human life—the alloy only left out. "The thorough possession it had taken of me," he says, "dwelling in me day and night, keeping me in constant fellowship with such a 'flamy cut-throat scene of things,' infernal and celestial, both in one, with no fixed prospect but that of writing it, though I should die, had held me in a fever blaze for three years long; and now the blaze had ceased, problem *taliter qualiter* was actually done, and my humour and way of thought about all things was of an altogether ghastly, dim-smouldering, and as if preternatural sort." The book itself corresponds with this description of Carlyle's mood in writing it. The mawkish sentimentalisms of the earlier stage of the French Revolution,—the fierce and bloody passions of its later stage,—the miseries of the famished French people—the conventionalities of the effete aristocracy—the unreal platitudes of political philosophers—the deep envies and mutual suspicions of the different candidates for popular confidence, are painted in that book with such wonderfully living force as render it to me no little marvel that almost all the leading events in it were well over before Thomas Carlyle was born. That any statesman who has read that book should ever be able to rid himself of the feeling that popular passion is a sort of volcano on the slopes of which we all live, and which may some day break up even the crust of English phlegm by a shock of earthquake, seems to me impossible. No doubt Carlyle never makes sufficient account of the hard baked clay of the Teutonic races, and sifts away not a little of the slow customary dulness, even of Celtic or Franko-Celtic peasant life. He puts too much of his own fire into the interpretation of even these lurid phenomena. Still the picture is, in its essence, as true as it is imposing and appalling; and, doubtless, it has had as much effect in preaching the inevitable advance of democracy, and teaching that it is as righteous as it is inevitable that the future should be moulded so as to secure the good of the multitude rather than so as to secure the uplifting of a select few on the shoulders of the multitude, as it has had in pointing out the difficulties which stand in the way of the self-government of the ignorant by the ignorant, and in disheartening triumphant makers of paper constitutions. "The French Revolution" is, perhaps, the book of the century—a book which could hardly have been written except by a man in a fever—a fever such as the advance of democracy would naturally produce in a mind at once full of popular sympathies, and of the deepest scorn for popular ignorance and superstition.

In origin a peasant, who originated a new sort of culture and created a most artificial style full at once of affectation and of genuine power; in faith a mystic, who rejected Christianity while clinging ardently to the symbolic style of Christian teaching; in politics a pioneer of democracy, who wanted to persuade the people to trust themselves to the almost despotic guidance of Lord-protectors whom he could not tell them how to find; in literature a rugged sort of poet, who could not endure the chains of rhythm, and even jeered at rhyme,—Carlyle certainly stands out a paradoxical sort of figure, solitary, proud, defiant, vivid. The "Reminiscences" will do, I think, at least as much to immortalise his faults as to show the penetrating brilliance of his keen literary glance; at least as much to diminish the fascination of his spiritual example as to increase the fascination of his genius. But after all, no literary man in the nineteenth century is likely to stand out more distinct, both for flaws and genius, to the centuries which will follow.

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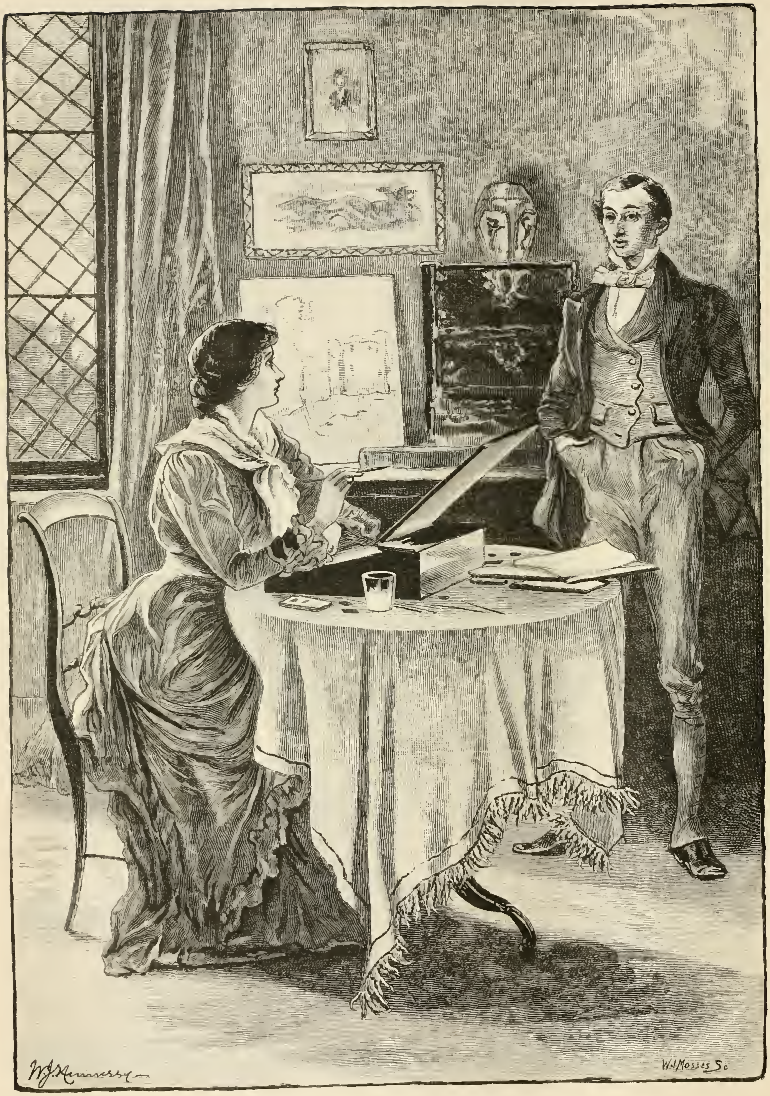

W.J.Hennessy
W.J.Mosses Sc

" Nothing ever comes of your adorations."

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CHRISTOWELL.

A Dartmoor Tale.

By R. D. BLACKMORE, Author of "Lorna Doone," etc.

CHAP. XVII.—ON THE BRINK, AND OVER IT.

IGNORANT of all plots against him, and even of any occasion for them, Captain Larks was proceeding steadily with the garden-labours of the year. For May is a month of urgent call, and claim, from every rooted being, whether from under the blurred and mottled sky, which man spreads over them, or from beneath the clearer blue of nature's glazing only. This is the time for man to rise right early, to breathe crisp air, and tread fresh earth, and do keen work, that shall brighten up his heart, with beauty, and with goodly relish, in the time of resting.

Shall we be content to maunder, and to let the right hand flag, among the many works that claim it, for no better reason than some petty flout within ourselves? Somebody has run down our work; some boy has thrown a stone, and sped away rejoicing; some jealous brother of the spade declares that we are but a tinkling cymbal; worst of all, some foe has darkly re-assessed us, when we paid three times too much already—yet all these woes, though a single day inflict them, shall not stay the true hand one half-hour.

"I find it like this," said Captain Larks, as he set his heel firmly on a leather-coated grub, "that if I begin to think, think I may, and be nowhere at all, but only grow 'weist,' as they call it about here, instead of growing wise. But if I begin to work, there I am; something to show, and something to grow; and a thankful heart and a peaceful spirit. Now for the last, and the maddest of my crazes, according to some of the wiseacres; though in bare fact a great success already."

Has there ever been a craze that was not a great success, in the opinion of the crazy one? Not that the Captain deserved to be so called, by reason of his present crotchet; for verily there was good sense in it, as well as small risk, and much beautiful amusement. What he wanted to establish was an English vineyard; the which used to flourish many centuries ago, and is to be heard of, every now and then, as flourishing here and there, down to the present time, with taste, skill, and money, and good luck, to help it.

Bacchus loves the hills, as the ancient writers tell us; and yet he detests rough mountain winds. Let a bay be found for him, with crag enough to shelter, and sun enough to warm his graceful curls, and soil enough to feed his juicy growth, then let human skill nurse him daily, and in a fine season there may be some grapes. Here, beneath the rough crest of the moor, the home and shelter had been found, the nurture of light shelf-land, and reflected warmth of sun, whenever he came out. However there had been no grapes as yet; but nothing could be simpler than the reason—they were not going to begin too soon. "Everybody knows," said Mr. Arthur, "what is the consequence of allowing the vine to fruit prematurely. Eager young people, like my daughter Rose, may long to see a dozen bunches upon every vine, before the stem is thicker than a knitting needle. But that is not my system, sir."

The third season's growth was now beginning, and the sight was very pretty to a gardening mind. For a nook of cliff, perpendicular above, and shelfing at the bottom, had been well fenced off, so as to help the native curtain of the rock in fending the summer gale, and also to shut out wandering pigs, and gormandising cows, and the graceless sheep, without even a horn to drag him to the altar by. And now, in the shelter of their sloping nest, more than three hundred maiden vines were peeping at the prospect of the sky. Whether should they come out of bud, throw forth another joint of growth, with a heel of leaf to stand upon, and a comb (like the fringes of a moth) to go on with; or whether should they abide a wee bit longer, within the golden eider of their mantles, and thus reserved give the sun to understand, that his meaning was kind and cordially welcome, but not yet established against white frost. Some did the one thing, and some did the other, according to the impetuosity of sap.

What a pleasure it is to see a man look happy! Partly no doubt, because that pleasure is so scarce. But now Captain Larks, with his leathern apron on, and leather behind him for to sit upon, and a great many pockets full of everything he wanted, sat down among his vines, and did look happy. For these came along the ground, not ramping upward, neither flabbing downward with a dissolute redundancy; but curt, and vigorous, and robust, with every joint as ripe as a boiled ox-tail. Like the fingers of a star, they were spread above the earth, led horizontally to catch ground heat, at a height of about nine inches; and a man might sit upon the ground among them, and lift his head, as in an orchestra of fiddling, and thank the Lord who made him for the better music here.

"Father, I tell you, once more, that you are too bad, when you get into this dreadful corner," young Rose almost shouted out, so jealous was she of this little vineyard, in which she was not allowed to work as yet, because she did not understand it; "and I assure you, without exaggeration, that I must have been half an hour looking for you; and here you are, just as if nobody ever had serious business to attend to!"

"Well, let us have the serious business. I see a great deal too serious here." The Captain had found five snails stuck together, looking into one another's windows, as they will.

"I intend to come up, though I daresay you don't want me," cried Rose, as she gathered in her skirts, and stepped lightly; "there now, I have not even frightened a bud. You will have to call me in to help you soon, jealous as you are, dear father. Now my news is, that a gentleman is come; who wants leave to fish in our little stream, so please you."

"I can't attend to him now, and I can't have him flogging away through my pear-trees. Don't you see, that I have got nearly thirty bushels of old tan, to spread along the ground, before these vines are one day older? And all to do myself—every bit of it myself. I can't have clumsy fingers here. Tell him to go, and fish some other river."

"That would be a nice thing for me to say, papa, to a gentleman who caught me up, when the horse knocked me down so, at Moreton."

"Rose, sometimes you are quite as provoking as a full-grown married woman. Was I to know by instinct who this man is? If he has been kind to you, he may fish for ever. Tell him so with my compliments, and say that when he has done, I shall hope to see and thank him. But fishermen never want to be disturbed."

"Perhaps they are like gardeners then, in that respect. This gentleman's name is Washton, I believe; and he wants some trout for a sick lady. If it were not for that, he never would have taken the liberty of asking leave."

"Fishermen always want fish for sick ladies. And they mainly take the liberty of not asking leave. However let him fish, to his heart's content, if he doesn't hook my pear-trees. I daresay he doesn't know a trout from a Forelle."

"If he gets a good catch, you shall have a dish for supper. I shall watch him in the distance; I love to watch a fisherman, his looks are solid wisdom."

"Short is the only man who can make head or tail of the fish in this water; but let Mr. Washton try his hand, my darling. A very sick lady could eat more than he will catch to-day."

"He looks as if he could fish well;" said Rose, hastening with bright cheeks and brilliant eyes—for she still was a child when excited—to authorise, and behold the sport, if any.

"Don't rob him of his fish, you greedy little creature," her father shouted after her down the vineyard hollow; "let the sick lady have every one he catches."

Rose kissed her hand to show that she would be obedient, and then at a very nimble pace set off, with her slender form glancing in and out of tender foliage, towards the bottom of the meadow sacred to the good cow 'Mopsy.'

For here it was, that she had been at work, and singing pleasantly, weaving a disc of primrose-buds with purple shade of violets, when a fishing-rod came through the hedge, and a hat full of amazement after it. "You have made a mistake," said Rose, looking as calmly as Mopsy at him, "this is my father's property. We are very particular about our fences."

The ingenuous youth betrayed much confusion, or at any rate tried to do so; and tried very cleverly, with the stern truth against him—that he knew all these things, and now was here, in virtue of that knowledge.

"How stupid I am! I beg a thousand pardons;" he answered with profound humility; "but I thought these moorland streams were free. But I see that there is a most lovely place here—a gentleman's private residence. Forgive me; I was thinking of a lady who is ill; and I wanted a few trout so sadly."

"Don't go away, you shall have them," said Rose; "if I can find my father, and if you can catch them."

With admirable patience he had waited, gazing into the desired land, and envying the Christow at leisure straying through it, the cow that could come up and breathe on Rose's shoulder, and even the grass that such a blessed cow made milk of. For verily this young man was stricken with a sad and lifelong blow, at the moment that he took Rose Arthur into his arms, in the street of Moreton. No mere flash of fancy, or dazzle of sight, or sparkle of admiration, but a deep and great power of a loftier existence than his own, and a rapture of ennoblement. For a week he had seemed to be walking in a dream, and his tongue had turned white, though he used it very sparingly. There was no cure for him, but a hair of the dog—but out upon such low metaphors!

Now as he sat upon the bank, outside of his Paradise, pretending to be busy with his fly-book, he espied through a neat little peephole of twigs the maiden of his heart coming back to him. And being at such a respectful distance, he was not afraid to watch her, which the bashfulness of love prevented him from doing at close quarters. Surely there never was till now a form so graceful, a walk of such sweetly flowing elegance, a poise of the head so delicate and maidenly—ah now she was coming, and he could not look! He would wait for the heavenly music of her voice.

"Plaise Sir, be 'e the young man, as wor axing lave vor to vish in this here watter?" The capricious Rose had stopped at home, and sent Moggy to represent her. Jack Westcombe was so vexed that he scarcely cared to answer, but jumped up and stared at Moggy, with cheeks even redder than her own.

"'Cos if 'e be," said Moggy, "Cappen zeth 'e be kindly welcome. And a' will come and look arter 'e, for fraid of 'e kitching of our vroot plantesses."

This little addition was of Moggy's own invention; for she said to herself—"Where be the young chap's manners? A standeth like a stuck pig, as if I wor a Bartlemy!" Then off she walked, with a sharp toss of her head, and a strong impress of heels upon the soft grass of the meadow. She considered herself a pretty girl, and she liked other people to agree with her.

Westcombe's mind was as reasonable perhaps as any mind can hope to be, at the age of three and twenty; and he might have been sure that no gentleman would have sent him that rude message. At first however, he turned round in dudgeon, and began to take the fly-collar off his fishing-line; and if there had not been a hitch about this, his life might have hung upon a very different loop. But when a man is in a hurry, and for certain if his hurry be knotted with wrath, every little thing that can converge to a confluence of tangles, turns its whole vitality to that centumplication, with a twist that proves the countless multiplicity of the devil.

Now many young fellows would have gnashed their teeth, pulled out a seven-bladed knife, and slashed away. But Jack was gifted with a turn of obstinacy equal to any ingenuity of gut, and instead of growing pettish, he became more calm, while he worked with his fingers expediently. Presently, this patience and consideration spread from his fingers to his mind, through that sympathy between them, which compels the mind to clench the fingers, when it becomes indignant. And thus he began to see the folly, and the littleness of taking offence, where none is offered.

"The Captain is fond of his little joke, perhaps," he said to himself, taking up his rod again; "and probably he agrees with Dr. Johnson, in the greatest mistake of that great bear. Never mind, I shall go on, and take my chance. Possibly I may see somebody again; or at any rate, I may think of her."

It happened to be both the hour and the day, when fish with one accord begin to feed. The eldest, truest, and deepest chip of the ancient block of Zebedee (who is pretty sure, even in these tumble-down times, to be of Apostolical succession) however shrewd his study of the loaves and fishes, cannot predict when the fish will want their loaf, but is ready to present them with the hook, upon demand. The water is the same, and the weather has not changed; to the keenest human eye and sense, there is no sign of difference; yet certain it is, that for hours together no trout will even look at the very finest fare; and then all of a sudden, as if the dinner-bell rang, off scampers every trout to his private napkin-ring, wags his tail, and fans his fins, and goes up and down, like a Corporation before grace is said.

Westcombe was not at all a mighty dab at angling. That noble absorption of all conscious existence upon the behaviour of a small cock's hackle, that absolute devotion of entire brain, and heart, to the humours of a slippery speckle beginning to outgrow a tadpole, those high and wondrous powers of nature, which turn a man into a fisherman, had not been vouchsafed to this young fellow. However he could throw a fly very neatly, and pull out a fish when the hook stuck in him; and elated with unusual success, he worked away, to surpass all previous record. And at least a score of trout were considering with gasps the texture of a Plymouth basket, by the time that he came to the Captain's drawbridge, and doubted about going higher up the stream. For here were flower-beds, and pretty walks of gravel, and pet places looked upon by the cottage-windows.

Fearing to trespass upon favour, he turned at this point, and began considering. Beyond doubt, a dish of fish was due to the good owner, together with the decency of thanks for his permission. And yet it would be an awkward thing, to march up to the door, knock, and introduce himself, and seem to want to disturb the Captain in his well-known retirement. So he thought that he would fish for half an hour down the stream, and find perhaps some workman, or some messenger to send. He forgot that the weather which makes trout feed (unaccountably as aforesaid) has a thoroughly national and rational effect upon the British workman, despatching him, without delay, to the happy realms of slumber. The only failure of accord between them, was that Sam Slowbury felt the weather more promptly than the trout, and had his mouth wide open for the flies, five minutes before theirs were ready. At a corner of the brook, about an hour ago, the fisherman either heard or seemed to hear a very loud sound in the distance of the land, regular, and to some extent harmonious, which he took for the roaring of a bull upon the moor.

"At it again! It is really too bad," suddenly Jack Westcombe heard a lively voice pronouncing; "an hour and a half is his allowance after dinner; and now he must have been four hours at it, solidly; not to mention all his little dozes on his shovel. Rose, if you insist upon my keeping such a fellow, I shall call upon you to pay his wages."

"But think of all the very small Slowburies, papa. And if he is not very quick, remember, how thoroughly good-natured, and quiet he is."

"Quiet indeed? Do you call that quiet? I call it the very loudest snore I ever heard. And here is the gentleman fishing. I was coming to look for you, and thank you, Mr. Washton, for your kindness to my dear child the other day. Don't think me ungrateful for having been so long. I expected to have seen you further up long since, and being very busy, I forgot how time goes by. You might have filled your basket up the brook by this time. I heard the trout leaping there continually."

"Oh, thank you, I have done quite as well as I could wish. I fear that you will think me very greedy, when you see them. I am sure, I am very much obliged to you, sir. May I go to your door, and leave a few with the servant? I have had famous sport, much more than enough for my dear mother, and all of us."

With these words Jack Westcombe leaped up the bank as gracefully as stiff legs could do it—for the sake of Rose—and with a brave bow, but a very timid glance at her, spread the contents of his basket at her feet. There was not a fish of more than half a pound among them; but still they made a handsome show, by reason of their number.

"Many of the poor things are alive," cried Rose; "surely you don't let them die so slowly? I suppose it is their nature to be caught; but still——"

"Nine fishermen out of ten do it," said the Captain; for he saw that his visitor was troubled and surprised; "but a touch in the right place saves them pain; and what is more important from the human point of view, they are crisper in the pan from the happy dispatch. But they are a pretty lot. You must be a skilful angler. Our trout are very hard to catch, I know. A friend of mine says that they are like the ladies. Sometimes they won't look at you; and then again—but never mind. He is an ancient bachelor."

Westcombe stole a clever glance at Miss Arthur, to ask what her opinion was upon this question; but being a diffident young maiden she looked down, and began to count the trout sedately. Just at the moment, when she was doing this, opening and closing her rosy lips, like a school-girl doing arithmetic, and jogging one finger at every little fish, the westerly sun gliding out from a cloud, glanced over the dance of the water, and through a tissue of young leaves, upon her. The sweetness and innocence of her face were lit up, like an opening rose; every delicate line, and soft clear colour of the perfect oval was enlivened with thoughtful pleasure, kind will, and the bloom of faith in everything; while the power of loving, as none but women can love, waited in the clear depth of her eyes.

"Now don't be greedy, Rose my dear," Mr. Arthur said, with a truly parental and prosaic turn of thought, which set young Westcombe's teeth on edge, for his rapturous gaze had sealed his fate; "not one of those fish shall you have for supper, though you long to exhibit your frying powers. We thank you heartily, Mr. Washton; but we can always have them when we like. Pack them all again in your basket. Rose, there are many things for you to do. This gentleman will excuse you."

In a moment, the light of the world was gone, with a curtsey, from Jack Westcombe's eyes; and he began to put his poor fish away, with a very gloomy air.

"You must not think," said the Captain, observing his manner with surprise, "that I am ungrateful; but I wish you to have a good dish; and as I said, we can always get them. From the freshness of the water, the Christow trout are as good on the third day as on the first; or better, according to a friend of mine. You are welcome to fish here, whenever you like. Will you come up to the cottage, and taste my cider? We have a very decent ham in cut."

"The thought is very kind. But I have far to go, and the moon will not be up till late to-night. I will thank you once more, and say 'good-bye.'"

Mr. Arthur, by this time, was so ingrained to the pleasures of a lonely life (which are the most trustworthy) that he was generally glad to say "good-bye." But the young man lingered, and looked at him; and observing him now for the first time closely, the elder took a liking to him. In spite of wide philosophy, and vast philanthropy, most of us like, or dislike, at first touch.

"I want to tell you one thing," said young Westcombe, blushing deeply, and with the full sense of it, looking firmly at the man he spoke to; "it was not the fishing that I came for. I came in the hope of seeing Miss Arthur. Because—because I never yet saw anybody like her. You have been kind to me; and I should be a sneak, if I did not tell you."

"What!" cried the Captain; "do you mean my Rose?"

"I mean the young lady, who has been here with us. The only young lady in the whole world to me. The one who sprang out into the middle of the road, before a mad horse, to save a baby, without a single thought of her own dear life. And by the most wonderful presence of mind, she saved the baby; but the Lord alone saved her. You look as if I were exaggerating."

"Her account of the matter was entirely different." Mr. Arthur spoke coldly; but the quick warmth of pride in his daughter flushed over his cheeks and brow.

"Of course it was. She made it out to be nothing. Her nature would compel her to do that;" Westcombe exclaimed, as if he knew the maiden ten times better than her father did; "my dear sir, I saw the whole of it, although I was too far off to stop it; and I tell you there never was a grander thing done, by any one so young, and so beautiful."

"I scarcely see how that last point bears upon the merits of the exploit;" Mr. Arthur answered, with a little of the bluntness, which always comes of solitude; "however I am glad to hear that my daughter did her duty."

"It was not her duty. It is no one's duty, to risk a precious life in that way. I beg your pardon for going on about it. The difference is that I saw it, and you hear of it. And because there was no fuss made about it, you think that I exaggerate."

"I think nothing of the kind. I know the nature of my child. And I thank you, sir, for valuing it. Also I thank you, for your manly truth and honesty, in telling me what has brought you here. But I grieve to say—because I like you, and you remind me of a dear old friend—that you must not come here any more."

"I hope, sir,—I beg of you," the young man answered, noticing the kind, but resolute, look of the elder, with a wistful glance, "not to think ill of me, because I came this morning under false pretences. I never did anything like that before; and now that I think of it, I am quite ashamed. I tried to do without it, and I really fought against it. But ever since that day at Moreton, I have not been like myself."

"I forgive you most freely for that little crime," Mr. Arthur replied with a hearty smile: "it was nothing but a young man's trick. Another thought would have put a stop to it."

"Then why am I to come no more? I will pledge my honour, to do nothing underhanded. I tell you the truth. I shall never care for any one in all the world, except your daughter. It will make no difference in my feelings, if I have to wait fifty years for her. At the same time, I beg to state that I hope to get her sooner, but without attempting anything outside your knowledge. I know well enough, that I am not to be compared with her, in any of the higher attributes. And I know her too well, to suppose that she would think twice of any of the lower ones. But for all that, I am not going to be discouraged. My father never meant a thing, without going through with it. And I am as like him as two peas; though not to be compared with him for goodness."

"Your father must have been a peculiar gentleman, if you resemble him in character."

"My father is living, sir, and not at all peculiar. Unless it is peculiar, to be brave and upright, generally admired, and universally beloved. He is not known yet upon this side of Dartmoor; but everybody knows him in the western parts; and his name will last for ever, in the history of the war. You may have heard of Colonel Westcombe."

"What a wooden brain I have!" thought Mr. Arthur, sitting down, to hide a change of countenance; "so much stooping dims perception. He is the very image of his father, though brighter coloured, and better looking. Once and for all, it must be stopped."

Meanwhile Jack was looking brightly at him, and saying to his hopeful heart—"come now! I put it very mildly; but it must tell for something."

"My daughter told me that your name was 'Washton;' and she very seldom makes mistakes." Mr. Arthur went into this side-issue, partly perhaps to get time for thinking.

"The Moreton people, when they found my name out;" Jack replied, with a quiet smile, "made 'Wasshcum' of it, with a sharp a, as in 'cash,' according to their manner of pronouncing. And so, I daresay, it got into 'Washton.' We seem to speak better upon our side of the moor. You should come over, and hear us, sir."

"I fear that there is no chance of it. You are a very young man, and I shall very soon be an old one. It would grieve me that your father's son, or indeed that any gentleman, should have reason to believe me churlish. I will tell you, if you will promise to keep what I tell you in strict confidence, even from your father, why you must never come here more."

"I will give you my honour, sir, not to speak of it to any one."

"Thank you; I know that I can trust you. The reason is simply this. Very strange circumstances, which I must not enter into, have made it the first duty of my life, to obliterate myself entirely—to conceal my existence—to desire to be dead, except for one pure precious sake. While I live in this way, my child must do the same. Not that I shall sacrifice her better life to mine. If she gives her heart to any one, and he is worthy of her, they shall not find me an obstacle. But as yet, she is too young to judge, or even think of it. And I have a right to keep her to myself, and to live as the story of my life demands, until my child's welfare compels me to do otherwise. I see that you clearly understand me."

"I am trying to do so," the young man answered, with a very dismal gaze at him; "and I am sure that I am very much obliged to you, for trying to explain it. But I cannot see why I should be forbidden to come any more, if I do no harm, and do not even see the young lady. It seems very hard, as you must acknowledge. Even to see the house where she lives, and to get a glimpse of your hat, without coming near you, would be the greatest comfort to me, and give me some idea of kindness. I am sure that you have known my father, sir, from the manner of your eyes just now; and I never yet met anybody who had known him, without liking him."

"You are right, my lad, I have known your father well," Mr. Arthur answered warmly; "and a nobler man I never knew; and that is why I trust you. The greatest mistake in the world is, to allow, when once the mind is made up, a middle course. And I will have nothing of that sort now. But if it will do you any good, or ease your mind, to be upon my premises now and then, for the purpose of catching a fish or two, I am not sure that I should prosecute you. Only of course you must confine yourself strictly to your angling, and only come just now and then, at considerable intervals, and feel yourself entirely on your honour, when you do come."

"I thank you with all my heart, and I will observe your conditions strictly. I shall make a point of never coming more than once a week, and of never intruding on your pleasure-grounds. And if I ever send a few fish to the house, it shall be quite anonymous, and by the man that snores so. You have taken a great weight off my mind; and I tell you fairly that I mean to hope; but nothing whatever shall be done, I mean, of course, upon your own place, without your entire knowledge." Jack Westcombe tried to wring the Captain's hand, but got the worst of that, for of all things potting is most hardening.

CHAPTER XVIII.—WET, AND DRY.

LIKE every other ancient faith, the angler's firm belief that fish refuse all food with rain impending, has now been scattered to the wind and clouds. The opinion of many ages was, that having by instinct surer knowledge, than all mankind by science get, of the things that shall occur to-morrow, these finny sages fear to spoil their relish for the coming treat of worms, and slugs, and grubs, more luscious than the fattest "native" to unvitiated taste. All these will fall into their mouths to-morrow; let them fast, to keep the feast.

It is now denied by men of science—scornful of all reasoning beyond their own—that a trout surpasses them so immensely in the science of meteorology, of which they are bound to confess that they know nothing. And feeling some reasonable doubt of that denial, they add the insidious remark (engendered by their own "inner consciousness") that even if the fish knew what was coming, they would never keep their mouths shut, by reason of their knowledge.

Be that as it will, one thing is certain, the liberal rise of the Christow fish to the hook of Jack Westcombe did not preclude a heavy rain from setting in, next morning. Whoever has the pleasure of an intimate acquaintance—and in such a case there truly is no superficial knowledge—with a genuine hearty Dartmoor rain, will be ready to admit that it has some meaning. Its main point of difference from most other rains is, that it combines all their bad qualities, and omits their good ones. However, to abuse it only makes it rain the harder.

To prove that he was "game," and to celebrate becomingly his "most Providential restoration,"—as Lady Touchwood called it, young Squire Dicky had prepared an expedition against the rats of Dartmoor, transcending his defeated invasion, as largely as the armament of Xerxes surpassed that of Darius. A *triduum* of solid combat, (such as Greeks and Romans had, but civilized armies now eschew) was ordered to begin upon this great morning, for Dicky's heart needed some repose from love; but lo, the very terriers, best waterproofed with wire, bore upon their flanks such bars as the young of the salmon tribe have, or a race-horse after a heavy gallop; and such as no washing may produce upon a dog, nor any other thing except a long rain, that hits them against and up the grain of their dear coats, and so pursues them, until their sweet skins become oozy.

Now Dr. Perperaps, beyond emphasis, and therefore in a whisper which outwent voice, had ordered that the thing of all things his precious patient must most avoid, was the very slightest damp.

"And it ain't slight damp;" said Dicky, in his slang way, to his darling mother, as she told him this; "my name's 'ratter,' this juicy day, and no mistake. Find the beggars all at home, this weather. I've got my army ready, and I mean to march. Old Dr. Perperaps went on about 'slight damp,' but he never said a word against such heavy wet as this. Hi there, you fellows, I'll be down in a jiffy."

In a jiffy he was down, but not as he intended; for his mother, being ample, and of very hearty substance, laid one strong arm across his back, and the other in the hollow of his knees, and thus having whisked him off his feet, bore him right easily to his bedroom, laid him on his bed, and locked him in. Then she sent orders to his army, to march to the brew-house, and have some beer and a shilling apiece, and retire to their tents until the next fine morning.

When the whole expedition was thus disbanded, Dicky was released, and recovering quickly from his indignation—for he never bore resentment long—he sauntered to his sister Julia's room, to tease her pet dog 'Elfie,' and to talk about matters of importance, as he called them.

"Judy, shove aside your daubs," he said, for she was just pointing up with fine grey eyebrows a spirited sketch of Colonel Westcombe; "I want to consult you about a thing that men cannot be expected much to enter into. I have already informed you that my affections at last are permanently engaged."

"So they always are. To a new one, every month. Be constant Dicky, this time, if you can; for I rather like Spotty Perperaps."

"What a pest you are! The spotty little fright! I am two inches taller than she is. Five feet four is the extreme lowest measure, as we say at Cambridge, of any girl I ever should make up to. You are such a height that you don't care. In fact you had better have some short fellow; if you are not too proud to have anybody."

"How does this bear upon your permanent affections?"

"In this kind of way; as you ought to know, if your reasoning process was like ours. I scout the idea of Spotty Perperaps; and I love Rose Arthur."

"Very well, let it be so. It is no concern of mine. Nothing ever comes of your adorations. The last was for a hideous bull-terrier. And probably the next will be for a badger."

"Judy, I came for your advice, and not to be scoffed at with nasty levity. You thoroughly understand women, because you have got all their dodges in your nature. And all I ask you is a very simple thing—how would you recommend me to go on?"

"I have never seen the girl. How can I tell you?" Miss Touchwood answered, with large contempt. "Boys like you have a weak idea that all the women in the world are just alike, and as utter fools as they are themselves. I can only say this,—if you want to get on, be as unlike yourself as possible."

"If you had tried for an hour, even you could hardly have said a more nasty thing. It makes me wonder, when I come across nice girls, whether they would talk like you, after they got married. It makes one afraid to have anything to do with them. Nobody can have a finer nature than I have, but nothing ever comes of it."

"A very fine nature is its own reward," said Julia, touching up Colonel Westcombe. "But, Dicky, it never talks about itself."

"Very well. Let it do anything it pleases. I never stand up to be wonderful at all; but every man who keeps a dog is fond of me. And if all the girls think that I am to be got by snubbing me, they will find themselves in the wrong box."

"Surely," said Julia, who after all was jealous, at hearing so much of Rose Arthur, "your new angel does not snub you, as if you did not even keep a dog."

"That is the very point," answered Dicky, coming up and showing many blue pricks in one leg; "these things made her take a liking to me; and I made the very most of them, bearing every hole that I could find, as game as if I meant to die for it. And for a long time, that scored three, every time she looked at me. But when I began to have Guinness, and to put one leg across the other, she seemed very suddenly to lose faith, and to think that I ought to put my boots on."

"Then she showed some sense, and I respect her for it. What a plague you must have been! Even when you are well, you can't stay still. And I dare say you danced one foot all day. And you cannot say a word about anything but vermin. How can you expect a pretty girl to like you?"

"It does not matter about that. They do;" Dicky replied, as one who cites a fact, in lieu of argument; "I believe that it has something to do with this, that they think they can have their own way with me. That is the first thing all you women want. But she is very different from all you common females. Her mind is exalted, and her thoughts are high."

"It is a delight to hear that," Miss Touchwood answered, without leaving off her work; "because it might be a very awkward thing, if she were to consider you worth catching. Gossip is entirely below my notice. But the rather haughty gentleman—I suppose he is a gentleman—who calls himself 'Captain Larks,' lies under some cloud of mystery, at present. Of course it may be nothing; but you know as well as I do, that many people say he is a criminal in hiding. Very likely that is rubbish. But till something more is known, the less we have to do with them, the better."

"Such nonsense drives me wild. What do you know of the world? You wanted to patronise Mr. Arthur—who never yet called himself Captain anything, and cares not a rap what fools say of him—and he put you down very neatly and completely, simply by his manner, and without a word. It was a bitter pill for you, Miss Judy. But a bit of humble-pie every day would do you good. The Captain is the kindest man that ever lived. Many people think me a softy and a fool. And I don't stick up to be a wonder. But I do know when people have been good to me, and put themselves out of their way to help me. And I tell you, you are not fit to dust their floor for them. Put that in your pipe, and smoke it."

With this elegant counsel, Squire Dicky ran away, stopping both ears, as if to keep out wicked language; while his sister only smiled, for she loved to irritate him, but never allowed him to do the like to her. But she could not help thinking of his very frank remarks about her own character, and wondering whether there might be a grain of truth at the bottom of them.

"Hurrah! Here comes somebody! A plucky cove, whoever he may be;" shouted the excitable Dicky in the 'corridor'—as Lady Touchwood loved to call it; "Judy, shut up your lozenge-box, as soon as you have put a little lake upon your cheeks. I was just going to send to the stable for a halter! But here comes a visitor, to ruin the new velvet. Her ladyship will be in a precious state of mind. I defy him to sit down without a quart of drainage. And the new peach-colour runs, if a fellow sneezes in the next room."

Her ladyship however was a match for the emergency. The front-door bell had not ceased clanging, ere the much keener jingle of her own was heard, and the footman knew well which required first attention. "The little study, James; whoever it is; and put the big Shakespere open in the easy-chair, first." The man understood, made the only cushioned chair pretty safe from invasion, and then showed in Mr. Short.

"Capital device! I give her credit for it," said the Vicar to himself, while the man went to announce him.

"Now I do call this very good of you indeed," Lady Touchwood exclaimed, without a bit of falsehood, as she came in, and made her sleeve go up, in a manner understood by women only, for fear of his fingers having dribbles to them; "an otter, or an oyster, or a conger-eel, is the only thing fit to be out on such a day."

"I rather like it;" said the parson, with a countenance which did not express any very keen delight, except such as a joint may find in basting; "at any rate no weather ever stops me, except such a snow as we had two years ago. You sent for me urgently; and I was bound to come."

"No. I have not sent for you. It has been raining, I cannot say how long. Would I dream of sending for you, in such weather? I never do anything outrageous."

"I thought you might have boxed—the compass in such weather. Here is your letter, your own handwriting—though the ink may have run, with more rain than sand upon it."

"There is both rain and sand upon it," the lady answered, drawing back both hands; "but I never wrote a word of it. You know that I never use sand now. I keep it in the inkstand, but I scarcely ever use it, except from habit, when I happen to forget. This is not my writing. At what time did you get it?"

"About twelve o'clock. Trickey leaves my letters to the last, because of these boots you see. I will tell you that another time. What you say makes me a little uncomfortable. I could have sworn this was your handwriting."

"It not only is not my handwriting, but it is a very clumsy imitation of it. And do I put it this way—'Lady Touchwood presents her compliments to Mr. Short'—after all the years that I have known, and liked you?"

"I know that you never begin like that, except when something has put you out. But excuse my remembering that you did write so, about six months back, when I had vexed you. And I thought that you might have been annoyed again, though I could not call to mind my fault. And that made me order my horse at once; for I had some idea—but never mind that."

Mr. Short's futile idea had been, that Lady Touchwood must have discovered at last his admiration of her daughter; and this had brought him straightway to face the question.

"That letter was posted at our post-office, and in one of those horrid new envelopes," the lady proceeded, with that calm judgment which we all exert upon the troubles of our friends; "you may depend upon it, that you have been decoyed from home, for some bad purpose. Either to rob you on your road, or to rob your house, while you were away. Everybody says how rich you are."

"It is good to have the highest of all characters. Since you have not sent for me, and do not want me in this morassy state, I will say 'good morning,' Lady Touchwood."

"You shall do nothing of the sort, until you have had one of those long twisted glasses (from some undiscovered country) of my white-currant cordial. There is no Mrs. Short to look after you, or to reproach me for not doing so;" Lady Touchwood gave a sly glance herewith, for she was much too sharp not to know of his weakness for Julia, and had no fear of it; "but you came through the rain, to oblige me, as you thought; and you are frightfully soaked, and riding home you will have the wind on your back, and get lumbago. You know my patent cordial, don't you? None of your currant wine—oh horror!—but the very finest whisky and white currants, done by a very old receipt, and bottled to stand upright for at least seven years."

"It sounds very good. But shall I stand upright, or sit upright in the saddle, with the wind upon my back, and lumbago coming? I will take nothing more than a glass of your old ale, the golden ale made of the Wiveliscombe malt; and then I will ask your good son Dicky for one of his long old tough cigars. With the wind on the crupper, it will last me all the way."

These things were sent for, and the horse was ordered (much against his liking, for he was just doing nicely), and then Lady Touchwood took the opportunity of putting a word in season, just at the genial moment of good relish, which a fine ham-sandwich gives to ale. "And how is Captain Larks getting on?" said she. "Everything he does is so delightful. When will you bring him over?"

"As soon as he will come;" replied the wary parson; "why should I hurry him? Am I bound to commit social suicide? I feel myself cast into the shade already, because there is no romance about me."

"No, no, you are never in the shade," cried the lady, being dull at metaphor; "everybody knows every atom about you. He is the one that is in the shade. But I am sure that he never deserved it."

"He appears very honest, and he may be that;" said the Vicar, with a solemn shake of head; "but where did he get his silver spoons?"

"Come now, you are a great deal too jealous." Lady Touchwood always supposed a person, who did not smile, to be in earnest. "If there is anything the matter with him, it must be at least of the upper classes. He has been accustomed to the best society. I am sure, he never would do anything of a lower rank than forgery."

"Let us make a round-robin, and put in the middle—'Is it forgery, is it homicide, is it treason? Your hearty well-wishers feel confident that you have done something respectable.' If I prepare the document, will you sign it at the top?"

"Go along. Here is your horse at the door. There never is any reasoning with you. But I do hope that you will not catch cold, or find anything at home to vex you."

"I am not afraid. My house can defy the world, with Mrs. Aggett in it, and good *Nous* upon the guard. Oh here comes Squire Dicky, just in time to say 'good-bye.' How well he looks! Why, my good friend, glass and putty seem to suit your constitution. I must build a new greenhouse, for you to tumble through it."

"I am pretty sure of one thing; if I did, you would never be like Captain Arthur. You would make me pay for it, and for all the plants too."

"What a wise babe it is! He has hit the mark. Lady Touchwood, the Cantabs always do. But don't come out in the rain, my friend. Your glazing is not water proof."

"I hope he will find his old house robbed;" said Dicky, as the parson rode away, and the story of the letter was repeated; "it would be worth a hundred pounds to me, to have a rise taken out of him. He thinks himself so confoundedly clever, and he never lets another fellow say a single word almost."

"Now don't be so spiteful, my dear. I am sure that you always hold your own with him. It amuses me sometimes to hear you get so very much the better of him."

But Dicky shook his head. For he was a candid youth, and knew that he had no chance with Mr. Short, in any other view than his dear mother's.

CHAPTER XIX.—AMONG THE JACKDAWS.

AMONG the good people of Dartmoor, very few subjects (outside of their own parish) arouse more interest, or create more wonder, than a town in the south-east of England, which used in plain days to be called London, but has no idea of being now described, except as "this mighty Babylon," or "our immense metropolis."

A man came down from London once to Christowell, by some accident, and he put up at the "Three Horse-shoes," and he called for hot brandy and water. With wonderful speed, considering the size of the village, it was heard that he was there; and nobody who could help it failed to go and see what he was like. No idle curiosity was in their bosoms, neither any anxiety to drink his health—fearfully though he must require it, for every one had heard of the plague of London—but it was the clear wish of a large community to recognise an envoy from one even larger. The gentleman, whose residence was in Whitechapel, could by no means understand their speech; but by help of a smoky old map in the bar—a better map than any that has been made since—he managed to try to get it into their heads, by a bold exaggeration of his own, that London town was bigger than all Dartmoor. Now John Sage came in, before that was got over; and when he began to understand it—for his mind was slow, from its magnitude—the simplest truism from his lips made the bagman order slippers. For John said nothing rude, but stretched his arms across the hills and valleys of the map (which looked more vast from the fog shed over them by much smoke), and without turning round, he reflected thus: "Never wur I one of them as goeth again' the Lor' Amaighty. Every day, a' doeth winders. But niver, if so be a' worked all Zinday, could a' create rogues enow to orkapy all thiccy."

Perhaps this view of the matter is unsound, though John was never contradicted, after he once turned fifty; for his father was known to have foretold, as true as a Cathedral clock, the day of his departure from this world. But it may be argued very soundly, that if there be in London lawyers honest, *a fortiori* there must be other people of that same cumbrous quality. And without any hazardous admission about that, it is enough to say that in 1840, there might have been found, in the very heart of London, a firm of solicitors as honest as the day.

Messrs. Latimer & Emblin, of No. 10 Jackdaw's Court, Gray's Inn, had been in practice (through their ancestors, or selves), for upwards of a century; and their practice was quiet, and wise, and solid. With litigation they had so little to do, that if any one asked them who was the present Attorney-General, they went to the legal almanac to look, and after much consultation sometimes put the saddle upon the wrong animal. Yet being always accurate in the end, and very particular not to mislead, whenever they made a mistake, they always corrected it by post, at a nominal charge. And if a worthy lawyer can conciliate affection, it is by acknowledging that he was wrong, with a lenient charge for confessing it.

Even as the loftiest of all watch-makers—"horologists" now they call themselves—will not allow time to make any noise near him, but glances in his office at a mute chronometer, so the very deepest lawyers hush the clack of law on their premises. It must be present in the air, as the smell of cheeses from the warehouse is, where only plugs are kept to taste; but unless anybody asks about it, it may try to pass for a sweet-smelling savour; and to analyse such things is seldom wise.

But though they declined all common-law cases (except for some client of generations) and had little to do with equity, these two gentlemen were sound lawyers, and never gave ill-advised advice. They would go through the form of consulting counsel, as a solicitor often does, when he knows much more than the barrister, or at any rate works his knowledge better. But in reality, they relied upon their own long experience, caution, good sense, and the traditions of the firm. And whenever they made a mistake it was through undue veneration for the latter. And such a mistake they were making at this time.

Mr. Latimer now was a venerable man, wealthy, contented, and well-endowed with those gifts of bygone generations — thick, snowy curls, and sound natural teeth. He was very particular about his dress, already becoming antiquated, that is to say fine kersey breeches, black silk stockings and buckled shoes, a straight-cut coat, a shirt with a frill of the purest white cambric, fastened with a brooch containing a lock of his late wife's hair, and a roll collar waistcoat of black silk, under whose margin, and upon a fair rotundity, glistened a broad watered ribbon supporting a weighty gold ring of magnificent gold seals. With all these things his grave mild face, and dignified air comported well; making it difficult to imagine, and quite impossible to find, a more perfect specimen of a gentleman of business.

Mr. Emblin was nearly a score of years younger, taller by a head, and sparely framed. He had a little turn for sporting dress, but checked it, as much as he could, at the office. He had some free ideas of "going ahead," and lamented at home that his senior so sternly refused to have anything to do with a branch of business, now bringing in money by the bagful, to wit the mighty schemes of mad Railway Companies. But he had a prudent wife, who told him of the ancient legend of the bird in hand; also he had a shrewd head of his own, and an ancestor of his had lost a fortune in the "South Sea bubble." So that he managed to abstain, though it irked him sadly to see the ungodly, in the form of inferior attorneys, puffed up with Company fatness, and swelling about, as if the round earth was their rail.

This firm had large premises all their own, for Jackdaw's Court belonged only in part to the learned and honourable Society. Sundry people, sometimes so illegal as to be downright costermongers, held their local habitation there, by some original frankpledge; and if they were questioned about their title, they supposed it to be chaff, and made answer generally that they never stuck up to be nobs. But No. 10 stood apart from any contact with such squatters, being a goodly house rebuilt in the reign of Queen Anne, as the date declared, with Righteousness and Peace above the third floor windows, kissing each other in compo.

Now Righteousness and Peace, with a wreath above them, relieved their airy costume with black, and their rippling tresses with a wealth of soot—at a shilling a bushel, which is fair price—also the railings would have paid for scraping, by a man who knows how to "utilize;" and many other little specks might have been discovered by the boy who washed the windows of the Moreton folk; still when a gentleman once got in, he had many grounds for satisfaction, and perhaps for gratitude. For he found a good mat for his boots, and some landscapes to look at (instead of land drawn and quartered, with arrows stuck through its disembowelment) also chairs of illegal nature, because they could give as well as take, and a power of attorney to sit down, and poke the fire, without prejudice.

On the first floor, a very tidy room contained some handsome old furniture, and the members of the firm, from ten until four o'clock of the day. No one in those brave times required sherry and sandwiches, or stout and oysters, at the witching hour of the legal noon, when writs are running rapidest, and clients go to and fro most prone to be devoured; but the wiser manner of solid lawyers, was to dine at half-past five, with the hungry bosoms of their family around, and a quiet rubber, or sweet nap, in prospect. Though the railways already were beginning to screech out, to make the day hideous, and the night a nightmare.

Now a good drizzle often makes a fine day of business in London, because it is so dirty. If our "vast metropolis" attempted to be clean, it would never do half the trade it does. Not only because of the energy wasted in so vain an enterprise, nor even through the violence offered thus to nature; but chiefly because the people coming with the money would be in several minds about a bargain. When all is serene, and a walk or drive a pleasure, as in most continental cities, a customer (even though he be of British race) hangs over his cash more dubiously. "I can come again to-morrow, I will think about it, I will look into my bank-book, and perhaps consult my wife," is the unsatisfactory process of his mind; and the likelihood is that he never comes again. But upon a day of good substantial dirt, with the drip of a myriad umbrellas in his neck, and a very safe coupon of bronchitis in his throat, his dogged resolution says, "Now, or never. I have ploughed through all this muck, and I mean business."

On that day when the rain rushed down so savagely on Dartmoor, there was in London nothing more than a drizzle, bedewing the growth of business. Dirt came up between the flag-stones, as if there were a crop of cress to lift it; and getting kicked away by scambling feet, slipped into a coat of slimy mud. Impatient men, whose time was money, at every advance lost twenty-five per cent.; while the slow knock-kneed fellow from the country, accustomed to slippery fallows, grinned. And though the neighbourhood of Gray's Inn is not so very bad, when considered calmly, backsliding occurred there, not only of feet, but also of tongues under very learned wigs.

"It seems that we may almost go," said Mr. Latimer, whose manner was to offer everything in *semble;* "it is getting rather dark, at a quarter to four, even in what might be called a summer month, or at any rate used to be so considered. The extraordinary increase in the quantity of soot, that fills the air, is quite wonderful. Within my memory, our jackdaws had quite a colour of their own, and their backs used to shine, like a boot, or a bottle; but now they go about, as if they swept chimneys. Emblin, you must have noticed it."

"You have drawn my attention to the fact before;" said his partner, who heard the remark every week; "but good-bye, I fear, to our chance of getting off; for here comes a carriage. Why it is my lord's, and Mr. Gaston in it! What I told you was right; he can do exactly as he pleases in that quarter."

"I could hardly have believed it," Mr. Latimer replied; "such a self-willed man as my lord was once! But such men seem to become most helpless, when their vigour fails them. It is a lucky thing for him to have such a man of business, shrewd, active, honest, intelligent, and a thoroughly sound Tory."

"I have not quite the opinion of our friend that you have. However, that is no concern of ours, so long as he has his credentials. Hulloa! Why here he is!"

"Gentlemen, your most obedient!" Mr. Gaston exclaimed, in his playful manner, foregoing the honour of being announced. "Delighted to see you at the receipt of custom. I said to my lord, when he grumbled about something—'You may go all over Lincoln's Inn, Gray's Inn, and both Temples, and find no firm to compare with them.' By old Harry, I was right. And it is not only that, but the manners, the cordiality, the polish put on business."

"Sir, we are much obliged by your good opinion. What can we do for you, to-day?"

Mr. Latimer disliked familiarity, and was a good judge of a gentleman, inasmuch as he was one himself. But nothing ever abashed George Gaston.

"Well," he said, "I begin to feel ashamed of coming so often, about a thing that seems so simple. But being so entirely trusted with this business, which cannot make the difference of a doit to me, I seem to be compelled to see about it, more than if it were my own concern. Of legal matters I know as little as a babe; and my great desire is to leave the whole of them to you, who know them so thoroughly, and are so careful. But as you know, I am not my own master; and to-day he has been in a perpetual fume. I hope you have settled something."

"I beg you to sit down, sir," Mr. Latimer replied; "you could ill be spared, and there is such a thing as being too hard upon the labouring horse. You have indeed plenty upon your hands, without being worried by this troublesome affair. But let us recount our own little share. Emblin, may I trouble you for the private day-book? Here is a copy of the very careful letter, written by my excellent partner himself, and directed in accordance with the address which you discovered, by your most disinterested labours. And here is that letter itself, bearing all the proper postmarks, and returned by this very morning's post, in this new envelope, with a very curt, not to say discourteous reply. Solitude does not perhaps improve the manners; but we long have known the gentleman to be most eccentric."

"Short but not sweet," said Mr. Gaston, lifting his eyebrows, as he read indignantly—'I beg to return your rigmarole. Once for all, I will have nothing to do with the bad lot I have quitted; and whether they are alive, or dead, makes no difference to yours obediently, L. Arthur.' "Upon my word, such a man is outside the pale of civilised life altogether."

"So he may be," Mr. Emblin broke in, after watching Gaston narrowly; "but that does not dispense with his signature. The Company want the land; they pay a long price for it; and it is wholly impossible to convey it, without this gentleman's concurrence, or decease. My senior agrees with me. The title has been passed; and now this fatal hitch arises."

"But we don't want the money, and we hate to sell the land," cried the visitor, with his red colour rising. "If they take our land against our will, surely they must take it as they can get it. Suppose a man could force his land on me, and take my money—should I be bound to show him all the history of my money? Yet how could he tell that it was my own?"

"In theory, there may be much in that;" Mr. Latimer answered gently; "but we must consider things, as they are. These new-fangled Companies, they may do good, or they may do harm—which seems more likely; but at any rate they get their Act, and no man's house is his castle against them. They take a man's land without his leave, and if he cannot make them fee-simple without blemish, they suspend a large percentage of the purchase-money. It is tyranny of course; but if these Companies endure, their tyranny will soon be a thousandfold of that. But to come back to the point,—in the face of this refusal, what are we to do for the best, to meet his lordship's wishes, and to keep things smooth? Is he still under orders to avoid excitement?"

"Sir John Tickell says no more than this, that the banging of a door (unless he banged it himself, which he does pretty heartily, as you know) might send him, in a moment, far beyond the reach of medicine. I wish you would only come, and see him; he still sees old friends, upon his better days; and he has a high regard for you, Mr. Latimer."

"His lordship's remembrance, and good opinion of me," the honest lawyer answered, with a proud glance at his buckles, which had belonged to a Sir Thomas Latimer, "are profoundly gratifying. He is not one who rashly forms good opinions. Even you, Mr. Gaston, were with him some years, before you won his entire confidence. But experience has proved your sterling value."

"I simply do my duty, and deserve no thanks. But it takes a great deal, as you say, to overcome his lordship's mistrust in human nature. A treacherous son is a sad shock to confidence."

"And to lose the better one, a very bitter blow. I see that his lordship keeps his servants still in mourning. It is sad indeed to see the ancient families die out."

"Come, Mr. Latimer," the visitor said briskly; "there is one old family as young as ever, and one of its finest representatives is here, and I have the honour of looking at him. No compliments, sir; in those I never deal. If I have prospered, and obtained some good repute, and the confidence of every one possessed of noble feeling, it is through nothing more than plain rough truth. I say to everybody, 'you must take me as I am.'"

"But," said Mr. Emblin, who had not got any compliments, and considered his family quite as good as Latimer's, and wanted to be off to see to a little dinner-party, "it appears to me, that we have settled nothing about the business Mr. Gaston came to speak of; unless it is to leave things *in statu quo*."

"*Statu quo* is an excellent expression," that gentleman replied, with all his strong cordiality; "it is the proper attitude for large landowners, and their humble representatives. Let the next step proceed from the bold intruders. If they are in a hurry, we are not. We meet them with the simple fact, that we can do no more. They must leap the obstacles in their own way. Possession is what they want, and they can have it. 'I give thee all, I can no more,' is our final answer to them. You will put the matter in the proper legal form; and there it rests, while his lordship lives."

"But," said Mr. Emblin, who was dry and very tough, "we are bound to make another effort. This gentleman refuses to have anything to do with us. Perhaps he has a fancy that we have wronged him. None the less, the Company might find him more amenable, especially for a good consideration. Even upon Dartmoor, coin is current. Powderhorn, and Bullrush, are sharp and active people. What do you say to our letting them get at him, as our side cannot do any more, and obtaining his signature, if they can?"

"An excellent idea," replied Gaston calmly, though his face became purple, and his eyes shone darkly; "if we could only keep it from his lordship; and if it were an honourable thing to do so. Otherwise, you know what he would say—if Powderhorn, and Bullrush, can do my business, and Latimer, and Emblin, cannot, Powderhorn, and Bullrush are the men for me."

"Highly as we value our position towards his lordship, which has now existed for many years," Mr. Latimer interposed with dignity; "no fear of the withdrawal of his confidence would hinder us from doing our duty towards him. That is not the thing to stop us. We never submit to threats. But the step which has been proposed, at a sally, by my valued partner, would not—as he knows even better than I do—be in keeping with professional etiquette. Therefore, sir, we will not adopt the course which you object to."

"How can it make any difference to me?" Mr. Gaston asked, turning round to Mr. Emblin, for he found the calm eyes of the senior partner harder to meet, than the keen gaze of the younger; "I never understand your prim niceties of tweedledum. If I make a mistake, I bow, as every one must do, to such a profession."

"Then let it be so;" Mr. Emblin answered lightly, to let the little gust of temper pass; "it is understood that we do nothing at all, but wait on our oars, till the enemy moves. If he is contented with the title we can give him, all well and good, and let him pay the money. If not, we cannot help it, and he pays into Court a percentage against contingencies. But on no account must his lordship be disturbed, in his present state of health, about it. If anything arises, we do nothing, until we have seen you about it."

"You know better than I do, ten million times over;" said Gaston impulsively; "what a plague this business is to me! But when I have once taken up a thing, I seem in some way bound to go on with it. Good-bye, gentlemen both, good-bye! You are martyrs to business; but even a martyr must not have his dinner burnt, as well as himself."

They followed him to the door, as if they did not quite understand this style of parting. Whether he was going with a friendly turn, or whether he would try—and he seldom tried in vain—to do a mischief to their good firm. For put it as he will, when his stomach is up (and somehow or other it is most exalted, when profoundly empty) reflection will make the true lawyer less desirous to rule double line, and leave *hiatus* below the name of a wealthy, elderly, and decidedly combative nobleman. But Gaston spoke no word of weakness, and waved them an airy adieu, upon the landing.

"What do you think he will do?" asked Mr. Emblin, as his partner, without condescending to be seen, observed in a dignified manner the departure of the mighty carriage; "I am sure he is a horribly spiteful fellow."

"I neither know, nor care;" Mr. Latimer replied, as he went to get his plodding shoes, and thick gaiters. "He may be very upright, and his conduct seems to prove it. A common time-server would be cap-in-hand to those who are in remainder, and unhappily cannot be set aside. But one thing is certain. He is not a gentleman. He has hurt my feelings needlessly; and it takes a great deal to hurt my feelings. Perhaps, you should scarcely have said what you did. But his observation was simply brutal. Powderhorn, and Bullrush, for his lordship! One thing is certain. We must do nothing, until we are properly requested to do it."

"My little dinner-party will be spoiled," said Mr. Emblin; "and I shall be out of sorts about you too. But clearly you are right. The next move must come from him."

Now it so happened, that this was, to a nicety, the very conclusion desired by George Gaston.

CHAPTER XX.—TALL AND SHORT.

THERE was another little dinner spoiled that very day, and by the self-same omnipotent roguery of mankind, exerted perhaps, in the latter case, more frankly and respectably. However, it was sad as almost anything can be, and a far deeper outrage on the feeling of the public, than the rapid demission to their final cause of a hundred hungry lawyers.

To describe this occurrence, without exaggeration, and yet with the sympathy which cannot be refused, is beyond the highest hope of the most sanguine self-esteem; not only, because no single two persons—if such a phrase may pass in such confusion—to whatever extent they may have both been present (and the whole parish found that it had been present, as the interest waxed, and the danger waned) could upon any terms be brought to reconcile their accounts with one another's, or even with themselves; but through a deeper denial than that—for that always happens, and a thing could not be true, if two people took the same view of it exactly—namely through a stern, but for our sakes most beneficial, law of nature, that dogs have no articulate human speech as yet.

It was raining cats and dogs—as some loose genius has discovered to describe it—when Parson Short, drenched and almost sodden to the bone, rode up the lane from the village to his home. The Vicarage, a good old-fashioned house, facing the lowlands and sheltered from the moor, stood back in the glebe, at least a quarter of a mile from any other dwelling, and from the highroad. Large trees around it kept out the sun-glare, while they let in the play of light; and firs of laminated verdure (like the Deodara that is succeeding them) gave a stately movement to the wind, and divided the driving rain with shelter.

"My certy, something must be wrong," the Vicar exclaimed, as he found no Thomas at the gate to meet him, although he was an hour now behind his time, and what was even more extraordinary, no *Nous* with a caper at his bridle; then he gave a shrill whistle, but neither man, nor dog, came forth, or made any reply at all. So he unlatched the gate with the crook of his whip, and *Trumpeter* pushed it with his saturated neck. In a minute Mr. Short was at his own front-door, but the dripping of the rain was the only sound to greet him. Getting down from his horse, with a puddle running from him, he found the door open, and snatching a big stick from the umbrella-stand, while he shouted "House ahoy! Is there nobody alive here?" on he went to the real head-quarters of a house—the kitchen. There was nobody there, and the fire was out, his half-leg of mutton was floured for the roast, but reposed upon the table in that interesting stage; while the dresser, that wholesome pride of Mrs. Aggett's heart, was in sixes and sevens of confusion. The master turned pale, for he expected to find murder, knowing how steady and how steadfast was his housewife. But in another moment, great relief ensued, and even a strong tendency to sad laughter.

For hearing a noise, like that of a small boy blowing through a papered comb, he grasped his truncheon firmly, and went to seek it. And there, in the furthest recess of the scullery, he beheld a sight such as he never yet had seen. Lashed to the pump by the long jack-towel, so that she could move neither hand nor foot, was a short but highly respectable female, whom he knew by her dress to be his good housekeeper. Her face was invisible, and her tongue under disability, because the metal colander, wherein she was washing spinach, had been securely fastened over, and contained, most fittingly, the whole of her expressive countenance. Upon the upper rim of this vessel, as in a spirit of mockery, played the half-mourning ribbons of her second-best cap, a tribute of respect to the departed Aggett. Hearing her master's approach, she tried to stamp, for her temper was unequal to the strain of this adversity; but the only result was a vibration of the pump, and a little gush of water down her sadly aching back.

With a brief word or two of manly sympathy, the Vicar hastened to the knife-box, and finding the game-carver, began to cut the swathings of her long duresse. But when he would have eased her of the dark oppressive domino, she thrust at him with her liberated elbow, and completing her freedom, made off down the passage. Mr. Short, having lofty opinion of women, looked after her, with a strong faith in her motives for this rude proceeding. And his confidence was justified, for no sooner had she found herself round a corner, where no light shone, than she dashed away the colander, and screamed back—"No man shan't zee my vace, till I've washed un." For she was a fine cook, and she knew how spinach oozes.

"I suppose she knows where Lizzie is; or she never would bother about her face;" the parson thought, with continued faith; for Lizzie, the handmaid of the house, was Mrs. Aggett's only daughter; and before he could do any more about that, his housekeeper, following the veinage of his thoughts, quicker than he could follow hers, called back from the top of the back stairs—"he hath keyed her in. I've a' heered Lizzie thumping. The black gentleman have keyed her in your sarmon-room. Go you, and see to things, it was a shame on 'e to naglax; and hus'll be down by that time."

"I fear she is very much put out indeed," Mr. Short said to himself, as he went to look round the house at large; "and what should I do, if she gave me notice? But this seems a very queer thing altogether. The plate is gone of course, and all my money. However there was scarcely £50 to steal. Oh what am I about, to think of miserable money? My *Nous* must be dead, my most clever, faithful darling! He would leap at their throats, till they killed him."

Leaving all his losses to be gained at leisure, he ran out through a side-door to the dog's abode, or rather the stall where he was chained in weather too wet for his kennel, and where he found no comfort but in mourning, when his master was away without him. Mrs. Aggett belonged to that class of women, who from defect of large sympathy, exclaim, "drat the dog!" when they come across a foot-print; instead of reflecting on the great superiority of the canine to the human foot, in addition to the double number. And *Nous*, who had no vanity, looked up to Mrs. Aggett, not only because of her control of bones, but also through a sense of her command of broom-handles, such as came down upon him from the wrong direction, and caught him on the back, while he with integrity was gazing forwards. And often he got a great lump by this.

His master understood these woes, and finding consolation grievous, when they made much fuss together, tried to avert the blow by strictest *alibi* of *Nous*, when undefended. For even Mrs. Aggett, thorough despot as she was, durst not descend upon the dog with all her vigour, when the master was at home; and they all knew that. At other times, it was a bitter fact, that if *Nous* came in, with an honest view to luncheon, or a laudable exercise of foresight as to dinner, concerning both the hour and the substance, at the very moment when he stood wiping his feet on the rope-mat, to the utmost of his conscience, a heavy thump of something void of feeling, but capable of conveying it too well, was prone to dim his happiness, and darken his reflections.

"She has brought upon herself this signal Nemesis of pump," Mr. Short muttered grimly, as he ran to look for *Nous*. "There is no rogue in the kingdom, who could steal into our scullery, while that dog was left at large. But why has he not saluted my return? He always hears us coming up the lane. Why *Nous*, my darling! You are not dead, are you?"

The parson fell back against the stable-door, and a rush of tears dimmed his keen brave eyes. For the poor dog was lying on his side among the straw, senseless, and motionless, and to all appearance dead. The chain was jerked tight round his neck as a hangman's noose, with the hair standing out from it, and his body was rolled up like a silkworm spinning, or a fossil ammonite, while his curly ears, falling back, showed their silver linings, and only the whites of his eyes could be seen. He had given up all hope of himself, and only wanted to die without any more disturbance.

Mr. Short had the presence of mind to say no more. The dog had not heard him yet; and to excite him, while he was thus throttled would cut his last hair. Stealing his steps, like a nurse at the bedside of some one afflicted with heart-disease, the master got behind him, and looked into the position. After a hard struggle of long hours, *Nous* was now at his very last gasp, and he must have been dead long ago, if he had not managed with extraordinary skill, to get the strongest claw of each hind foot under a link of that strangling chain. To such a strait was he brought, by simple indignation at the villainy of mankind.

It was impossible to undo the chain, for the dog had wrought it up into a series of spikes; but luckily a three-cornered rasp, for the hoofs of *Trumpeter*, lay handy. Mr Short took the twisted chain between his knees, and cut a link, and eased it at the poor dog's withers, and then released it gently from his puckered throat. Hereupon a little sigh came up from the huddled hoops of the ribs; and the cut of the nostrils lifted faintly; and the throat began to quiver, with a longing to expel a bark that had stuck fast in it. By great skill and care, he was gradually brought round, but such was his exhaustion, that when he tried to sit up and lick his master's hand once more, his cramped legs failed him, and he fell among the hay-bands.

As soon as his favourite was out of danger, the Vicar (who had shouted in vain for Thomas), returned, in a settled frame of mind, to see how far his household gods were shorn. Being now assured that no life was taken—unless it were that of old Thomas, which appeared scarcely possible to any one who knew him—the master of the premises was ready to consider what had happened, in its proper order. And *Nous*, who displayed much more excitement, because he considered the whole fault his own, came staggering after him, to learn the worst.

Mrs. Aggett, by this time was evil to approach. She had found her daughter Lizzie, in the sermon-room crying, not from the effect of the discourses piled around—however touching they might be,—but through inability to escape from them, and the idea of the tombstones which they suggested; in addition to anxiety about her only parent, and a deep inner sense that she had had no dinner. Intolerant of misplaced lamentation, the mother proved the fitness of her survival, by delivering a hearty thump between the mourner's shoulders, then bidding her be off, and thank the Lord for bread and dripping, she bustled round the house, to see how much was left of anything.

So far as a hasty survey revealed, there was very little gone of any real value. The plate was untouched, but some old-fashioned knives, and notably an ancient Oxford carver, (with a heel to it, and a curved hartshorn handle), had vanished; and so had a double-barrel'd gun, and a 2 lb. canister of powder, and a stiff three-jointed fly-rod, and a book full of tackle, and a few other things from the lobby of sporting implements. "A must a' been one of they dratted poochers," Mrs. Aggett exclaimed, with great relief; "and welcome a' be to all thic rubbish."

However, when the master came to look, he found that a little bag of tithes was gone containing about £40 in gold, which he seemed to himself to have hidden right cunningly, in a hole of his bed-room wall, behind the barometer; which every one was afraid of, as a piece of wicked witchment. Like a sensible man, he was vexed to lose his money, although he had plenty more that could not be stolen; but remembering at once, that his meaning had been to spend most of this in charity, he perceived that his charity must be curtailed. But before he was much consoled by this, he came upon a dearer loss, which taxed his finest feelings.

His grandfather, Admiral Short, had been a person of great punctuality, timing all his movements by a large gold watch, and thereby measuring the minutes needful to defeat the enemy. He was called "Punctuality Short;" because in a contest of some celebrity, he had said, "we shall have her in twenty-five minutes;" then holding his watch, with the going side outwards, upon a nice round abdomen, he worked his guns to such effect, that she struck in 24 minutes 30 seconds. And when he discharged, with punctuality also, no more guns, but the peaceful debt of nature, his last words were, "my grandson Tom is to have the Victory chronometer." A chronometer it was, and beat that of the ship; though portable watches were content, as yet, to be called "watches," and no more.

Finding his money flown, the parson hurried to the case in which he kept this triumph of the Barwise firm. By it, he had the Church-clock set; and by it (whatever the Church-clock said) he had the bells rung on a Sunday morning, to tell the parish when eight o'clock was, for the women (who always got up first on a Sunday) to put their husbands' clothes out, and for the little girls to soap their brothers, and for the barber—having fifty long beards to hew down, between that and ten o'clock—to pour his boiling water on his dish of suds, and set off to do the halfpenny fellows first. For, as many of the men as paid a penny, got another good hour to stretch their arms.

There were perhaps a thousand things of almost equal moment, for which this big watch struck the spring—or, if that expression be an involution, awoke the time of day for Christowell. But what is the use of detailing them, when the watch, and all its works, were gone?

It is a remarkable instance of the overpowering effect of great catastrophes, that when Mr. Short found his true Palladium conspicuous by its absence, the only thing he did was, to double his fists unwittingly, and the only thing he said was—"What a bad job!"

"Hath a' tuk the key along wi' 'un? Ay, that a' hath!" cried Mrs. Aggett with some admiration, as she came up, to see what her master was about; "but the zeals be all here. Well, I said a' was a gentleman, though a' might be a black one."

This observation recalled Mr. Short's attention from the deed to the doer thereof; and knowing—as a preacher has opportunity of doing—how soon the clearest impression will fade, he began at once to question his housekeeper concerning her assailant. And it seemed to him almost to be an excess of her wonted peculiarities, when she charged the blame wholly and solely on himself, evincing goodwill, if not downright gratitude, to the man who had fastened her to the pump. The only description she could give, or would, was that he seemed to be "a tall black gentleman, going about very graciously;" till the Vicar at last lost his patience, and exclaimed, "you had better say I robbed my own house myself. Upon my word, I believe you think so!"

"Noo, noo, twadn't you," the good woman replied; "a' was dree times so tall as you be. 'Twor as much as the odds atwixt thic and thiccy." She held up her long middle finger, as she spoke, to indicate the robber gentleman; and then, as figurative of her master, displayed the top-joint of her dumpy thumb. Mr. Short strode away; for if anything annoyed him, it was an allusion to his modesty of stature.

"The poor old woman is so deaf," he pronounced, in a voice quite loud enough to reach her, "that the villain stole behind her, while she was at the sink; and I daresay she never set eyes on him at all. But Lizzie—Lizzie must know something. And Thomas! Good heavens, is a house to be surprised, and robbed in broad daylight, and the people burked, and gagged, and not a soul be able to tell anything about it? Lizzie, come here child. You have had time enough to get over your fright, and to satisfy your hunger. Now what was this fellow like, that 'keyed' you in the sermon-room?"

"I can't say sir, indeed I can't," Lizzie Aggett answered, beginning to whine at the remembrance of her fright; "only he was big, and black, and hugly. If you was to tear me in pieces with wild horses——"

"Tush!" cried the parson; "was there ever such a set of nincompoops? What became of Thomas, child? Is he in a trance? Was he scared off the premises? Did he see a vision?"

"No sir, please sir; leastways not as I knows of. But he seed a half-crown laying under the laylac, by the stable-door, sir. And he come to ouze, and he saith, 'I must go and see whether this here be a good coin of the kingdom.' And please sir, he ain't been back; though I hollered, like a peg bein' killed, out of windy."

"Ah, I understand. I shall have to groom *Trumpeter* myself; if he is groomed at all. Run, and see who is thumping at the back-door so."

But the girl trembled so, that the Vicar went himself; and there he found the landlord's daughter from the "Three Horseshoes."

"Oh do please to come sir, as soon as you can," she held up her hands with urgency; "it isn't raining anything to speak of now, sir. And your Thomas is that tipsy in our bar, and laying about him with a pewter pot, that nobody dare go anigh him. We would send for constable, if it wasn't for your Reverence. But father saith, to let you know sir, first; for fear you should take it unkind of us. Father could tackle of him peart enow; if must be. But mother hold him back, by reason of the pewter pot. Your Thomas is a-laying about, so dreadful!"

"I wish he had layed about with equal vigour here;" poor Mr. Short muttered, as he set forth again, without a bit of food, and with wet shivers running through him; "bolt the door, Lizzie. Ah I need not tell you; 'when the horse is stolen,' &c. Don't be afraid, child. They won't come again, for the most rational of all reasons. The Greeks had a proverb, about the great difficulty experienced, even by that most ingenious race, in skinning a skinned dog."

REMINISCENCES OF THE HIGH CHURCH REVIVAL.

BY JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE, M.A.

LETTER IV.—TRACT XC. AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

MY DEAR ——

After I had taken my degree, and before I re-entered upon residence as fellow, my confidence in my Oxford teachers underwent a further trial. I spent some months in Ireland in the family of an Evangelical clergyman. I need not mention names which have no historical notability. My new friends were favourable specimens of a type which was then common in Ireland. The Church of England was becoming semi-Catholic. The Church of Ireland left Catholicism to those to whom it properly belonged. It represented the principles of the Reformation. It was a branch of what Mr. Gladstone has called the Upas-tree of Protestant ascendancy. Mr. —— and the circle into which I was thrown were, to begin with, high-bred and cultivated gentlemen. They had seen the world. Some of them had been connected with the public movements of the time. O'Connell was then in his glory. I heard Irish affairs talked of by those who lived in the midst of them. A sharp line of division among the people distinguished the Protestants from the Catholics. The Protestants were industrious and thriving. Mendicancy, squalor, and misery went along with the flocks of the priest, whether as cause or effect of their belief, or in accidental connection with it, I could not tell. The country was outwardly quiet, but there were ominous undertones of disaffection. There were murders now and then in the mountains, and I was startled at the calmness with which they were spoken of. We were in the midst of the traditions of 1798. My friend's father had been attacked in his palace, and the folios in the library bore marks of having been used to barricade the windows. He himself spoke as if he was living on a volcano; but he was as unconcerned as a soldier at his post, and so far as outward affairs went he was as kind to Catholics as to Protestants. His outdoor servants were Catholics, and they seemed attached to him, but he knew that they belonged to secret societies, and that if they were ordered to kill him they would do it. The presence of exceptional danger elevates characters which it does not demoralise. There was a quiet good sense, an intellectual breadth of feeling in this household, which to me who had been bred up to despise Evangelicals as unreal and affected was a startling surprise. I had looked down on Dissenters especially, as being vulgar among their other enormities; here were persons whose creed differed little from that of the Calvinistic Methodists, yet they were easy, natural, and dignified. In Ireland they were part of a missionary garrison, and in their daily lives they carried the colours of their faith. In Oxford, reserve was considered a becoming feature in the religious character. The doctrines of Christianity were mysteries, and mysteries were not to be lightly spoken of. Christianity at —— was part of the atmosphere which we breathed; it was the great fact of our existence, to which everything else was subordinated. Mystery it might be, but not more of a mystery than our own bodily lives and the system of which we were a part. The problem was to arrange all our thoughts and acquirements in harmony with the Christian revelation, and to act it out consistently in all that we said and did. The family devotions were long, but there was no formalism, and everybody took a part in them. A chapter was read and talked over, and practical lessons were drawn out of it; otherwise there were no long faces or solemn affectations; the conversations were never foolish or trivial; serious subjects were lighted up as if by an ever-present spiritual sunshine.

Such was the new element into which I was introduced under the shadow of the Irish Upas-tree; the same uniform tone being visible in parents, in children, in the indoor servants and in the surrounding society. And this was Protestantism. This was the fruit of the Reformation which we had been learning at Oxford to hate as rebellion and to despise as a system without foundation. The foundation of it was faith, the authority the Holy Scripture, which was supposed to be verbally inspired; and as a living witness, the presence of Christ in the heart. Here, too, the letter of the word was allowed to require a living authentication. The Anglo-Catholics at Oxford maintained that Christ was present in the Church; the Evangelicals said that he was present in the individual believing soul, and why might they not be right? So far as Scripture went they had promises to allege for themselves more definite than the Catholics. If the test was personal holiness, I for my own part had never yet fallen in with any human beings in whose actions and conversations the spirit of Christ was more visibly present.

My feelings of reverence for the Reformers revived. Fact itself was speaking for them. Beautiful pictures had been put before us of the mediæval Church which a sacrilegious hand had ruthlessly violated. Here on one side we saw the mediæval creed in full vitality with its fruits upon it which our senses could test; on the other, equally active, the fruits of the teaching of Luther and Calvin. I felt that I had been taken in, and I resented it. Modern history resumed its traditionary English aspect. I went again over the ground of the sixteenth century. Unless the intelligent part of Europe had combined to misrepresent the entire period, the corruption of Roman Catholicism had become intolerable. Put the matter as the Roman Catholics would, it was a fact impossible to deny, that they had alienated half Europe, that the Teutonic nations had risen against them in indignation and had substituted for the Christianity of Rome the Christianity of the Bible. They had tried, and tried in vain, to extinguish the revolt in blood, and the national life of modern England had grown up out of their overthrow. With the Anglo-Catholics the phenomena were the same in a lighter form. The Anglo-Catholics too had persecuted so far as they dared; they too had been narrow, cruel, and exclusive. Peace and progress had only been made possible when their teeth were drawn and their claws pared, and they were tied fast under the control of Parliament. History, like present reality, was all in favour of the views of my Evangelical friends.

And if history was in their favour so were analogy and general probability. Mediæval theology had been formed at a time when the relations of matter and spirit had been guessed at by imagination, rather than studied with care and observation. It was now well known that mind acted on mind and body upon body. If ideas reached the mind through the senses, it was by method and sequence which, if it could not be fully understood, yet so far as experience went was never departed from. The Middle Ages, on the other hand, believed in witchcraft and magic. Incantation could call up evil angels and control the elements. The Catholic theory of the sacraments was the counterpart of enchantment. Outward mechanical acts, which except as symbols had no meaning, were supposed to produce spiritual changes; and spoken words to produce, like spells, changes in material substance. The imposition of a bishop's hands conferred supernatural powers. An ordained priest altered the nature of the elements in the Eucharist by consecrating them. Water and a prescribed formula regenerated an infant in baptism. The whole Church, it was true, had held these opinions down to the sixteenth century. But so it had believed that medicine was only efficacious if it was blessed; so it had believed that saints' relics worked miracles. Larger knowledge had taught us that magic was an illusion, that spells and charms were frauds or folly. The Reformers in the same way had thrown off the notion that there was anything mysterious or supernatural in the clergy or the sacraments. The clergy in their opinion were like other men, and were simply set apart for the office of teaching the truths of religion. The sacraments were symbols, which affected the moral nature of those who could understand them, as words or pictures, or music, or anything else which had an intelligible spiritual meaning. They brought before the mind in a lively manner the facts and principles of Christianity. To regard them as more was superstition and materialism. Evangelicalism had been represented to me as weak and illiterate. I found it so far in harmony with reason and experience, and recommended as it was by personal holiness in its professors, and general beauty of mind and character, I concluded that Protestantism had more to say for itself than my Oxford teachers had allowed.

For the first time, too, among these good people I was introduced to evangelical literature. Newton and Faber had given me good reasons when I was a boy for believing the Pope to be the man of sin; but I had read nothing of evangelical positive theology—and books like the "Pilgrim's Progress" were nothing less than a revelation to me. I do not mean that I could adopt the doctrine in the precise shape in which it was presented to me, that I was *converted*, or anything of that kind; but I perceived that persons who rejected altogether the theory of Christianity which I had been taught to regard as the only tenable one, were as full of the spirit of Christ, and had gone through as many, as various, and as subtle Christian experiences as the most developed saint in the Catholic calendar. I saw it in their sermons, in their hymns, in their conversation. A clergyman, who was afterwards a bishop in the Irish Church, declared to me that the theory of a Christian priesthood was a fiction; that the notion of the Sacraments as having a mechanical efficacy irrespective of their conscious effect upon the mind of the receiver was an idolatrous superstition; that the Church was a human institution, which had varied in form in different ages, and might vary again; that it was always fallible; that it might have bishops in England and dispense with bishops in Scotland and Germany; that a bishop was merely an officer; that the apostolical succession was probably false as a fact—and, if a fact, implied nothing but historical continuity. Yet the man who said these things had devoted his whole life to his Master's service, thought of nothing else and cared for nothing else.

The opinions were of no importance in themselves; I was, of course, aware that many people held them; but I realised now for the first time that clergymen of weight and learning in the Church of England, ordained and included in its formularies, could think in this way and openly say so, and that the Church to which Newman and Keble had taught us to look as our guide did not condemn them. Clearly, therefore, if the Church equally admitted persons who held the sacramental theory, she regarded the questions between them as things indifferent. She, the sovereign authority, if the Oxford view of the Church's functions was correct, declared that on such points we might follow our own judgment. This conclusion was forced home upon me, and shook the confidence which I had hitherto continued to feel in Newman. It was much in itself, and it relieved me of other perplexities. The piety, the charity, the moral excellence in the circle into which I had been thrown were evidences as clear as any evidence could be of a living faith. If the Catholic revivalists were right, these graces were but natural virtues, not derived through any recognised channel, uncovenanted mercies, perhaps counterfeits, not virtues at all, but cunning inventions of the adversary. And it had been impossible for me to believe this. A false diamond may gain credit with eyes that have never looked upon the genuine gem, but the pure water once seen cannot be mistaken. More beautiful human characters than those of my Irish Evangelical friends I had never seen, and I have never seen since. Whatever might be the "Notes of the Church," a holy life was the first and last of them; and a holy life, it was demonstratedly plain to me, was no monopoly of the sacramental system.

At the end of a year I returned to Oxford. There had been a hurricane in the interval, and the storm was still raging. Not the University only, but all England, lay and clerical, was agitating itself over Tract XC. The Anglican Church had been long ago described as having a Catholic Prayer-book, an Arminian clergy, and Calvinistic Articles. When either of the three schools asserted itself with emphasis the others took alarm. Since the revolution of 1688 Church and clergy had been contented to acquiesce in the common title of Protestant; by consent of high and low the very name of Catholic had been abandoned to the Romanists; and now when a Catholic party had risen again, declaring that they and they only were true Church of England men, the

Articles, not unintentionally, had been thrown in their teeth. All the clergy had subscribed the Articles. The Articles certainly on the face of them condemned the doctrines which the revivalists had been putting forward; weak brothers among them were beginning to think that the Articles had committed the Church to heresy, and that they ought to leave it. There were even a few who considered that their position was not so much as honest. I recollect the Professor of Astronomy saying to me about this time that the obligation of a Tractarian to go to Rome was in the ratio of his intellectual obtuseness. If he was clever enough to believe two contradictory propositions at the same time, he might stay in the Church of England; if his capacity of reconciliation was limited, he ought to leave it. It was to soothe the consciences of these troubled spirits that Tract XC. was written. As their minds had opened they had recognised in the mass, in purgatory, in the authority of tradition, in infallibility of councils, doctrines which down to the schism had been the ancient faith of Christendom. The Articles seemed distinctly to repudiate them; and if they were true the body which rejected them could be no authentic branch of the Church Catholic. Newman undertook to remove this difficulty. He set himself to "minimise" what the Articles said, just as in later years he has "minimised" the decree of Papal infallibility. He tells us that he cannot understand a religion which is not dogmatic; but he too finds tight-lacing uncomfortable, and though he cannot do without his dogma, it must mean as little as possible for him. He argues, in the first place, that the Articles could not have been intended to contradict the canons of the Council of Trent, as was popularly supposed, because they had been composed several years before those canons were published or the Council itself completed. Secondly, that they were directed not against Catholic doctrines, but against the popular abuses of those doctrines. They condemned "masses;" they did not condemn the mass. They condemned the Romish doctrine of purgatory; but the Romish was not the Greek, and there might be many others. Finally, the Articles were legal documents, and were to be interpreted according to the strict meaning of the words. We do not interpret an Act of Parliament by what we know from other sources of the opinions of its framers, we keep to the four corners of the Act itself. Newman said that we had as little occasion to trouble ourselves with the views of individual bishops in the sixteenth century.

The English mind does not like evasion; and on its first appearance the Tract was universally condemned as dishonest. Very good people, my Irish friends among them, detested it, not for the views which it advocated, but as trifling with truth. I could not go along with them, partly because it had become plain to me that, little as they knew it, they themselves had at least equally to strain the language of the Baptismal Service, and of one of the three absolutions; partly because I considered Newman's arguments to be legally sound. Formulas agreed on in councils and committees are not the produce of any one mind or of any one party. They are compromises in which opposing schools of thought are brought at last to agree after many discussions and alterations. Expressions intended to be plain and emphatic, are qualified to satisfy objectors. The emphasis of phrases may remain, but the point emphasised has been blunted. The closer all such documents are scrutinised the more clear becomes the nature of their origin. Certainly, if the Catholic theory is correct, and if the Holy Spirit really instructs mankind through the medium of councils, and therefore through decrees which have been shaped in a manner so human, one can but wonder at the method that has been chosen. It seems like a deliberate contrivance to say nothing in seeming to say much, for there are few forms of words which cannot be perforated by an acute legal intellect. But as far as Tract XC. was concerned public opinion, after taking time to reflect, has pronounced Newman acquitted. It is historically certain that Elizabeth and her ministers intentionally framed the Church formulas so as to enable every one to use them who would disclaim allegiance to the Pope. The English Catholics, who were then more than half the nation, applied to the Council of Trent for leave to attend the English Church services, on the express ground that no Catholic doctrine was denied in them. The Council of Trent refused permission, and the petitioners, after hesitating till in the defeat of the Armada Providence had declared for the Queen, conformed (the greater number of them) on their own terms. They had fought for the Crown in the civil wars; they had been defeated, and since the Revolution had no longer existed as a theological party. But Newman was only claiming a position for himself and his friends which had been purposely left open when the constitution of the Anglican Church was formed.

But religious men do not argue like lawyers. The Church of England might have been made intentionally comprehensive three centuries ago, but ever since 1688 it had banished Popery and Popish doctrines. When the Catholics were numerous and dangerous, it might have been prudent to conciliate them; but the battle had been fought out since, and a century and a half of struggles and conspiracies and revolutions and dethroned dynasties were not to go for nothing. Compromise might have dictated the letter of the Articles, but unbroken usage for a hundred and fifty years had created a Protestant interpretation of them which had become itself authoritative. Our fathers had risked their lives to get rid of Romanism. It was not to be allowed to steal into the midst of us again under false colours. So angry men said at the time, and so they acted.

Newman, however, had done his work. He had broken the back of the Articles. He had given the Church of our fathers a shock from which it was not to recover in its old form. He had written his Tract, that he might see whether the Church of England would tolerate Catholic doctrine. Had he waited a few years, till the seed which he had sown could grow, he would have seen the Church unprotestantizing itself more ardently than his most sanguine hope could have anticipated, the squire parsons of the Establishment gone like a dream, an order of priests in their places, with an undress uniform in the world, and at their altars "celebrating" masses in symbolic robes, with a directory to guide their inexperience. He would have seen them hearing confession, giving absolution, adoring Our Lady and professing to receive visits from her, preaching transubstantiation and purgatory and penance and everything which his Tract had claimed for them; founding monasteries and religious orders, washing out of their naves and chancels the last traces of Puritan sacrilege; doing all this in defiance of courts of law and Parliaments and bishops, and forcing the authorities to admit that they cannot be interfered with. It has been a great achievement for a single man; not the less so that, although he admitted that he had no right to leave the Church in which he was born unless she repudiated what he considered to be true, he himself would not even pause to discern whether she would repudiate it or not.

But Newman, though he forbids private judgment to others, seems throughout to retain the right of it for his own guidance. He regarded the immediate treatment of the message which he had delivered as the measure of his own duty. His convictions had grown slowly on himself; they were new to the clergy, unpalatable to the laity, violently at variance with the national feelings and traditions. Yet the bishops were expected to submit on the spot, without objection or hesitation, to the dictation of a single person; and because they spoke with natural alarm and anxiety, his misgivings about the Catholicity of the Church of England turned instantly into certainties, and in four years carried him away over the border to Popery.

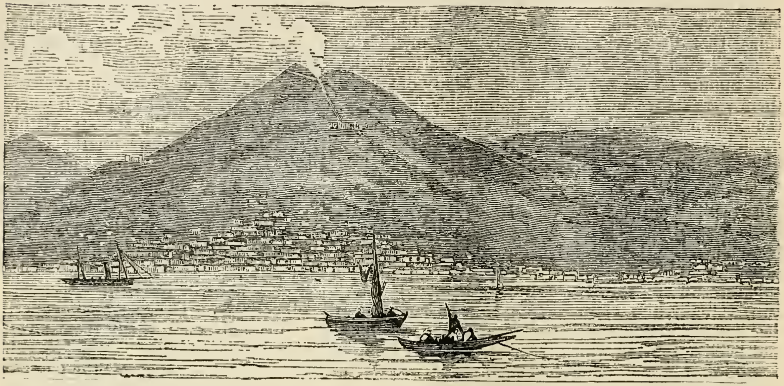
It is evident now, on reading Newman's own history of his religious opinions, that the world, which said from the beginning that he was going to Rome, understood him better than he then understood himself, or, perhaps, than he understands himself now. A man of so much ability would never have rushed to conclusions so precipitately merely on account of a few bishops' charges. Excuses these charges might be, or explanations to account for what he was doing; but the motive force which was driving him forward was the overmastering "idea" to which he had surrendered himself. He could have seen, if he had pleased, the green blade of the Catholic harvest springing in a thousand fields; at present there is scarcely a clergyman in the country who does not carry upon him in one form or other the marks of the Tractarian movement. The answer which he required has been given. The Church of England has not only admitted Catholic doctrine, but has rushed into it with extraordinary enthusiasm. He might be expected to have recognised that his impatient departure has been condemned by his own arguments. Yet the "Apologia" shows no repentance nor explains the absence of it. He tells us that he has found peace in the Church of Rome, and wonders that he could ever have hoped to find it in the English Communion. Very likely. Others knew how it would be from the first. He did not know it; but if the bench of bishops had been as mild and enduring as their present successors, it would have made no difference.

Newman was living at Littlemore, a village three miles from Oxford, when I came back from Ireland. He had given up his benefice, though still occasionally preaching in St. Mary's pulpit before the University. He was otherwise silent and passive, though his retirement was suspected, and he was an object of much impertinent curiosity. For myself he was as fascinating as ever. I still looked on him—I do at this moment—as one of the two most remarkable men whom I have ever met with; but I had learnt from my evangelical experiences that equally good men could take different views in theology, and Newmanism had ceased to have exclusive interest to me. I was beginning to think that it would be well if some of my High Church friends could remember also, that opinions were not everything. Many of them were tutors, and tutors responsible for the administration of the University. The discipline was lax, the undergraduates were idle and extravagant; there were scandalous abuses in college management, and life at the University was twice as expensive as it need have been. There were plain duties lying neglected and unthought of, or, if remembered at all, remembered only by the Liberals, whom Newman so much detested. Intellectually, the controversies to which I had listened had unsettled me. Difficulties had been suggested which I need not have heard of, but out of which some road or other had now to be looked for. I was thrown on my own resources, and began to read hard in modern history and literature. Carlyle's books came across me; by Carlyle I was led to Goethe. I discovered Lessing for myself, and then Neander and Schleiermacher. The "Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation," which came out about that time, introduced modern science to us under an unexpected aspect, and opened new avenues of thought. As I had perceived before that the Evangelicals could be as saint-like as Catholics, so now I found that men of the highest gifts and unimpeached purity of life could differ from both by whole diameters in the interpretation of the same phenomena. Further, this became clear to me, that the Catholic revival in Oxford, spontaneous as it seemed, was part of a general movement which was going on all over Europe. In France, in Holland, in Germany intellect and learning had come to conclusions from which religion and conscience were recoiling. Pious Protestants had trusted themselves upon the Bible as their sole foundation. They found their philosophers and professors assuming that the Bible was a human composition—parts of it of doubtful authenticity, other parts bearing marks on them of the mistaken opinions of the age when these books were written; and they were flying terrified back into the Church from which they had escaped at the Reformation, like ostriches hiding their heads in a bush.

Yet how could the Church, as they called it, save them? If what the philosophers were saying was untrue, it could be met by argument. If the danger was real, they were like men caught in a thunderstorm, flying for a refuge to a tree, which only the more certainly would attract the lightning. Catholics are responsible for everything for which Protestants are responsible, plus a great deal besides which Protestants rejected once as lies, and the stroke will fall where the evidence is weakest. Christianity, Catholic and Protestant alike, rests on the credibility of the Gospel history. Verbal inaccuracies, if such there be, no more disprove the principal facts related in the Gospels than mistakes in Lord Clarendon's history of the Rebellion proves that there was never a Commonwealth in England. After all is said, these facts must be tested by testimony, like all other facts. The personal experiences of individuals may satisfy themselves, but are no evidence to others. Far less can the Church add to the proof, for the Church rests on the history, not the history on the Church. That the Church exists, and has existed, proves no more than that it is an institution which has had a beginning in time, and may have an end in time. The individuals of whom it is composed have believed in Christianity, and their witness is valuable according to their opportunities, like that of other men, but this is all. That the Church as a body is immortal, and has infallible authority antecedent to proof, is a mere assumption, like the tortoise in the Indian legend. If the facts cannot be established, the Catholic theory falls with the Protestant; if they can, they are the common property of mankind, and to pile upon them the mountains of incredibilities for which the Catholic Church has made itself answerable, is only to play into the hands of unbelievers, and reduce both alike to legend.

Still, the reaction was a fact, visible everywhere, especially in Protestant countries. The bloody stains on the Christian escutcheon were being painted over. The savage massacres, the stake at Smithfield, and the Spanish Auto da fé, the assassinations and civil wars and conspiracies on which we had shuddered as children were being condoned or explained away. Hitherto it had been strenuously denied that the Oxford movement was in the direction of Rome; it was insisted rather that, more than anything else, Tractarianism would tend to keep men away from Rome. No Protestant had spoken harder things of the Roman see and its doings than Newman had, and I was still for myself unable to believe that he was on his way to it; but the strongest swimmers who are in the current of a stream must go where it carries them, and his retirement from active service in the Church of England showed that he himself was no longer confident.

J. A. FROUDE.

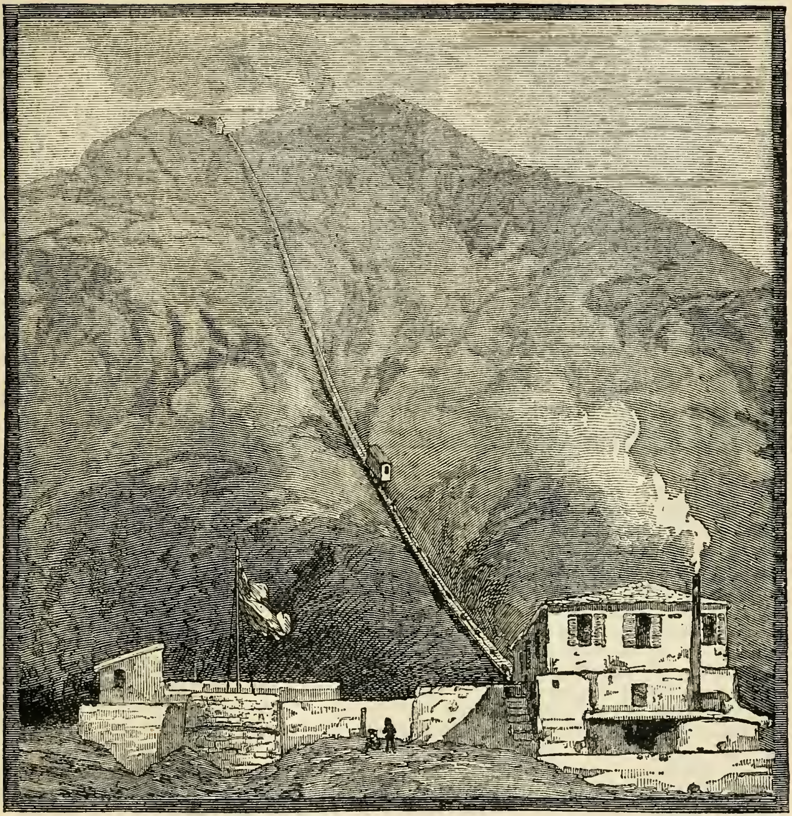


THE VESUVIUS RAILWAY.

IN the eyes of the St. George's Guild a railway up Mount Vesuvius is probably one of the crying sins of the age—an outrage to be paralleled only by the Thirlmere water scheme. Indeed, inasmuch as during the ages of barbarism, to which Ruskinite enthusiasts look fondly back, the element of fire was much more nearly associated with heaven than that of water, the subjugation of Vesuvius by base mechanical arts would seem to be even more sacrilegious than the robbery of Thirlmere by thirsty Manchester. But there is a good deal to be said against the monopoly of poetry by ages of barbarism. The noblest poetry is that which celebrates the triumph of heroic forces in highest human form. If then the might of an Achilles, manifested in the agony and death of human foes, was a fit subject for poetic genius, how much nobler a subject ought to be afforded by corporate man in his victory over the brute forces of nature! For surely in that new humanity of light and love, which is gradually being born out of the materialistic chaos of ancient brutality, there is at once a massiveness and an intensity of human interest not to be rivalled by any Hellenic chieftain or hero of middle-aged romance. On the other hand the foes whom this new humanity sees one after another prostrate at its feet, are not such as to lessen our exultation by sympathy with their sufferings. Space, water, fire, storm, disease—such are the Trojan heroes of this modern Iliad fought out before our eyes; and while they are dragged in the dust of human triumph, on them we need not waste any tears.

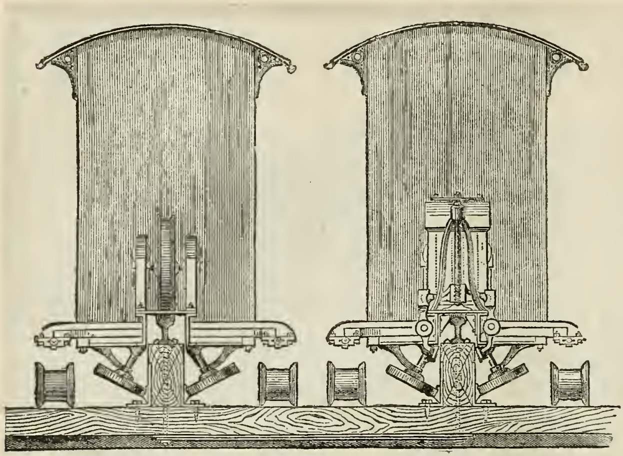
Yet although we belong to no St. George's Guild, the magic of old associations misleads us still. After all it is not war to which the new humanity is called. Space, water, fire, storm, disease, if truth were known, are not foes at all, but emissaries of the Divine Teacher sent forth to impose on humanity the labours by which the maturity of its powers shall at length be called forth. And as one after another those labours are accomplished, it seems to us that poetic song, were it only available, would be much more appropriate than groans and sighs over the departure of the bad old days.

A railway up Vesuvius! It is a little thing of its kind, covering only the last four thousand feet of the mountain summit. But the



boldness of its design and the originality of its construction are greatly heightened in their effect upon our minds by the associations surrounding the work. Vesuvius, which after a long slumber terrified the whole world in its awakening—Vesuvius, which buried two Roman cities—Vesuvius, whose mysterious fires have seemed to superstition the outlet from a world of demoniac rage and horror,—now carries on its bosom a little chain by which a Lilliputian car, drawn up and down, brings pigmy lords of creation to gaze unabashed and fearless at the glare of the mountain's volcanic wrath. The members of the St. George's Guild are welcome to their sentiments; but to our minds such a mode of climbing to the crater appears at least not less poetic than the old system of elevation in a chair borne by four stumbling and swearing lazzaroni. A dear and stout old friend of ours was dragged up by a couple of traces attached to a girdle round his capacious waist. On that occasion we know there was much more perspiration evoked than poetic sentiment. And, if triumph of mind over matter, swiftness of aspiring movement, facility for quiet contemplation, simple solution of difficulties, have any of the intellectual and emotional interest which constitutes poetry, then is this Puck-like contrivance, this merry toy, coursing up the bosom of the mountain, more poetic far than any rude method of ascent now superseded.

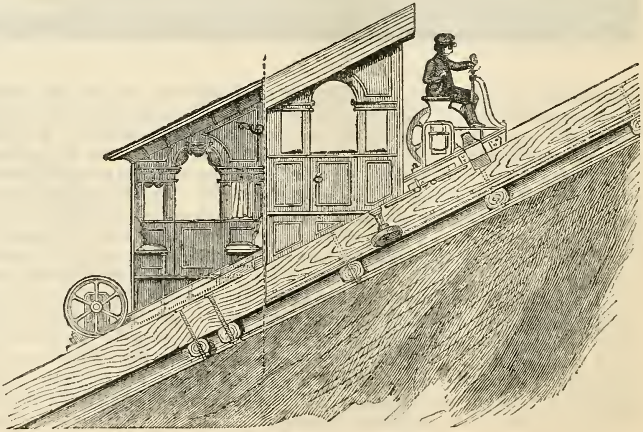
The plan of the Vesuvius railway is very



Back and front view of carriage.

different from that which ascends the Righi. The incline is much steeper and the course is direct. A cogged rail therefore, such as that used on the Righi, was inapplicable. The expedient of an endless rope running round pulleys at either end of the course, and worked by a stationary engine, has long been familiar. It is, we suppose, older than the locomotive, and was, till quite recently, used in the Liverpool tunnel between Lime Street and Edge Hill. But the gradient of the peak of Vesuvius is considerably steeper than that of any other incline hitherto used for passenger traffic, unless that of the Sophien-Alp near Vienna equals it. The line up which the railway is run ascends at an angle of from thirty-three to forty-five degrees. On such an incline to trust a railway carriage to the tenacity of a rope, over ten thousand feet long in its double course; might seem somewhat daring. But ropes of steel wire are more trustworthy than any chain, and the little carriage is fitted at either end with powerful brakes, which, it is said, would be sufficient to hold it stationary in mid career even were the rope to break. We earnestly trust, however, that the capacity of the brakes may never have to be proved by such an accident.

On first sight there appears to be only one rail laid on a single row of sleepers running along the middle of the way. But there are really three rails, one at the top of the sleeper and one at either side near its base. These side rails are laid at an angle and adapted to wheels whose axles project from the floor of the carriage at an angle of about forty-five degrees, which wheels, tightly grasping the rails on either side, keep the carriage securely upright. The carriage itself is so contrived that notwithstanding the incline at which it



Side view, with section of carriage.

runs, the passengers sit comfortably on horizontal seats with a level floor beneath their feet. The station is situated close to the observatory of Professor Palmieri, up to which point the ascent can readily be made in ordinary carriages. The upper station is a hundred feet beneath the lip of the crater, but a solid path cut in zig-zags up the short ascent makes the passage easy.

In June last the line was opened with festive observances. The invited guests might well congratulate themselves upon taking part in an opening ceremony to which the history of railways can show no parallel, and probably never will. From their dining-hall, built in imitation of a Pompeian villa, they looked down upon the silent ruins buried nearly two thousand years ago, and on the shining town of Naples brimming over with modern life. The blue waters of the Mediterranean stretching away to the horizon, were bounded hitherwards by classic peaks and romantic islands, where every rock was eloquent of the past. And here, in clear air, hanging between heaven and earth, men celebrated the consecration of industry's honest magic to the union of the past with the present, to the conquest of nature's mysteries, and to the endowment of the million with opportunities and pleasures denied of old to all but a privileged few. The work has a beauty which we trust that even stern Vesuvius in its firiest moods may be willing to respect.

W. C. PROCTER.

TO MY CHILD.

LITTLE maiden, sweet and good,
Daintiest piece of babyhood,
Golden hair and frank blue eye,
Dancing step and joyous cry,
Making all the house rejoice
With thy merry-hearted voice.
Ah! thy father loveth well,
Winsome maiden Meriel.

Teach me half the child-like lore
That thy heart doth inly store;
Better than all books shall be
The lessons, then, I learn from thee.
I and thou, two children, stand,
Of our Father, hand in hand.
May His angels shield us well,
Thee and me, child Meriel.

CHARLES W. STUBBS.

CONFUCIUS.

BY MARCUS DODS, D.D., AUTHOR OF "MOHAMMED, BUDDHA, AND CHRIST."

II.

WE must not look to Confucius, then, for any light upon religious matters; he had evidently no convictions about the supernatural. He was an agnostic pure and simple, declining to dogmatize where he had no grounds for affirmation. Even when questioned regarding the most universal custom and belief of the Chinese religion, he made evasive answers. Kee-Loo, *e.g.*, asked him about serving the spirits of the dead, but Confucius replied, "While you are not able to serve living men, how can you serve their spirits?" Not daunted by this clever snub, the irrepressible disciple went on to ask about death, but the ready fencer met this assault also with an equally skilful parry: "While you do not know life, how can you know death?" These replies might indeed be supposed to lie in the same plane as the remark of the Apostle John: "He that loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen?" They might, that is to say, be construed as merely intended to remind men that there is an order and gradation in human duties, and that no man can accomplish the higher by evading the lower; and to rebuke the tendency to exonerate ourselves from duties that lie under our nose by professing to be engaged in higher matters. But this construction cannot always be given, and will not account for the uniform indisposition which Confucius manifests to commit himself to any statement regarding things supernatural. He was, in fact, a high-minded secularist or positivist, who believed that care for present duty was the only preparation for the future—that men should concern themselves with what they know, and that the unseen and unknown will reveal itself in due time. "Have the dead knowledge?" asked one of his disciples, "or have they not?" The Master replied, "If I were to say that they have knowledge, I am afraid that filial sons would injure their substance in paying the last offices to the departed; and if I were to say that they have not knowledge, I fear lest unfilial sons should leave their parents unburied. You need not wish to know whether they have knowledge or not. There is no present urgency about the point. Hereafter you will know it for yourself." Obviously, Confucius was not possessed by that intense religious craving, nor by that keen speculative instinct, the one or the other of which drives many men past secularism, bidding them search above all else for God; bidding them renew the search, however baffled, however weary and perplexed, because they feel that, till the question of God's existence is settled, all other questions can receive but a partial and provisional solution.

Yet the moral intensity and practical earnestness of Confucius never relaxed. And if he ever questioned himself regarding the source of moral obligation, and found that he could not satisfactorily answer the questions that pierced to the ultimate aim of human life, and the fundamental ground of human duty, this seems only to have made him cling more tenaciously to whatever in conduct he felt to be good, to trust more to the leaven of personal influence, than to carefully elaborated systems of ethics, for the regeneration of society. His consciousness of the inefficacy of reasoned systems of morals, is remarkably expressed in the following: "The master said, I would prefer not speaking. Tsze-kung said, If you, master, do not speak, what shall we your disciples have to record? The master replied, Does heaven speak? The four seasons pursue their courses, and all things are continually being produced, but does heaven say anything?" Increasingly he felt the insufficiency of teaching to make men moral,—and here again he resembles Aristotle,—increasingly indeed he felt how far off he himself was, from living up to his own ideal. "The sage, and the man of perfect virtue," he said, "how dare I rank myself with them? In letters I am perhaps equal to other men, but the character of the superior man, carrying out in his conduct what he professes, is what I have not yet attained to." "The leading virtue without proper cultivation; the not thoroughly discussing what is learned; not being able to move towards righteousness of which a knowledge is gained; and not being able to change what is not good—these are the things which occasion me solicitude."

The work from which a knowledge of the teaching of Confucius may best be gained is entitled "The Confucian Analects." This work may in respect of its *form* be compared to the gospels, not that it contains anything approaching to a biography of Confucius, but because it comprises a vast number of his sayings, which were set down in writing, or committed to memory, by those who heard them. In the Analects therefore we must not expect to find such an exposition of his views as a philosopher would give who sat down pen in hand to do so; neither have we the artistically finished, and long-drawn discussions familiar to the readers of Plato, but only a collection of brief sayings evoked by some trivial circumstance or incidental question. Some of these sayings are indeed full of shrewdness, and worthy of the universal introductory formula, "The master said." For example: "in ancient times men learned with a view to their own improvement; nowadays men learn with a view to the approbation of others." Again, "He who requires much from himself, and little from others, will keep himself from being the object of resentment." Two other of his sayings are worthy the attention of all students:—"The master said, learning without thought is labour lost: thought without learning is perilous." And again, "In all things success depends upon previous preparation, and without such previous preparation, there is sure to be failure. If what is to be spoken be previously determined, there will be no stumbling. If affairs be previously determined, there will be no difficulty with them. If one's actions have been previously determined, there will be no sorrow in connection with them. If principles of conduct have been previously determined, the practice of them will be inexhaustible." Of course, it would be easy to quote pages of trivial, flat, commonplace observations: on the other hand, if any one wished to establish for Confucius the character of profundity, he might cite such a saying as this: "Is virtue a thing remote? I wish to be virtuous, and lo! virtue is at hand;" or as this: "What the superior man seeks is in himself, what the mean man seeks is in others."

But it is not by scattered sayings such as these, that a teacher can exert a lasting influence. In the Analects we find traces of something more than the faculty of felicitous expression and acute observation. We find a moral earnestness that penetrates to some of the most important principles of human life and conduct. Perhaps the most remarkable instance of this ethical insight is found in the Chinese teacher's anticipation of the *golden rule* of the gospel. One of his disciples, weary of maxims and rules, said to Confucius, "Is there one word which may serve as a rule of practice for all one's life?"

The master replied, "Is not *Reciprocity* such a word? What you do not want done to yourself, do not do to others." This was not a mere accidental hit, or happy thought. In the little work entitled "The Doctrine of the Mean," in which he elaborates his ethical ideas somewhat more fully, it is still this principle which pervades the whole. Indeed he formulates it in the ever-memorable expression, which is probably profounder than any ethical truth uttered by Greek philosophy, "Benevolence is Man." Again and again we find him unfolding this central truth in some such style as the following: "In the way of the superior man, there are four things to not one of which have I as yet attained. To serve my father as I would require my son to serve me, to this I have not attained; to serve my prince as I would require my minister to serve me; * * * to serve my elder brother as I would require my younger brother to serve me; to set the example in behaving to a friend as I would require him to behave to me,—to this I have not attained." But the prominence he gave to this ethical principle is, perhaps, most convincingly shown by the fact that this doctrine of his was taken up and developed by the philosopher Mih Teih, who *demonstrated* in a work still extant and accessible to English readers—that universal mutual love is the root of all virtue, and the cure of all social evil.

There are two uses to which this slight acquaintance with the great Chinese moralist may be put. The first is to guard ourselves against the common error of supposing that it is by inculcating a wholly new and previously unthought-of morality that the Christian religion proves its Divine origin and establishes its transcendent importance. The Christian morality is more complete, more consistent, more penetrating than that inculcated elsewhere. The Christian morality is perfect, being the morality of the Incarnate God. But it is an extremely rash, not to say unfair, procedure on the part of those who have no personal acquaintance with other moral systems, to institute comparisons upon special points, or to declaim at large against the defects of uninspired teachers. For what is the consequence? The consequence is this, that having heard the ardent but reckless Christian Apologist declare that this one Christian injunction—Do to others as ye would be done by, is enough to prove the Divinity of our religion, you turn to Confucius and find the very same sentiment, or you consult the Hindu sacred books and you read: "Hear the sum of all righteousness, and when thou hast heard, ponder it—do no to others what would be repugnant to thyself." It may then be insinuated that these are only negative precepts informing you what you are not to do, but not directing you to positive duty; you look therefore a little further and you find it written: "That the wise man should, in whatever manner he can, promote the satisfaction of every embodied creature—this is the worship of Vishnu." "What makes the birth of embodied creatures fruitful is this, that they should with their life, with their means, with their understanding, and with their speech, seek to advance the welfare of other creatures in this world." "The good show compassion even to worthless creatures. The moon does not withdraw its light from the house of the Pariah." "Suitable hospitality should be shown even to an enemy when he comes to one's house. A tree does not withdraw its shade even from the forester who comes to cut it down."

Manifestly, if we have been taught that the chief distinction between Christianity and other systems lies in the contents of their moral teaching, our faith must receive a shock when we discover how much of what is true and high these systems contain. Hence the reluctance of many to admit the facts regarding pre-Christian teachers; hence their jealous unloving criticism of their teachings. Mr. Kinglake has admirably shown that the unusual bloodshed at the battle of Inkerman was in great measure due to the fatal issue on which for some part of the day that battle was fought. The Sand-bag battery for the acquisition of which hundreds of brave men fell was utterly worthless when won, and was not by any means the key of the position, and yet it was round it again and again that the tide of the fight was drawn. And similarly it is only through an entire, and in many cases disastrous misapprehension that the contest between Christianity and opposing systems can be drawn to a position of second-rate importance. That men should be able by their unassisted mental powers, or under the influence of those sporadic and mysterious impulses which God seems to have communicated from time to time to the heathen, to analyze their own moral nature seems to me almost as likely as that they should be able to anatomize the human body and discover the ends and uses and legitimate treatment of its organs. At all events it is a mistake to treat Christianity as if it were chiefly a system of morals, and to lay the stress of the argument in its favour on its distinct superiority in moral teaching: because though this position be gained we do not thereby command the whole field, and the opponents of Christianity are well aware that there is no point at which they are more likely to succeed in making a serious breach in our defences.

A system of morals carries in itself no moral dynamic, no propelling force, no regenerating power. Neither is morality coextensive with religion. However we answer the question, Was the teaching of Confucius and Mih Teih essentially different from the teaching of the gospel? there remain the far more vital questions: Did these teachers enable men to attain the ideal they set before them? Did they bring them into a right relation not only to their fellow-men, but to their God? To both questions Confucius himself constantly and dolefully replies in the negative. Yet it is these two questions which are quietly evaded or kept in the background while our attention is called to the comparison of the contents of the Chinese ethical code with the contents of the law of Christ. Here, *e.g.*, is perhaps the most graceful and telling attempt to level up all religions to one platform that has been made:—

> Children of men! the unseen Power, whose eye
> For ever doth accompany mankind,
> Hath look'd on no religion scornfully
> That man did ever find.
>
> Which has not taught weak wills how much they can?
> Which has not fall'n on the dry heart like rain?
> Which has not cried to sunk self-weary man,
> Thou must be born again?
>
> Children of men! not that your age excel
> In pride of life the ages of your sires,
> But that you think clear, feel deep, bear fruit well,
> The friend of man desires.

But if there be a friend of man, there is one thing he must more earnestly desire, and that is, the personal recognition and love of the children of men. And it is idle to measure any mere system of morality with the religion of Christ in this respect. It is in this religion we meet God as we meet him nowhere else, and so receive that link to what is higher than ourselves without which knowledge of our duty to one another always becomes inoperative. To the question, Can morality exist without religion? the history of China gives a broad and unmistakable answer.

But if the grand feature of religion is that it brings a personal element into morality—if Christianity is what it is because of the Person it reveals; if it owes its power to the personal connection established between men and God; if it gives a motive and a strength to us by bringing all our life into fellowship with Him, then the help we derive from our religion will vary precisely with our success in introducing this personal element into our own life. A hearty Confucian is a more respectable man than a nominal Christian, or than a Christian who takes to do with his religion as a system of laws, observances, regulations, and counsels, and who fails to find in it the means of entering into fellowship with God, and a love that is stronger and more enlightening than all law. Like many more of his words, these of the great Richard Hooker are worthy of letters of gold: "They that love the religion they profess may have failed in choice, but yet they are sure to reap what benefit the same is able to afford; whereas the best and soundest professed by them that bear it not the like affection, yieldeth them retaining it in that sort no benefit."

The second use to be derived from a study of the Chinese moralists is of a kindred nature. I think we should be neglecting our advantage in living so late in the world if we refused to see in the history of China positivism on its trial. Evolution was not scientifically made out by the Chinese, but from a speculative point of view it was accepted. The existence of a personal Creator was not denied; it was merely relegated to the limbo of uncertainties. Man was accepted as the highest known manifestation of the world-soul or productive energies of nature. Worship of ancestors was the sole religion, and duty to men was the only duty. In fact, feature by feature the modern philosophy was represented by the school of Confucius. And so far as I can see, the experiment of a morality without any higher religion than filial piety, could never be made in more favourable circumstances. In Greece the moralists were not canonized; even the dramatists, influential and didactic as they were, cannot be called authoritative. But the teachings of Confucius have been for 2,000 years accepted as canonical, and no boy has been educated without having his mind imbued with these teachings. Philosophy had a chance in China which it is never likely to have in any other country. No population can reasonably be expected to yield itself so passively and so steadily to this species of influence. Nor is it credible that a purer non-Christian system of ethics will ever be devised. Yet what has been the result? Ask any man who has lived in China—read the narratives of the most impartial travellers, and you find that with one voice they denounce the Chinese as among the most immoral of people. They do, indeed, possess virtues, and virtues of a substantial and efficacious kind. They set an example to the world by their filial piety, their industry, their contentment to live at peace with neighbouring nations. It has been urged that they have had virtue enough to preserve them as a prosperous people for four thousand years; and Chinamen who have visited England are as much astonished that we should compare our moral condition with theirs, as we are astonished that they should fancy themselves on a level with us in the ordinary virtues. These are points which must be left to other inquirers, and meanwhile we would commend the study of the Chinese to all who desire a practical or experimental answer to some of the questions which are agitating our own society.

GIRTON AND NEWNHAM.

By A CAMBRIDGE M.A.

CAMBRIDGE has been recently the scene of considerable excitement, occasioned, our lady readers may be interested to learn, by the claims of their own sex. For some time the idea of female education has been very visibly before the eyes of the University, presenting itself in the form of two additional colleges, and more than a hundred young ladies; and now a proposal to admit these students formally to the Honour Examinations of the University has been adopted by the overwhelming majority of 398 to 32.

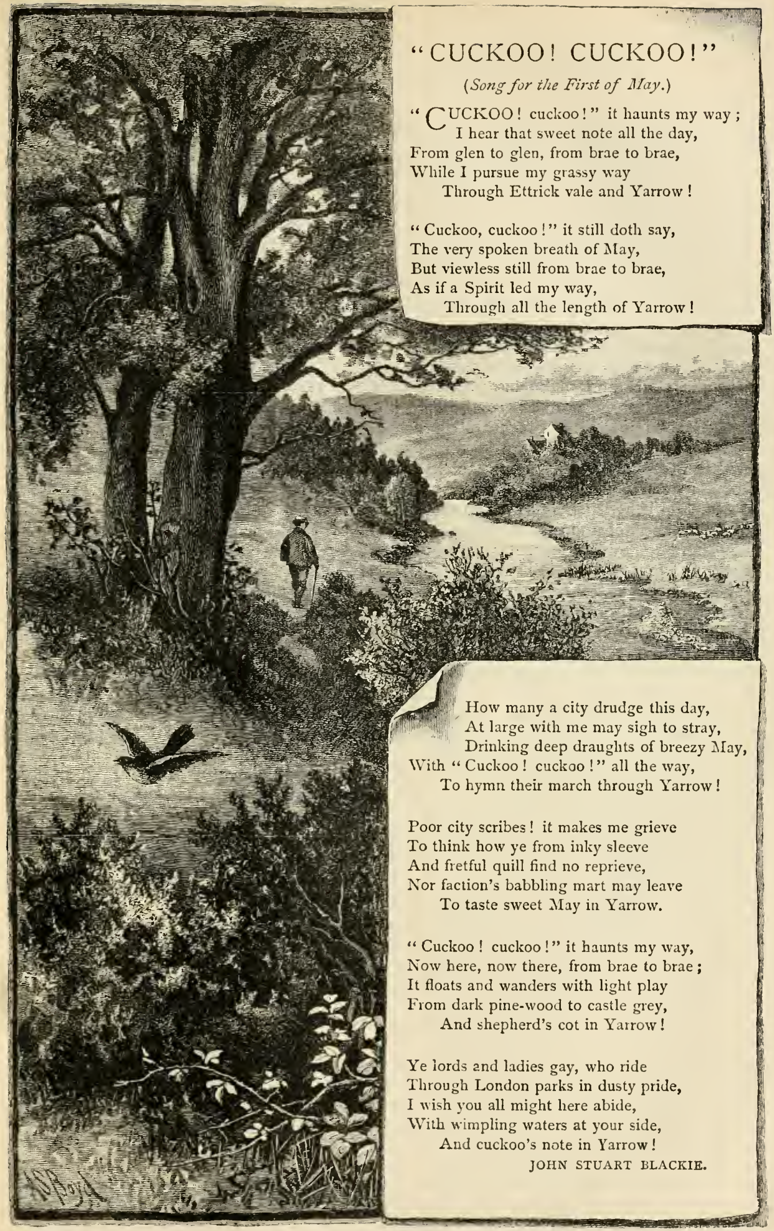
Now that this new position has been officially conceded to Girton and Newnham, it may be interesting to our readers to have some sketch of these colleges. The elder of the two is Girton, which was opened in 1869. The buildings, either from economical reasons, or perhaps from some feminine timidity on the part of its founders, were erected nearly two miles from Cambridge, on the Huntingdon Road, or *Via Devana*. Many virtues may possibly be implanted in the mind by the contemplation of the relics of old Rome, and directness and businesslike habits may perhaps be unconsciously promoted, but the feeling of beauty, we imagine, is not much stimulated in the students by the flat straight line of telegraph poles, skirting a cemetery, and threading one of the most squalid suburbs of Cambridge. The site of the college is also dreary enough, a bare field having been pitched upon by the side of the road, and ten years has added hardly anything in point of picturesqueness; the trees and shrubs are not happy in their soil, and even the ivy does not appear to be vigorous. The buildings themselves are well designed, and are in Mr. Waterhouse's French château style, in dark red brick. These form two sides of a square, in which the hall and chief rooms face the road, at some little distance; a wing, which approaches it, having been added subsequently. The size of the building can be gathered from the number of the inmates; these exceed fifty, each of whom has two rooms about equal to the average rooms occupied by undergraduates at Cambridge. The hall, library, and lecture-rooms are in fair proportion. The students are rarely received before the age of eighteen; before entering, an examination has to be passed, and it is expected of each that real interest shall be taken in the studies of the University. The course, as in the case of undergraduates, takes about three years, half of which time, in terms of about eight weeks each, is spent at the college. Many of the university and college lectures are open to the students, and besides female lecturers resident at Girton, there is quite an array of lecturers from Cambridge who give instruction in the college. For some time the results of all this work have been tested informally and voluntarily by the University examiners, the same papers being set to the students as to the undergraduate candidates. These results have been very encouraging. During the first ten years about 41 Girton students have passed the standard for the B.A. degree, and 31 have passed in Honours; 11 in Classics, 9 in Mathematics, 7 in Natural Sciences, 3 in Moral Sciences, and 1 in History.

Some of our readers may remember the sensation caused by the extraordinary success of one of these students, who last year was pronounced equal to the 8th in the First Class in Mathematics.

Newnham, the younger sister, a rival of Girton, dates from 1875, in which year a rather plain but business-like building, in the Queen Anne style, was erected by an association formed to promote the higher education of women. In this case the error was avoided of placing the college at an inconvenient distance from Cambridge, and a pretty site was chosen close to the long avenue west of the colleges, which is one of the most beautiful features of the place. The object of the founders was rather to provide residence, supervision, and instruction for female students, than to prescribe, as at Girton, a course of studies identical with those of undergraduates. Selected candidates were, at the same time, encouraged to compete in the Honour Examinations, with results as satisfactory as at Girton. In the first six years 22 Honours were gained in the various examinations; 3 in Mathematics, 4 in Classics, 5 in Moral Sciences, 4 in Natural Sciences, and 6 in History. Encouraged by these results, and by the demands made upon them by candidates for admission, the Association have now erected a second building, so that together about seventy students are housed. The arrrangements seem to be on a more economical scale than at Girton, and single rooms are the rule. The charge for board and instruction is also less; that at Newnham being seventy-five guineas, while that at Girton is one hundred guineas, a year. In both colleges many advantages are offered to deserving students in the form of scholarships, and of other pecuniary assistance when required.

The social life of the students is not very different from that of undergraduates. There are the regular lectures in or outside the college, the recreation and meals in common, with considerable freedom allowed in the employment of their leisure. Too much praise cannot be given to those ladies directly responsible for the supervision of the students, and the success of this very novel institution in a place like Cambridge is mainly due to the tact and good sense of these managers. Considerable prejudice existed at first against the experiment, and failure was freely prophesied. If the chief characteristics of the students had been other than what they have been seen to be—steady and unobtrusive work—and if the *trop de zèle* which might have been unduly developed by the novelty of the situation had not been judiciously kept in hand, we may be sure that the two colleges would not have received so readily the recognition of their merits from such a Conservative body as the University of Cambridge. The students have strictly maintained among themselves a wholesome public opinion—they have had the *esprit de corps* of pioneers—many, probably the majority, looked forward to educational careers, to which success at the University would readily lead; none, at any rate, were there, like so many young fellows at Oxford and Cambridge, almost avowedly idling some of the best years of their lives away. Whatever dangers may befall Girton and Newnham in the future, if success should bring with it its attendant evils—if, especially, it should ever become as fashionable for young ladies to go to college as it now is for young men—there can at least be no doubt that all dangers have been successfully avoided hitherto. Mrs. Grundy, who is as powerful at Cambridge as elsewhere, has even acquiesced in the *fait accompli.*

That the course of training is healthy, is attested by the evidence of one of the chief physicians in Cambridge, who stated in a recent public discussion on the subject that he knew of no instance of harm to brain or body having occurred to any student who had distinguished herself in the University examinations, and that the chief evils caused to girls by the strain of mental work at home, when combined with social requirements, were in his opinion avoided by residence at the University. As far as can be observed within so short a time the subsequent careers of students, who have passed through Girton and Newnham, have been impressed for good by the training there received. Some of them are usefully employed in the education of others; some are busied quietly at home; many have married happily. All speak with affection of their college days, and are conscious of having derived from them wider sympathies and interests and a more extended knowledge than would otherwise have been open to them. This testimony is very valuable, as there must be many girls to whom Girton and Newnham may prove of equal service, and who may have the opportunity of availing themselves of the advantages they offer. Many of course have duties elsewhere, and especially at home; but there are others on whom no such imperative call is made, and to these residence at one of the colleges may well be recommended. The old prejudices against female education are now fast disappearing; girls are not turned into blue stockings of the old offensive type any more than boys necessarily become prigs and pedants after similar studies at the University; neither need the true sphere of woman be interfered with at all. People who expect to find specimens of the "emancipated female" to be common at Cambridge, must look elsewhere for their ideal. Had it been otherwise, failure on the part of Girton and Newnham would before this have been visited on their heads, and a very different verdict pronounced upon their work than that just delivered by the University.



"CUCKOO! CUCKOO!"

(*Song for the First of May.*)

"CUCKOO! cuckoo!" it haunts my way;
I hear that sweet note all the day,
From glen to glen, from brae to brae,
While I pursue my grassy way
Through Ettrick vale and Yarrow!

"Cuckoo, cuckoo!" it still doth say,
The very spoken breath of May,
But viewless still from brae to brae,
As if a Spirit led my way,
Through all the length of Yarrow!

How many a city drudge this day,
At large with me may sigh to stray,
Drinking deep draughts of breezy May,
With "Cuckoo! cuckoo!" all the way,
To hymn their march through Yarrow!

Poor city scribes! it makes me grieve
To think how ye from inky sleeve
And fretful quill find no reprieve,
Nor faction's babbling mart may leave
To taste sweet May in Yarrow.

"Cuckoo! cuckoo!" it haunts my way,
Now here, now there, from brae to brae;
It floats and wanders with light play
From dark pine-wood to castle grey,
And shepherd's cot in Yarrow!

Ye lords and ladies gay, who ride
Through London parks in dusty pride,
I wish you all might here abide,
With wimpling waters at your side,
And cuckoo's note in Yarrow!

JOHN STUART BLACKIE.

ON NOVELS AND NOVEL-MAKERS.

BY AN OLD NOVELIST.

"SET a thief to catch a thief." Well—even so! And "Honour among thieves"—you may always find the proverb and counter-proverb—is an equally noble sentiment. I am not going to lay bare the secrets of the prison-house.

Still, may not the ancient gladiator be allowed to haunt his former arena, to examine and criticize the combatants, to watch with interest the various "throws"? And the old vocalist, who has quietly dropped, let us hope in good time, into the teacher of singing—is it unnatural that he should sometimes like to frequent the stalls, and make his own comments on his brethren still before the footlights? For he loves his art as much as ever; he understands its secrets perhaps better than ever—only—— But peace! Is he not an aged gladiator—a tired singer? Happy for him if he is wise enough to recognise this fact and act upon it.

Yes—there comes a time when we authors must accept the truth, that it is better for us, as well as our books, to be "shelved." We ought never to write at all unless we have something to say, and there are few things sadder than to see a writer, to whom the world has listened, and listened with pleasure, go on feebly repeating himself, sinking from originality into mediocrity, and then into the merest commonplace. "Stop in time," is the wisest advice that can be given to all who live by their brains. These brains—even if the strongest—will only last a certain time, and do a certain quantity of work—really good work. Alas! for those authors who have to live upon their reputation after their powers are gone.

But though the impulse of genius melts away, and even talent can be worn out in time, there is one thing which, among much lost, is assuredly gained, and that is experience. The quickness to detect faults won through fighting with our own, and the knowledge how to rectify these errors when found, are advantages we possess still, and should not lightly underrate. Therefore, if after having written novels for more than a quarter of a century, I have lately tried reading them, may I be allowed a few words which I trust none of my co-mates will misconstrue, nor their readers, and mine, misapprehend?

Novel-making—I use the word designedly, for it is a mistake to suppose that a novel makes itself—is not an impulse, but an art. The poet may be "born, not made;" but the novelist must make himself one, just as much as any carpenter or bricklayer. You cannot build a house at random, or without having learned the bricklayer's trade, and by no possibility can you construct a three-volume story, which shall be a real, enduring work of art, without having attained that mechanical skill which is as necessary to genius as the furnace to the ore and the lapidary's tool to the diamond. And since most long-experienced workmen are supposed to know something of their tools, and the way to use them, as well as to be tolerable judges of the raw material in which they have worked all their days, I do not apologise for writing this paper. It may be useful to some of those enthusiastic young people who think—as a fashionable lady once said to me—"Oh, how charming it must be to write a novel! Couldn't you teach me?" No; I was afraid not. And though work is genius—as some one has said, and not quite without truth—I could not advise my young friend to try.

Novel—the word, coming from the Italian *novella*, implies something new: a *rifacciomento*, or re-making, in an imaginative shape, of the eternally old elements of mortal life, joy and sorrow, fortune and misfortune, love and death. Also virtue and vice; though whether the novel should illustrate any special moral, is a much-debated question.

Apparently, beyond some vague notions of virtue rewarded and vice punished, the old romancists did not consider a "moral" necessary. There is certainly no "purpose" in the Arabian Nights' Entertainments, or the Decameron of Boccaccio; nor very much in Sir Charles Grandison. Probably less than none in Tom Jones, and others of the same age and class. Even the author of Waverley, the Shakspere of novelists, only teaches us, as Shakspere does, by implication. It has been left to modern writers to convert the novel into a sort of working steam-engine, usable for all purposes; to express through it their pet theories of religion or morality, their opinions on social wrongs and remedies, and their views on æsthetic and philosophical subjects. From the art of cookery up—or down—to the law of divorce, anybody who thinks he has anything to say, says it in three volumes, mashed up, like hard potatoes, in the milk and butter of fiction.

A portion, however, of our modern novel-writers repudiate the idea of having any moral purpose whatever; and, truly, few of their readers can accuse them of it. Amusement pure and simple—not always either simple or pure, but always amusement—is their sole aim. They—that is, the cleverest of them—are satisfied to cut a bit at random out of the wonderful web of life, and present it to you just as it is, wishing you to accept it as such, without investigating it too closely, or pausing to consider whether the pattern is complete, what the mode and reason of the wearing, and whether you only see a part or the whole. That there is a whole—that life is not chance-work, but a great design, with the hands of the Divine Artificer working behind it all—so seldom comes into their calculations that they do not expect it to come into yours. Therefore, with a daring and sometimes almost blasphemous ingenuity, they put themselves to play Providence, to set up their puppets and knock them down, and make them between whiles "play such fantastic tricks before high heaven," that one feels heaven's commonest law of right and wrong would to them be, to say the least, extremely inconvenient.

But to return. Certainly—whatever my fashionable young friend might think—no one can be *taught* to write novels. But to suppose that novel-writing comes by accident, or impulse—that the author has only to sit with his pen in his hand and his eyes on the ceiling, waiting for the happy moment of inspiration, is an equal mistake.

To make a novel—that is, to construct out of the ever-changing kaleidoscope of human fate a picture of life which shall impress people as being life-like, and stand out to its own and possibly an after generation, as such—this is a task that cannot be accomplished without genius, but which genius, unaided by mechanical skill, generally fails to accomplish thoroughly. Much of what is required comes not by intuition, but experience. "How do you write a novel?" has been asked me hundreds of times; and as half the world now writes novels expecting the other half to read them, my answer, given in plain print, may not be quite useless. The shoemaker who in his time has fitted a good many feet, need not hesitate to explain his mode of measuring, how he cuts and sews his leather, and so on. He can give a hint or two on the workmanship; the materials are beyond his power.

What other novelists do I know not, but this has been my own way—*ab ovo.* For, I contend, all stories that are meant to live must contain the germ of life, the egg, the vital principle. A novel "with a purpose" may be intolerable, but a novel without a purpose is more intolerable still—as feeble and flaccid as a man without a backbone. Therefore the first thing is to fix on a central idea, like the spine of a human being or the trunk of a tree. Yet as nature never leaves either bare, but clothes them with muscle and flesh, branches and foliage, so this leading idea of his book will be by the true author so successfully disguised or covered as not to obtrude itself objectionably; indeed, the ordinary reader ought not even to suspect its existence. Yet from it, this one principal idea, proceed all after-growths: the kind of plot which shall best develop it, the characters which must act it out, the incidents which will express these characters, even to the conversations which evolve and describe these incidents. All are sequences, following one another in natural order; even as from the seed-germ result successively the trunk, limbs, branches, twigs, and leafage of a tree.

This, if I have put my meaning clearly, shows that a conscientiously written novel is by no means a piece of impulsive, accidental scribbling, but a deliberate work of art: that though in one sense it is also a work of nature, since every part ought to result from and be kept subservient to the whole, still, in another, the novel is the last thing that ought to be allowed to say of itself, like Topsy, "Spects I growed."

Not even as to the mere writing of it. Style or composition, though to some it comes naturally, does not come to all. When I was young, an older and more experienced writer once said to me, "Never use two adjectives where one will do; never use an adjective at all where a noun will do. Avoid italics, notes of exclamation, foreign words and quotations. Put full stops instead of colons; make your sentences as short and clear as you possibly can, and whenever you think you have written a particularly fine sentence, cut it out."

More valuable advice could not be given to any young author. It strikes at the root of that slip-shod literature of which we find so much nowadays, even in writers of genius. To these latter indeed it is a greater temptation; their rapid, easy pen runs on as the fancy strikes, and they do not pause to consider that in a novel, as in a picture, breadth is indispensable. Every part should be made subservient to the whole. You must have a foreground and background, and a middle distance. If you persist in working-up one character, or finishing up minutely one incident, your perspective will be destroyed, and your book become a mere collection of fragments, not a work of art at all. The true artist will always be ready to sacrifice any pet detail to the perfection of the whole.

Sometimes, I allow, this is hard. One gets interested—novel-writers only know how interested!—in some particular character or portion of the plot, and is tempted to work out these, to the injury of the rest. Then there usually comes a flat time, say about the second volume, when the first impetus has subsided, and the excitement of the dénouement has not yet come, yet the story must be spun on somehow, if only to get to something more exciting. This may account for the fact that so many second volumes are rather dull. But a worse failure is when vol. iii. dwindles down, the interest slowly diminishing to nothing. Or else the story is all huddled up, everybody married or killed somehow—not as we novelists try to do it, "comfortably"—but in a hasty, unsatisfactory manner, which makes readers wonder why the end is so unworthy of the beginning.

Either mistake is fatal, and both commonly proceed from carelessness, or from the lack of that quality, without which no good work is possible, the infinite capacity of taking trouble. "Look at my MS.," said a voluminous writer once to me; "there is hardly a single correction in it, and this is my first draught. I never copy, and I rarely alter a line." It would have been uncivil to say so, but I could not help thinking that both author and public would have been none the worse if my friend had altered a good many lines, and re-copied not a few pages!

While on the question of MSS. let me say one practical word. Authors are apt to think that any sort of "copy" is good enough for the press. Quite the contrary. An untidy, useless, illegible MS. is an offence to the publisher, dangerous irritation to his "reader," and to the printer an absolute cruelty. Also, many proof corrections often made so wantonly, and costing so much trouble and money, are severely to be condemned. Doubtless the *genus irritabile* has its wrongs, from hard-headed and often hard-hearted men of business, but volumes might be written about the worry, the loss, the actual torment that inaccurate, irregular, impecunious and extravagant authors are to that much-enduring and necessarily silent class—their publishers.

An accusation is often made against us novelists, that we paint our characters, especially our ridiculous or unpleasant characters, from life. Doubtless many second-rate writers do this—thereby catching the ill-natured class of readers, which always enjoys seeing its neighbour "shown up." But a really good novelist would scorn to attain popularity by such mean devices. Besides, any artist knows that to paint exactly from life is so difficult as to be almost impossible. Study from life he must—copying suitable heads, arms, or legs, and appropriating bits of character, personal or mental idiosyncrasies, making use of the real to perfect the ideal. But the ideal, his own, should be behind and beyond it all. The nature to which he holds up the mirror should be abstract, not individual; and he must be a poor creator who can only make his book by gibbeting therein real people, like kites and owls on a barn-door, for the amusement and warning of society.

We authors cannot but smile when asked if such-and-such a character is "drawn from life," and especially when ingenious critics fancy they have identified certain persons, places, or incidents—almost always falsely. Of course, we go about the world with our eyes open—but what we see and how we use it, is known only to ourselves. Our sitters are never aware they are being painted, and rarely, if ever, recognise their own likenesses. Whether or not it may be allowable to hold up to public obloquy a bad or contemptible character, I suppose it would be fair to describe a perfect character—if we could find it! which is not too probable. For me, I can only say that during all the years I have studied humanity, I never met one human being who could have been "put in a book," as a whole, without injuring it. The only time I ever attempted (by request) to make a study from nature—absolutely literal—all the reviewers cried out, to my extreme amusement, "This character is altogether unnatural."

Hitherto I have considered the novel simply as a literary achievement—a book "clever," "interesting,"—above all, a book "that will sell." But there is a higher and deeper view of it, which no writer can escape, and no conscientious writer would ever wish to escape. If we, poor finite mortals, begin telling stories, we take into our feeble hands the complicated machinery of life, of which none can understand the whole, and very few even the smallest bit; we work it out after our own fancy, moral or no moral; we invent our own puppets, and put them through their marionnette-like antics, in imitation of the great drama which a mysterious Hand is for ever playing with us human beings—and sometimes we think we can do it quite as well, if we had the chance! But do we ever consider that in making up from imagination a picture of reality, we are, in rather a dangerous way, mimicking Providence? much as children do with their dolls when they make them go to school, or be put to bed, or have the measles: imitating ordinary child-life, so far as they understand it, in their innocent way. But our ways are not always innocent, and our wisdom is sometimes less than a child's. A bad novel, which does not "justify the ways of God to men"—as Milton vainly tried to do in Paradise Lost—but leaves behind it the impression that the world is all out of joint, that there is no difference between right and wrong, and nothing in life worth living for—such a novel does more harm than a dozen atheistical books, or a hundred dull, narrow-minded sermons. Poison, taken as such, may find an antidote; there is no defence against it when administered in the form of food.

That the novel, not only in its literary but moral form, is an engine of enormous power, no one could doubt who had the reading of the letters received, say in a single year, or even a single month, by any tolerably well-known author, from all parts of the world, and from total strangers of every age, class, and degree. Not merely the everlasting autograph beggars, or the eulogists, generally conceited egotists, who enjoy the vanity of corresponding with celebrated folk, but the honest, well-meaning, and often most-touching letter-writers, who pour out their simple hearts to the unknown friend who has exercised so strong an influence over their lives. To this friend they appeal not only for sympathy but advice—often of the most extraordinary kind—on love affairs, the education of children, business or domestic difficulties, impulses of gratitude, revelations of perplexing secrets, outcries of intolerable pain, coming sometimes from the very ends of the earth, in a mixture of tragedy and comedy, to the silent recipient of these strange phases of human life—stranger than anything he or she has ever dared to put into any novel. Yet so it is; and any conscientious author can but stand mute and trembling in face of the awful responsibility which follows every written line.

This, even of the ordinarily good books—but what of the bad ones?

I believe a thoroughly "bad" book, as we of the last generation used to style such—bad either for coarseness of style, as *Tristram Shandy*, or laxity of morals, like *Don Juan*—does infinitely less harm than many modern novels which we lay on our drawing-room tables, and let our young daughters read *ad infinitum*, or *ad nauseam;* novels, chiefly, I grieve to say, written by women, who, either out of pure ignorance, or a boastful morbid pleasure in meddling with forbidden topics, often write things that men would be ashamed to write.

Absolute wickedness, crime represented as crime, and licentiousness put forward as licentiousness, is far less dangerous to the young and naturally pure mind than that charming sentimental dallying with sin, which makes it appear so piteous, so interesting, so beautiful. Nay, without even entering upon the merits of the favourite modern style of fiction—in which love to be attractive must necessarily be unlawful—there is a style of novel in which right and wrong are muddled up together into a sort of neutral tint, the author, and consequently the reader, taking no trouble to distinguish between them. The characters are made interesting, not by their virtues but their faults; a good woman worships a bad man, and *vice versâ.* Now this may be true in real life, though I doubt; but to present it in fiction, to make a really noble woman the abject willing slave of a contemptible brute not worthy to tie her shoes, or an honourable man doing all sorts of erring things for the sake of a feeble or vile woman, whom her own sex, and the best of the other, would heartily despise—the effect of such a picture as this is to confuse all one's notions of good and bad, and produce a blurred and blotted vision of life, which, to those just beginning life, is either infinitely sad or infinitely harmful. Besides, it is *not true.* Time brings its revenges; and if there is one certainty in life, it is the certainty of retribution—ay, even in this life: and alas! down to the third and fourth generation—a creed, by the young doubted or despised, but which the old, whether optimists or pessimists, know to be only too true.

There is another favourite subject of modern fiction: a man or woman married hastily or unhappily, and meeting afterwards some "elective affinity," the right man or woman, or apparently such. No doubt this is a terrible position, pathetic, tragic, which may happen to the most guiltless persons, and does happen, perhaps, oftener than any one knows. Novelists seize upon it as a dramatic position, and paint it in such glowing, tender, and pathetic colours that, absorbed in the pity of the thing, one quite forgets its sin. The hapless lovers rouse our deepest sympathy; we follow them to the very verge of crime, almost regretting that it is called crime, and when the obnoxious husband or wife dies, and the lovers are dismissed to happiness—as is usually done—we feel quite relieved and comfortable!

Now, surely this is immoral, as immoral as the coarsest sentence Shakspere ever penned, or the most passionate picture that Shelley or Byron ever drew. Nay, more so, for these are only nature—vicious, undisguised, but natural still, and making no pretence of virtue; but your sentimentalist assumes a virtue, and expects sympathy for his immorality, which is none the less immoral because, God knows, it is a delineation often only too true, and perhaps only too deserving of pity—His pity, who can see into the soul of man. Many a condemned thief and hanged murderer may have done the deed under most piteous and extenuating circumstances; but theft still remains theft, and murder murder. And—let us not mince words—though modern taste may enwrap it in ever such pathetic, heroic, and picturesque form, adultery is still adultery. Never do our really great authors—our Shaksperes, our Scotts, our Thackerays, our George Eliots—deny this, or leave us in the slightest doubt between virtue and vice. It is the mild sentimentalists who, however they may resent being classed with the "fast" authors—alas! too often authoresses—of modern fiction, are equally immoral; because they hold the balance of virtue and vice with so feeble and uncertain a hand, as to leave both utterly confused, in the writer's opinion and the reader's mind.

But, putting aside the question of morality, there is another well deserving the consideration of novelists, viz. whether the subjects they choose are within the fair limits of art? Legitimate comedy ought to be based on humour and wit, free from coarseness and vulgarity; and in true tragedy the terrible becomes the heroic by the elimination of every element which is merely horrible or disgusting. In the dying martyr we ought to see, not the streaming blood or the shrivelling of the burnt flesh, but the gaze of ecstatic faith into an opened heaven; and the noblest battle ever represented is misrepresented when the artist chooses scenes fit only for a hospital operating-table or a butcher's shambles.

I cannot but think that certain modern novels, despite their extreme cleverness, deal with topics beyond the legitimate province of fiction. Vivid descriptions of hangings, of prison-whippings, of tortures inflicted on sane persons in lunatic asylums, are not fit subjects for art; at least, the art which can choose them and dilate upon them is scarcely of a healthy kind, or likely to conduce to the moral health of the reader.

The answer to this objection is, that such things are; therefore why not write about them? So must medical and surgical books be written; so must the most loathsome details of crime and misery be investigated by statesmen and political economists. But all these are professional studies which, however painful, require to be gone through. No one would ever enter into them as a matter of mere amusement. Besides, as is almost inevitable in a novel "with a purpose," or one in which the chief interest centres in some ghastly phase of humanity, there is generally a certain amount of, perhaps involuntary, exaggeration, against which the calm, judicial mind instinctively rebels. "Two sides to every subject; I should rather like to hear the other side."

Without holding the unwise creed that ignorance is innocence, and that immunity from painful sensations induces strength of character, I still maintain that these are topics which are best kept in shadow, especially from the young. We sometimes admit to our public galleries—though I question if we should—the magnificently painted but gross pictures of a few old masters, and the realistic horrors upon which a certain French school has made its fame. But few of us would choose a Potiphar's Wife or a newly-guillotined Charlotte Corday for the adornment of the domestic hearth. Such subjects, though manipulated by the most delicate and yet the firmest hand, are apt, either in art or literature, to do more harm than the moral drawn from them is likely to do good.

Of course, the case may be argued pretty strongly from the other side. Life is not all "roses and lilies and daffydowndillies," therefore why should fiction represent it as such? Men and women are not angels, and bad people are often much more "interesting" than good people in real life: why should we not make them so in novels?

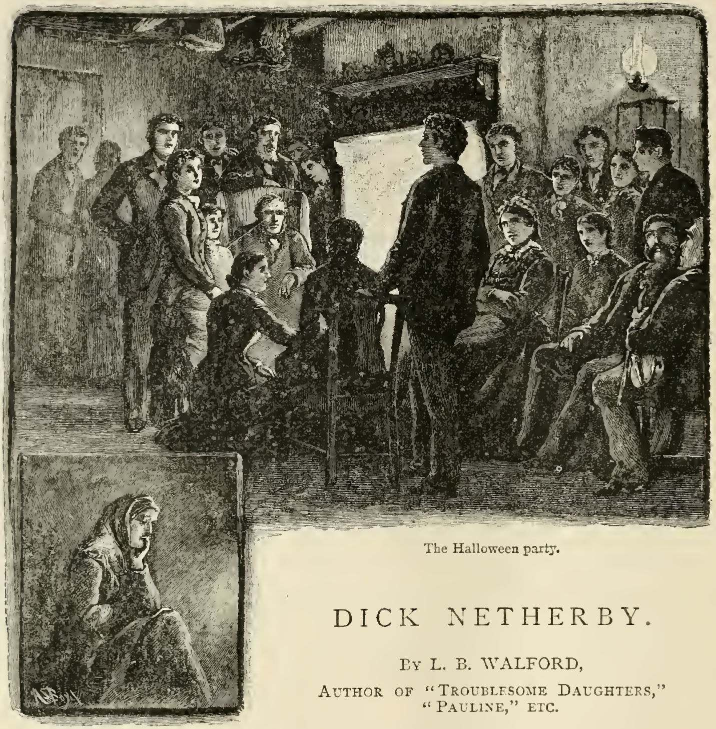
I answer, simply because it is *we* who make them—we short-sighted mortals, who take upon us to paint life, and can only do so as far as our feeble vision allows us to see it; which in some of us is scarcely an inch beyond our own nose. Only a few—but these are always the truly great—can see with larger eyes, and reproduce what they see with a calm, steady, and almost always kindly hand, which seems like the hand of Providence, because its work is done with a belief in Providence—in those "mysterious ways" by which, soon or late, everything—and everybody—finds its own level; virtue its reward, and vice its retribution. To judge authors solely by their works is not always fair, because most people put their best selves into their books, which are the cream of their life, and the residuum may be but skimmed-milk for daily use. But, in the department of fiction at least, the individual character gives its stamp to every page. Not all good novelists may be ideal men and women, but I doubt much if any really immoral man, or irreligious woman, ever made a good novelist.

I wish not to malign my brethren. Most of them do their best, and I think we may fairly decline to believe such stories as that of the "popular authoress" who, having starved as a moral, prosy, and altogether unpopular authoress for several seasons, was advised to try "spicy" writing, and now makes her thousands a year. And even after weeding from our ranks the "fast," the sentimental, the ghastly, the feeble and prosy, the clap-trap and altogether silly school, there still remains a good number of moderately clever and moderately wholesome writers of fiction, who redeem our literature from disgrace, or could do so if they chose—if they could be made to feel themselves responsible, not to man only, but to God. "For every idle word that men shall say"—(how much more write?)—"they shall answer in the day of judgment."

To us, who are old enough to have read pretty thoroughly the book of human life, it matters little what we read in mere novels, which are at best a poor imaginary imitation of what we have studied as a solemn reality; but to the young it matters a great deal. Impressions are made, lessons taught, and influences given, which, whether for good or for evil, nothing can afterwards efface. The parental yearning, which only parents can understand, is to save our children from all we can—alas, how little! They must enter upon the battle of life; the utmost we can do is to give them their armour and show them how to fight. But what wise father or mother would thrust them, unarmed, into a premature conflict, putting into their pure minds sinful thoughts that had never been there before, and sickening their tender hearts by needless horrors which should only be faced by those who deal with evil for the express purpose of amending it? Truly, there are certain novels which I have lately read, which I would no more think of leaving about on my drawing-room table, than I would take my son to a casino in order to teach him morals, or make my daughter compassionate-hearted by sending her to see a Spanish bull-fight.

Finally, as an example in proof of many, almost all, the arguments and theories here advanced, I would advise any one who has gone through a course of modern fiction, to go through another, considered a little out of date, except by the old, and I am glad to say, the very young. Nothing shows more clearly the taste of the uncorrupted healthy palate for wholesome food, than the eagerness with which almost all children, or children passing into young people, from thirteen and upwards, devour the Waverley Novels. A dozen pages, taken at random this moment from a volume which a youthful reader, I might say gormandiser, has just laid down, will instance what I mean.

It is the story of Nanty Ewart, told by himself to Alan Fairford, on board the *Jumping Jenny*, in *Redgauntlet*. Herein the author touches deepest tragedy, blackest crime, and sharpest pathos (instance the line where Nanty suddenly stops short with "Poor Jess!"). He deals with elements essentially human, even vicious; his hero is a "miserable sinner," no doubt of that, either in the author's mind, or the impression conveyed to that of the reader. There is no paltering with vice, no sentimental glossing over of sin; the man is a bad man, at least he has done evil, and his sin has found him out, yet we pity him. Though handling pitch, we are not defiled; however and whatever our author paints, it is never with an uncertain or feeble touch. We give him our hand, and are led by him fearlessly into the very darkest places, knowing that he carries the light with him, and that no harm will come. I think it is not too much to say that we might go through the Waverley Novels from beginning to end, without finding one page, perhaps not even one line, that we would hesitate to read aloud to any young people, old enough to understand that evil exists in the world, and that the truly virtuous are those who know how to refuse the evil and to choose the good. And I—who having written novels all my life, know more than most readers how to admire a great novelist—should esteem it a good sign of any son or daughter of mine who would throw a whole cart-load of modern fiction into the gutter, often its fittest place, in order to clasp a huge wholesome armful of Walter Scott.



The Halloween party.

DICK NETHERBY.

By L. B. WALFORD,

Author of "Troublesome Daughters,"
"Pauline," etc.

CHAPTER I.—AULD HALLOWEEN NICHT.

MIDNIGHT on the 11th of November, known to the Scotch people as Old Halloween Night, may be a pleasant enough time to the mirth-loving ones assembled at the house of some hospitable neighbour for the purpose of jesting, romping, making sport and making love; but it is rather a sorry hour at which to find one's self sitting alone by the smouldering embers of a fire that has spent all its welcoming blaze in vain, and hearkening to the tick of a clock whose monotonous voice only serves to remind how long it has been heard in silence.

The bustle, the music, the din of tongues at the merry-making, serve excellently well to shut out from the ears of the dancers all whispers of the wintry wind; the drizzling mist without, the rolling columns of cloud upon the hillsides are unthought of and unheeded, when all is light and bright within. Who of the festive throng cares whether the night be rough or still, dark or star-lit, so long as there is a good roof over their heads, and roaring fires flying up the chimneys? Twang goes the fiddle, pipes are re-lit, the bowl is passed, and a fig for the cold rain, and the eerie walk home over the mountain passes!

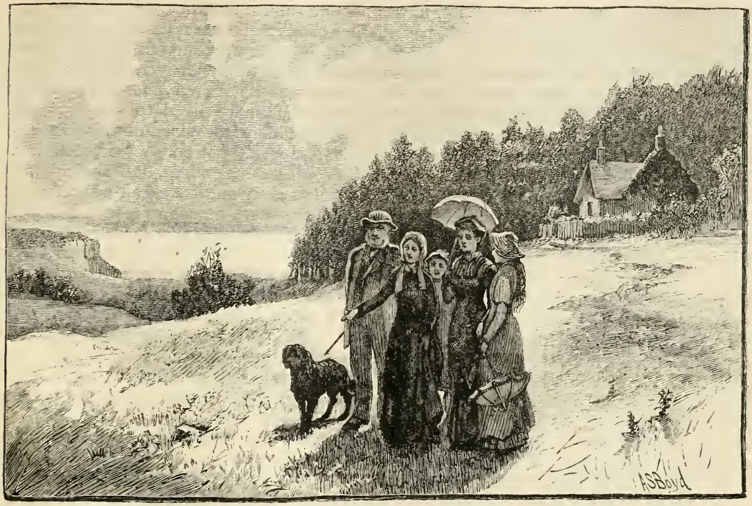
But the solitary sitter-up at home will tell a different tale. To him, or to her, as the case may be, is known all about the wild weather which roves abroad in mid-November. Crouching over the dim hearth, unspoken to and uninterrupted by sound or motion about the house from hour to hour, the time drags heavily on; and by-and-by the fitful puffs of the blast without come to be listened for intently and counted anxiously, whilst the mere spatter of drops upon the window-panes is fraught with evil import and prognostications. How sharp, and sudden, and loud it seemed! Rain such as that is seldom heard, and when it is, floods, disastrous and devastating, are wont to follow. Hark to the wind! There will be a gale ere morning. What about the foolish folks who are like to come in for their share? Why are they still absent; why not yet by their own firesides? Twelve o'clock? Twelve o'clock only? Surely it was twelve o'clock hours ago. Hush! was that thunder?

* * * * *

It is the tap at the door for which the watcher has been listening, and it falls on the trembling ear like the shock of a trumpet call.

* * * * *

So at least it did in the case of Mistress Marion Netherby, widow and mother, who on the night in question awaited, throughout the long and the short hours, the return of her only son from the Halloween party held at the Home Farm on the Castle Aird estate.



" Visitors came to see the spot, admiring greatly the little plateau."

Marion's late husband had been manager of the farm in his day, and three-and-twenty years before, when Mrs. Netherby, then a smart English abigail, had attended her mistress on a round of visits in Scotland, she had fairly dazzled and taken by storm the heart of plain, sensible John, whom she now invariably referred to as "poor John."

The epithet was not ill bestowed.

Poor John's marriage proved a mistake, which it is probable that the quiet little man felt none the less that no complaint thereof ever crossed his lips, while Mrs. Marion, less reticent, allowed the fact openly. Scotland, she found, was a less alluring country to be fixed down to, and made a home of for life, than when merely jaunted through in the shooting months, when all was festivity and sunshine. Worn out with the riot and racket of the London season, she and her mistress had alike recruited marvellously in looks and spirits during a Northern sojourn which was one long holiday. Time had flown on wings as they passed hither and thither, from one hospitable mansion to another, running up fresh acquaintances at every turn; while nothing could have been more enjoyable than the easy transits through the beautiful scenery, amidst the pure, invigorating mountain breezes.

Not one rainy day had fallen to the travellers' share, and Marion found Scotland adorable.

She footed it nimbly with the young manager at the harvest-home, when in due course Castle Aird, on the south-western coast, was visited—was proud of her conquest, satisfied with her prospects, and closed with his proposals forthwith. The marriage took place as speedily as possible; and how bitterly such haste was rued, how often referred to, and how much it actually had to do with the young wife's subsequent ailing health and querulous temper, needs not here be inquired into. Poor John knew, no doubt. But certainly, whatever faults Mrs. Netherby had to find with herself and her lot, it was not until poor John himself fell sick, passed from one stage of decline to another till the last weary waiting time was over—it was not until that act of the drama was played out and the curtain fell, that the manager's grand English wife, who was a source of mingled awe, uneasiness, and contempt to her rustic but shrewd-sighted neighbours, really knew what it was to make the descent in life she talked of having made. *Then* indeed she had to come down in the world. Her son Dick was barely twenty-two years of age at the time of his father's death, and by no means fitted, at least in the opinion of his master, to take the post of overseer thus rendered vacant. As long as John Netherby lived, though he lived to do nothing at the last, and no hopes were held out of his ever being about again by any one but himself, the appointment of another in his place was not to be thought of; no one was more thoughtfully considerate on such points than Lord Galt. They had hobbled on as best they could. On days when the sick man was a little better, when the deceitful disease had stood back a pace as it were, and lain in hiding for the moment, there would be a vast show of doing business, and underlings would be called in, and told how to keep going for a little—just a little—till Mr. Netherby was out and about again; but, one by one, such occasions had dropped off until they had ceased altogether, and things had gone to rack and ruin apace.

It took three years and more to end it all. But the final scene came at last. The feeble breath flickered out, there was a due amount of mourning, an orderly silence, and a creditable funeral. Then Mrs. Netherby perked up her head. She had her cough and her confidence for every one, and was unfortunately ready with the latter. Oh, yes; all was for the best, she was sure, and my lord had been most kind and attentive; he had always had a great regard for poor John, as they could all testify; and now that the poor man was gone—and a great sufferer he had been, to be sure—she knew who would be manager next.

It fell upon her like a thunderclap when one day news came that a big, burly farmer from the Borders, Robin McClintock by name, with the reputation of being the toughest customer to deal with and the best man of business in his native parts, was to be without delay imported to Castle Aird to put all the tangled threads in order. Dick Netherby was to continue a simple keeper as he had been before.

She sobbed aloud. She could not contain her chagrin and vexation of spirit. Her son Dick—Dick, who was fit for any position, who would have done credit to any nomination—to be passed over thus! Oh, that she should have lived to see such a day! She had married poor John, because, poor man, he would not take "No" from her, say it as often as she might, and she had always been, as every one knew, soft-hearted; but he had never been the man she took him for—he had been no companion for her—and he had turned out delicate; in short, she was evidently well quit of him, and she and Dick had meant to rise in the world. She was still in her prime, not yet fifty, and with the encumbrance of an ailing husband off her hands, and only herself and her big, hearty, handsome son to care for, she had reckoned on leisure, and honour, and prosperity for many a year to come.

To be told off to the one-storied lodge in the woods!

It was a tidy little cottage, with a pretty garden, and a good spring of water bubbling up in front. Visitors came to see the spot, admiring greatly the little plateau with its soft carpet of thyme and moss, and the beautiful view of the surrounding country which it commanded. The keeper's mother was sure to be asked if she did not like living in such a sweet place, and whether it had always been as lovely as now; also if her hand had planted the fuchsias that clustered so luxuriantly over the walls and even waved from the roof?

At these questions Marion would bridle, and talk of "poor John," and point to the chimneys of the manager's large white house, in which all her wedded life had been passed, and which—though but a dull place, as she would still aver—was, at any rate, many degrees better than the poor little abode to which she had been doomed in her widowhood. Oh dear, yes; it was to the Farm she had been brought as a bride; it was there she had expected to end her days when she had left her dear, kind mistress, the Lady Harriett, in attendance on whom she had visited Scotland for the first and last time. "I little thought it would come to this, ladies," the poor woman would add dolefully.

CHAPTER II.—A PEEP BEHIND THE SCENES.

As months went on, however, things began to brighten. Mrs. Netherby was of a hopeful nature; and though it was true, and could not be denied, that she and her son had been shelved just at the moment when it had seemed that they were on the straight line to success, and that they were now leading an obscure and unsatisfactory existence, it by no means followed that they would continue to do so.

Dick was young, handsome, and clever. She laughed to herself as she saw him set out for the McClintock's party on Old Halloween night; he knew what he was to do when there. She could follow the youngster in thought as she gazed silently into the glimmering peats—fancying how he would look, what he would do, and what he would say, and hugged herself, reflecting on his superiority to all others likely to be present—as she sat up watching for his return. That he stayed late did not make her uneasy, beyond occasioning a fretful thrill of discomfort now and again when roused from a brief slumber by the moaning of the wind among the pines, and the dripping of the rain from the overhanging ledge of the roof. She was very willing that he should stay where he was; for had not she, too, been invited—most courteously invited—and would she not have been most happy to have gone, as she told Miss Meg, the manager's daughter, who herself brought the invitation, had it not been for poor John? Poor John had not been dead a twelvemonth, she reminded her visitor, and, all things considered, she had made up her mind to keep herself to herself for a little time yet. And, to be sure (with a meek drawing downwards of the lips), to be sure, what would anybody want with a poor body like her nowadays? Time had been, indeed, when her company had been of some consequence, when people had been kindly glad to see her, and say she kept the ball going; but now she was but a poor widow, who would be no addition to any party—just a burden, indeed—and so on, and so on, concluding with, "And, my dear, you have Dick; when you have Dick you can't want me."

At the name of Dick a blush had arisen on Miss Meg's honest cheek, but nevertheless she had protested valiantly against any such self-abnegation as Dick's mother had given utterance to, and only when the widow, after shaking her head many times, had put her handkerchief to her eyes, and declared more firmly than before that to go was impossible—fairly impossible—had she yielded the point.

Why it was impossible may at once be made plain to the reader, although to Miss McClintock it was entirely on the score of poor John, "who, poor man, had always been a kind husband; and although folks did say she had made no match of it, she had never been the one to cast that in his teeth—least of all now he was gone; no, no; she had done her duty, she humbly hoped, while he lived, and now she could do no less than show respect to his memory,"—but the truth was, she had no cap.

She had meant to go, had fully made up her mind to go, as soon as the merry-making was talked of, and before ever she was bidden to it—but an unlucky accident had defrauded her of the treat. She had been trying on her widow's cap—the voluminous testimony to the regard in which "poor John" had been held—when one of the long streamers had been caught by the flame of the candle, and Marion's presence of mind alone had saved her life. She had snatched the burning muslin from her head, and thrust it in the fire without loss of a moment, and without sustaining any injury. But to appear at the manager's Halloween party after such a misfortune was not to be thought of. There was neither time to get another, nor money to pay for it; and less now than ever, now that so little remained wherewith to retain her hold upon the imagination of the neighbourhood, could Mrs. Netherby's rank and gentility suffer by the substitution of an inferior head-dress. She prepared her sigh and her "poor John," and refused the invitation when it came, with an air.

"Oh yes, Dick will go, Miss Meg," she plaintively added, however. "Dick will be glad enough to go, no doubt. Young folks will be young folks, and it is not to be expected that my son should shut himself up for the sake of his poor father who had been so long ailing, and who is better off now. For my part, my dear," softly nodding her head, "you may perhaps wonder at my mournings being not so deep or so broad as some would have had them; but that's the reason, Miss Meg—if so be you should happen to hear it remarked upon, kindly tell folks why. None can say I make-believe, and go for to swim in crape as some does. 'Tis never my way to be a hypocrite; and when a poor man goes, that has nothing to keep him here—and nothing but weariness and fretting from morning till night—why, 'tis all for the best. Ah, dear! yes, yes. To be sure he was a good man, but he was not altogether——" worth ten shillings more in the price of a flounce.

Such was the internal conclusion of the sentence, and as the quondam lady's-maid did not further consider her defunct spouse worth a second cap which could not be made up at home, and which was not a tithe as becoming as the laces and ribbons put together by her own cunning fingers, she was resolute in abiding by her negative, and making the most of the sacrifice.

If the resolution thus arrived at embodied a disappointment, the disappointment was not altogether without its alleviations. To begin with, here was an opportunity, such as she had never had before, for showing to the world how serenely indifferent Marion Netherby, who had kept the grandest of grand company before her marriage, could still be, poor and crestfallen as she was now, to the attractions of such society as was offered by her successors at the Home Farm. This was a point as to which Marion was anxious, well knowing her own weakness, and how dearly she liked to steal down to the farmyard of an afternoon, and in through that open, hospitable door. But it would never do to have folks putting her on a par with Mr. and Mrs. McClintock. Mrs. McClintock was indeed a very respectable person, and Miss Meg was a fine young woman; but the manager himself was a coarse creature, and altogether it was easy to see that none of them had been brought up genteel. Not that she had a word against any one of the three; it was not their fault that they knew no better, had no manners, so to speak; it was only that, for one who had seen the world as she had, it was difficult to shut her eyes to those things.

So far from having her eyes shut, it was the general opinion that Mrs. Netherby's were peculiarly wide awake at this period of her history, and that a good deal of the above-quoted flummery was designed as so much dust to be thrown in those of her neighbours; and this suspicion leads us to the second self-gratifying reflection which helped to console the widow for her enforced abstinence. She had heard it whispered that it was a piece of her handiwork Dick's finding his way so frequently round by the manager's barn-door on his homeward route from the moor and the shore. She had been told that people said she was urging on her son to court the rich and eligible Meg, Robin McClintock's only child, and the heiress of the neighbourhood.

That should not be said of her to-night.

Would she have been alone by her cheerless hearth, away from all the sport and pranking—would she have remained behind purely out of respect to the memory of a helpless invalid, whose death had been a blessed relief, and who had been gone nearly a year, if she had been setting her son's cap at buxom Meg? Not she. If that had been the way of it, she would have been on the spot, enthroned in the largest chair, drinking the first glass of wine, and tittering over the cracking of the nuts. So, at least, she hoped others would conclude; and, indeed, the thought of all the cheery scene made the little room wherein the watcher sat look somewhat desolate.

How much Mrs. McClintock would have made of her, to be sure! Upon no one did the widow seek more earnestly to make an impression, and with none did she consider herself to have been more entirely successful, than with the present mistress of the Home Farm. How should she have perceived anything else? Rob's wife, a plain working dame, whose arms were always bare, and whose apron was always on, scarcely ventured to interpose a word of her broad dialect when the finer accents of the elegant ex-abigail were in full flow. She indemnified herself afterwards, however. "'Deed she blethers, an' she blethers," she would aver, "till what wi' her fine silken goon, an' her gloves, an' her lang-nebbit English words, I kenna gif my heed or my heels is boonmost. Aye this, an' aye that; an' mincin' up her mou' the while, wi' 'It was na sae i' *my* day,' an' '*I* ne'er seed the like; ony place *I* was at' "—mimicking. "Whaar she fins a' her clinkim-clankums passes me; an', troth, I'm deaved eneugh wi' the hearin'."

But in Marion's presence the good woman could not conjure up a syllable of protest, and she was accordingly approved of and patronised, while Rob's gruff "Hoo's a' wi' ye, mistress?" was hardly to be heard without a shudder. He had a trick of laughing ironically when she spoke, which was worse than words. At his own house, and by his own board, however, he must have perforce behaved with decency,—and, at any rate, others would say she had forgone honours and dignity on the night in question.

And then there was that rheumatic crick in her neck, which was so bad that she could not turn her head round without pain. How much more comfortable it was, or rather, perhaps, how much less wretched, to be able to nurse it in peace and unobserved, than to encounter the opening doors, wide entries, and airy passages of the big farmhouse! She remembered these with a shiver, and drew her little shawl over her shoulders as the night wore on, and the ache became worse, and the visions of gaiety grew less and less alluring. She thought of Dick fretfully, and wished he would come, and yet his name an hour or two before had brought an indescribable glow over the poor, foolish woman's face. She had seen great things for Dick as she had hung over the glowing embers, shaping out of their grotesque forms castles-in-the-air for her son. It was Dick who was to do this and rise to that. For herself, her day was past; she had early cast from her her luck—had disregarded the golden opportunities offered by Fortune and the service of Lady Harriett, and had thrown herself away on a poor outlandish Scotchman, which, she took it, was little better than being buried alive outright. She heaved a sigh; but that she had often done before; and her wandering fancies went back to a pleasanter groove.

What a fine fellow her Dick was, to be sure! Who had a son like to her son? Where was there such another to be found all up and down the countryside?

They might say she had spoilt him—it was like their impudence; and like their mean Scotch spirit, too, to be jealous of her poor orphan, that could not speak up for himself, and had none to say a word for him to my lord—to tell my lord he should have been manager, and would have been a manager to do him credit, too. She wondered at my lord, she did; he, at least, might have seen what was in the lad, and what might be expected of him. Young? Of course he was young; that fault would mend fast enough. And inexperienced? Where was he to get experience? He had learning in plenty. Ask the schoolmaster what he thought of Dick? A poor, mew-faced, little whipper-snapper the schoolmaster was, but he could tell when he had brains to deal with. Books? The books Dick had had would fill a court-yard. Ah, well, *she* knew, if no one else did; and it would never take her, for one, by surprise whatever good fortune happened to the lad.

"I am his mother, I confess," she would say modestly; "I am his mother, and it's not for me to speak, perhaps; but, deary me! one must say a word sometimes. I'm not the only one that can see Dick is not in his proper position, so to speak; he is throwing away his time and his talents in a place like this. To be sure, he is as clever a young man as you can find anywhere. His poor father—he was different. He was a weakly kind of person, and a different man to what I had thought him. He did his best—no doubt he did his best, and it's ill speaking uncharitable of the dead, especially of them that was good husbands and kind-hearted—but it's me, neighbour, that Dick takes after."

"The deil he does!" cried old Rob McClintock when he heard this. "The deil he does! Then a' I hae to say is, he taks after the greediest, lee'inst, bletherin'st auld spirran in Chirs'endom—an' that's Marion Netherby," he added superfluously.

CHAPTER III.—"THE TOCHER'S THE JEWEL."

At last Dick came home. He was not particularly noisy, but he was cheerful, loud-voiced, and hilarious, as a man is likely to be who has had a famous night of fun and jollity, and who is not often in the way of such indulgence.

He shut the outer door with a bang, and whistled the swinging air to which they had trod the latest measure as he strode into the room, but he was quite himself; a shade more lively, perhaps, than Dick Netherby usually was, but that was all that could be said either for or against him.

Of course, he had been petted and put forward; he was sure to be that on such an occasion, for when the fiery reel was over the young keeper's principal part had yet to be played—he had to sing, and sing well-nigh for ever, while all listened open-mouthed, earnest, staring, since Nature, as if in a spirit of contradiction, had bestowed on this big, rough peasant, this heavy-browed, swarthy, muscular Dick, who had the longest step and the heaviest arm in all the land, a voice sweet and mellow as a blackbird's. It would thrill through the veins of his audience, and make the men shake themselves with little shivers, and pull their shaggy hair in a kind of doubtful curiosity as to the unwonted sensation. It tickled some unknown sense, which was neither that of humour nor of melancholy. They could not tell whether they wanted to laugh or to cry as they eyed each other, drawing long, deep-chested breaths when the music ceased; and they would talk of Marion's lad without disparagement for fully half a day thereafter.

And on Auld Halloween Nicht it naturally followed that the young songster had kept them going merrily. He had danced and sung, and sung and danced again—and the frolicsome humour inspired by it all jarred somehow upon the drowsy perceptions of the only half-aroused and well-nigh worn-out slumberer by the fire. So long had silence reigned in the isolated spot that it seemed as if she could not now care for interruption so much overdue.

She looked round peevishly. "It's you, is it? Well, dear me, I *have* had a time of waiting. To be sure, you must have enjoyed yourself to stay so long."

"Long! Do you call it long? Not a soul left before me, I can tell you. I came because I thought you would be wearying."

"It's three o'clock and past."

"Three, is it? I thought it had been more. Oh, come then, three's early."

"Early to you, may be—not to me. And such a night of wind and rain——"

"Wind and rain? bless my life, it's as fine as midsummer! The rain cleared off hours ago, and there was not a drop of rain to speak of. None to speak of, I say—nothing to speak of," as she was about to protest. "A bit blow when the tide turned, that was all. 'Tis as fine and fresh a night as I ever wish to see, and may we have many more the same."

"I don't know what you may call it——"

"Come and see for yourself, then. There are the stars by dozens."

"I don't know what you may like to say," persisted his mother, with the doggedness of a petty mind clinging to a trifle, "but I know this, it was pouring like never so, when last I looked from the window. Many a one at your grand party would get wet to the skin, and all their fine clothes soaked and spoilt."

"Not a bit of them. There's no more rain to come."

"Those that set out before you——"

"None set out before me, amn't I telling you, old lady? they are all on the road home now, and there's light enough for any one to see."

"And who did you have?" continued his mother, taking no notice—indeed, she never did take notice, except to others, of any little attentions paid to her, and though Mrs. McClintock would inevitably hear of the dutiful son's coming home soon to his poor widowed parent, she had not a word of praise for himself—"Who did you have? But few, I dare say, however many were invited."

"They all came, every man-Jack of them. The house would have held no more. Even the folks from the Port were there; Jean got a lift home in the Maccallum's gig."

"The idea of asking the folks from the Port!"

"Hoot-toot, mother; you are just cross with sitting up so long in the cold. How is it the fire is out? Another time come along with me yourself, and that will suit you a long way better than sitting here all alone, crooning over the old days and getting moped. I'll not leave you on Auld Halloween Nicht again," he added kindly. "That's what Mrs. McClintock says. I was to tell you she would take no refusal next time," which message indeed Mrs. McClintock, in the fulness of a heart running over with good-will and hospitality, had actually sent, and sent with perhaps as much sincerity as the parting civilities of friendly hostesses usually have.

Marion, however, took whole the flattering sop.

"Oh, really," she replied, her manner at once changing, and her face brightening. "Oh, really; well, dear me—I'm sure I did not expect as much. Oh, well, I'm sure; she was very kind, was Mrs. McClintock, to say as much. For but little good would a poor broken-down widow woman have been to anybody. Ah, indeed, the day was—— but never mind. Well, Dick," quite cheerfully this time, "go on, Dick, tell me the rest. That was really very kind and thoughtful of Mrs. McClintock, I will say; and what did she bid you do yourself, Dick? Did she—ahem—did she say you were to go another time, too?"

Dick laughed.

"Go? I go when I choose," he said. "Meg likes me to go, mother. Meg's the girl for me," while all at once the kindly, good-humoured look in the lad's eyes departed, and in its place there shone a not altogether pleasing gleam as of triumph and scorn mingled. "Come, go to bed," he added sharply. "I'm tired now."

"Go to bed just when I'm wanting to hear what you have to say! And me, that has been here all night alone, and ought to be a deal more tired than any one!"

"Well, well. But I have nothing to say, upon my word. You want to hear about Meg, of course. Oh, yes, Meg's all right, never fear. Meg has the tocher, and that's the thing for me."

"Tocher!" repeated his mother, turning up her nose—for nothing, she said, offended her sense of refinement more than the use of such phrases. "Tocher!" dropping it from her lips as though it burnt them. "Dear me, Dick, what a word! why not say fortune?"

"A very good word, and a very good thing," replied her son obstinately. "You have taught me the value of the *thing*, and I have taught myself the use of the *word*. Don't quarrel, or I may throw up both."

"I'm sure I don't understand how it is you do talk so strangely sometimes," repeated Marion, trying not to show herself disconcerted. "I have set it before you all I can."

"You have that!"

"What has put you in such a temper all of a sudden? I'm sure that's none of my doing. I was only going to say how I wondered, after all the teaching you have had, that you should pick up the nasty, vulgar sayings of the people about here."

"Pooh," said her son contemptuously; "one saying is as good as another, and I'll speak the tongue the Lord gives me, whether it be gude braid Scotch or no," strengthening his accent to confirm the declaration. "You forget I'm more than half—a long way more than half a Scotchman. I'm Wigton born and nearly Wigton bred, and you speak to me as if I was of another kith and kin altogether. What will you say," he added, after a pause, "if I bring you a daughter-in-law that can't understand the half of your nicky-nacky clipping English; will you learn to understand her?"

"I'll do my best," conceded Marion, graciously understanding at once this time. "I'll do all I can, Dick; and to be sure we shall get on together very well after a time. Did she—did you—did anything—how did you get on to-night, Dick?"

"'Meg was fair, and Meg was kind,'" hummed Dick, for answer. "Meg was kind anyway," he added; "the less said about 'fair' the better."

"Kind, was she?" whispered the widow eagerly. "Kind, did you say? What—what sort of 'kind,' Dick?"

"The best sort. The sort that stands foul weather. The sort that you and I want, mother," replied the young man impatiently. "Oh, yes, she was kind enough, poor lass," he added, with a sigh. "'Tis little I have to do to keep her so. Aye," he went on under his breath, "aye, aye; it must go on now, for better, for worse. Rob McClintock was but a labouring man himself, and his daughter is not above a manager's son, is she? Surely, no. Why should she be? I am but a poor keeper—poor enough, in all conscience—and she is set up and stately, with everything her heart can wish; but if I had the kist full, and Meg was empty-handed, I'd like to know who would even me to her? But Meg's a good girl, a good girl," he added hastily; "many a one there to-night was not half so spruce, nor so canty as Meg. Aye, she's good—too good for me. But, wae's me!" after a pause, "I wish she was better-looking!"

CHAP. IV.—THE INTERPRETATION THEREOF.

It was in this way, then, that Marion's son proposed taking a short cut to honour and prosperity, and Dame Fortune, like the wily jade she is, humoured the lad and smiled upon him at the outset, in the course he had undertaken.

Meg, honest, blowsy Meg, the manager's red-headed daughter, whose "frentikles" exceeded even those on the cheeks of the farm girls used to buffeting all weathers in the open fields, was very well inclined to be made up to by the handsome young keeper, who talked so grandly and sang so sweetly. Dick was a scholar, moreover. Meg could not make head or tail, she frankly owned, of the wonderful bits of rhyme and rant wherewith he garnished his converse and tickled her ears on choice occasions. She could not do more than smile her acceptance of these. But if they were beyond her, it needed no especial gifts nor learning to experience a quickening of the pulses and a warmth about the heart when listening to the soft refrain wherein young Netherby excelled. His singing was the sweetest music the poor girl had ever hearkened to, and only too well did the self-taught minstrel understand how to modulate his dulcet notes to every tender sentiment. Instinct and art taught him the way; he never felt a line, the dog. To accompany an amorous phrase with lowered eyelids and falling voice came easy when Meg was by, and Meg was to be courted thus:—it was not for many a day afterwards—but we anticipate.

Dick's business, then, was to turn the rich and homely Meg McClintock into a second Mrs. Netherby, to transfer into his own pockets some of the bright yellow gold—greasy, grimy bank-notes, to be strictly correct—wherewith report credited the baggy pouches of Rob, the manager, to enjoy himself therewith, see the world and rise in it;

then by-and-by, if nothing better offered, step back again into the comfortable quarters from which he and his mother had erewhile been ousted, enriched and at ease for the rest of his days.

It was not a lofty ambition, but it was very much what might have been expected from Marion Netherby's son, and it was similar in all respects to that which presented itself before the view of Marion Netherby herself. People were not mistaken in declaring that to her might be credited the grand conception of the plan. It had worked and worked in her busy brain for long before a whisper of its existence found its way across her lips, but when at length, and with much inward perturbation, particles of the idea, inferior and detached portions of the dazzling vision, were launched in her son's presence, she was herself surprised at the readiness with which they were received. She had not reckoned on Dick being so reasonable.

But then, although a quick-witted woman, Marion could not probe below the surface. She saw the youth restless and pining, but she could not estimate the depths to which the roots of discontent had struck. She herself fretted—naturally Dick did. With his short answers and sullen brow she had no fault to find, as they sat together almost in silence during the first weeks of her widowhood and fall.

"Ah, my poor lad!" she would sigh and murmur with a kind of dolorous pride that sorely taxed the forbearance of sympathizers who came to see how Mistress Netherby comported herself at this juncture. "Ah, my poor lad! 'tis nothing to me, neighbour, nothing to me, as one may say, what house or another I end my days in, so long as I am obliged to stop in these lone far away parts. No, 'tis nothing to me where I hide my poor head now," wiping her eyes. "Poor John would have been vexed enough—but he's gone, and now there's none to speak for him, nor for the widow and orphan he has left behind. 'Tis my Dick that has to be thought of now. Such a fine young man as he is to be tied down to a pigeon-hole like this," looking round with an angry contempt which refused to be controlled within the limits of the decent indifference prescribed. "I do think—ahem—yes, I must say I do think 'tis a sin and a shame to put a poor lad, brought up as Dick has been, and as he had the right to be—and poor John's son too—into a place no bigger than a pantry cupboard!"

Daily the same note was dropped into his ear.

It was nothing to her; all Marion's wrongs and sufferings were nothing, she would stoutly allege, to her; long ago she had left the world and its vanities behind in consenting to listen to a plain man like John Netherby, but it was hard, bitter hard, on Dick.

Why, there was Hector, even Hector, the wild Highlander from the north, the bare-knee'd beardy whose lingo was unintelligible, and whose habits were incomprehensible, even he had a place as good as her boy's. Like enough he could kill the pole-cats—he was little better than a pole-cat himself. To her mind it was barely decent that petticoat of his, not even covering his great brown hairy legs; it was little wonder he had a cough, going naked in all weathers like a South Sea African.

Well, it was not for her to speak. Providence, she supposed, would take some charge of the widow and the fatherless (inference, since my lord declined the job), and to be sure she had done all she could, and could do no more—and so on, and so on, to the end of the chapter.

Presently the ground was ready, ploughed and harrowed, for the seed to be sown. Dick was miserable, and would have listened to any one, or anything.

A SECOND GLANCE AT THE OSPREY IN THE HIGHLANDS.

By WILLIAM JOLLY, H.M. Inspector of Schools.

THE Osprey has not yet deserted the country. The same pairs returned last year to the same lonely haunts in the Scottish Highlands—to the alpine Loch-an-Eilan, on the skirts of the Cairngorms, of which some account has already been given in these pages,* and to the still more secluded glen in Inverness-shire, whose name we shall not reveal, to save the eagles from the thief and the destroyer. Another glance, by pen and pencil, at so rare and interesting a creature,

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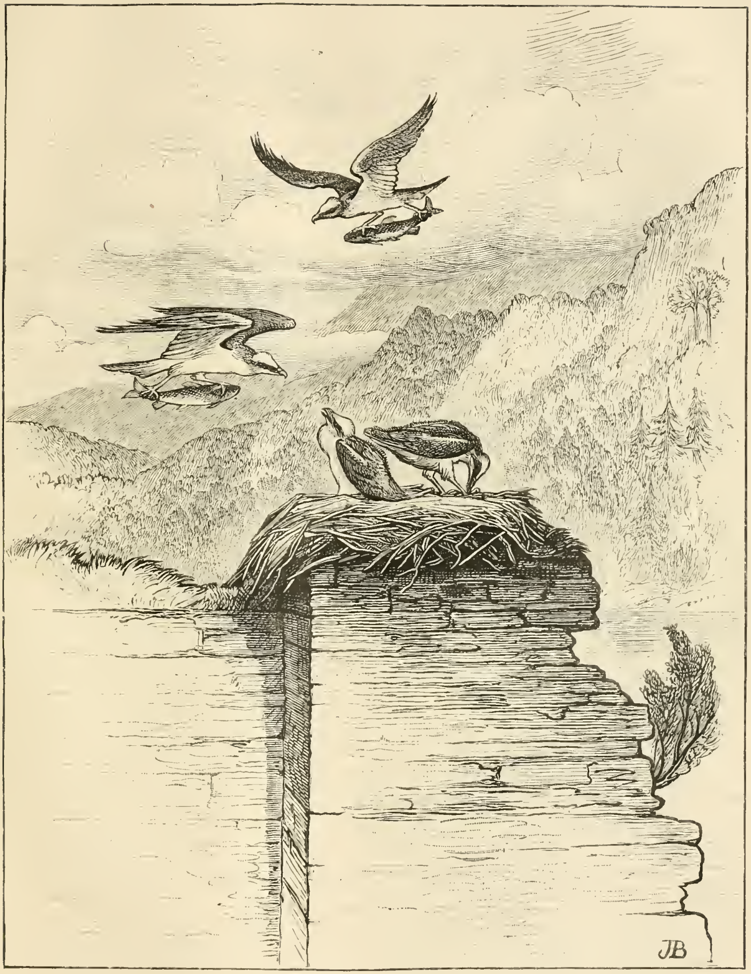
* See Good Words for April, 1880.



THE OSPREY AT LOCH-AN-EILAN.

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may not be unacceptable to lovers of birds and students of the picturesque.

Hearing, early last May, of the osprey's return to the old castle of the Wolfe of Badenoch, I repaired without delay to Rothiemurchus to pay my dutiful devoirs to the faithful pair. Accompanied by a friend who dwells not far from the loch, I had the pleasure of watching them under exceptionally favourable conditions, in delightful spring weather. The days were of the finest; the sky was clear, the new leaves were just bursting into delicate bloom, and the lake looked as striking and solitary as ever, while the great mountains, crowned with spotless snow, rose in impressive grandeur right from its wood-skirted waters. The peerless old Caledonian pines still lifted their lofty heads of perennial greenness into upper air, in the splendid group near the mansion of the Doune, and stood also against the western sky on the brow of Ord Bain, which shuts out the loch from Strathspey and the sight of the Highland railway, though not from its whistle.

I found the female bird seated on the old nest on the top of the southern tower of the castle, as described in the former paper. Not having yet overcome her instinctive dread of strangers, she rose at once into the air with her usual quiet scream of protest, and swept to the far side of the lake, to return shortly to the nest. For some days, we continued to visit the scene, and had abundant opportunities of observing the bird under all aspects, on the tower and in the sky; for the remarkable thing here is that you can come within less than fifty yards of the wild creature and watch her at your leisure, while, by the aid of a good binocular, you can, as it were, stand by her very side. By-and-by, when she begins her closer brooding on the eggs, her natural fears depart, and she can be observed as easily as a stuffed specimen in the glass-case of a museum.

For two days, we failed to catch a sight of the male bird, and I was afraid that I should have to depart without seeing the noble provider. He could be seen then, it seems, only in very early morning, for, till maternal duties require her closer attention, the mother fishes for herself. We were fortunate, however, in observing him, early on the third day, under very favourable circumstances. We had just emerged through the trees on to the shore, when the female, with her accustomed note, flew to the other side and settled on a tree close by the loch. At once her partner, till now invisible among the firs, rose above her head, floating finely over her perch. The two then swooped round each other in wavy circles above the surface of the water, gradually nearing the castle. Here she soon alighted, when he swept back towards the hills. At this point a hooded crow, bursting suddenly from the trees, attacked him, and the two carried on an airy warfare for a quarter of an hour, the smaller size and greater agility of the lesser bird counterbalancing well the strength, size, talons, and beak of the eagle. It was an interesting sight, the crow being in full scream and actively aggressive, the eagle, in dignified silence, evidently regarding the attack as a means of exercise, and finally putting his opponent to flight. The osprey then settled down, according to his wont, on the crest of a fir, his white breast revealing his position across the lake.

Quiet and harmless as this bird is in general, he fiercely guards his eyrie and habitat against all large feathered intruders, while disregarding or protecting lesser birds and allowing them even to dwell on the sides of his own great nest; for he seems to hold with Shakespeare, when speaking of him, that he has a right to the fish, "by sovereignty of nature," as Coriolanus had to Rome. An old man who has lived close by Loch-an-Eilan for nigh twenty years, has frequently seen fierce encounters between him and his fellow-fisher, the heron. On two occasions he saw the osprey, after a prolonged combat, with one determined downward swoop upon the great lumbering bird, break his wing, and send him helpless to the surface of the water, soon to perish on the shore. In 1879, a solitary cormorant frequented the loch for some months, perching during the day on a projecting snag not far from the castle, and roosting at night on a tree on the island. The eagle, disliking the close quarters of this other fisher, tried hard, during the whole season, to drive him from the lake, but in vain. For the Sea Crow, after brave contention on such occasions, when close pressed, used to drop into the lake like a bolt, as is the habit of these dusky-hued birds on their native salt waters, at first to the helpless bewilderment of his pursuer.

That year, the ospreys remained at Loch-an-Eilan from April to September, undisturbed and confident, notwithstanding the constant presence of residents and the visits of numerous strangers. No one molested them, and the proprietor wisely did not allow any boat to touch at the castle. In time two eaglets appeared in the nest and increased the attraction of the sight, while the kindly father foraged for his extended household with exemplary diligence. Unfortunately one of the little creatures died, and its body, about the size of a partridge, was found lying on the shore. The other grew to maturity, and, one day in September, the three left the scene for distant and, doubtless, greater winter comforts.

In the summer of 1880, two eaglets having again appeared to enliven these solitudes, I was anxious to see them and watch their infantine ways. I visited the loch as soon as I could after they were fully fledged, but, to my grievous disappointment, found the quartette had finally flown two days before, on the 28th of August—earlier than usual! Some of my friends, however, had the good fortune to see them; and one of them, the famous "J. B.," whose matchless pencil as a loving and accurate delineator of feathered forms is known the wide world over, succeeded in catching the group under unusually striking conditions. Happily for us, her drawing is here reproduced, so that we can view the creatures in permanent form with her clear-seeing eyes. A few weeks before their flight, Mrs. Blackburn, accompanied by two friends, on getting opposite the castle, saw the sight delineated in the sketch, at the auspicious moment of the arrival of both parents, each bearing a large fish for the children, one of whom was erect and expectant, the other picking a bone. Their manner of carrying the fish was peculiar, and does not seem to have been described by previous observers. They bore them lengthways, in a line with their own bodies, so as to offer the least resistance to their flight, with the head forward, one claw clutching the neck, the other grasping the tail. The formation of the outer toe, which moves easily backwards, as noted by Yarrell, renders this mode of seizing their prey easy and secure.* By that time, the 4th of August, the eaglets were in full feather and able to forage to some extent for themselves, having left the loch next morning for a more distant range. Two artists who occupied the cottage close by the lake, in sight of the castle, took delight in observing, from day to day, the education of the little creatures—for the children of eagles as well as the children of men require careful training to fit them for their destinies—from their first exit from the egg till they became as tall and full feathered as their parents; and they took several very effective sketches of them in various attitudes. Their reminiscences of the educative process are very interesting, and embrace a variety of details, in particular the following: the constant tender offices of both parents, especially the mother, in tending and purveying for them; the growing power of the eaglets in recognising and replying to their parents' call, both near and far; their increasing keenness of eye, by which they sighted the elder birds when very distant and unseen by others; the wonderfully human-like instructions and admonitions given, as well as the scoldings administered by the mother when they hesitated or refused to obey her behests; her endeavours, by-and-by, to get them to use their wings, by pushing them off the nest and enticing them to fly; their first deliberate self-attempts at flight, when they alighted impotently at the farther side of the castle, and their subsequent success in reaching the shore not far from the cottage; their early efforts at carrying, by conveying a bone in their lengthening talons from the castle to the banks; their daily increasing size, strength, and plumage, till they could with difficulty be distinguished from their parents, and could first accompany them to more distant lakes, and were able, finally, to fish and fetch for themselves, independently of tuition and assistance. It was pleasant also to note the daily increasing trust of the human species manifested by all the birds, and their fearless performance of all duties in the daily presence of residents and numerous visitors, drawn to the spot by so unwonted a sight. For minute and extended study of wild eagle habits, no position could be more favourable than that of the nest on the castle tower of Loch-an-Eilan, from its proximity to the shore, the ease of observation, and the character of the scene.

It is to be feared that, notwithstanding all efforts to protect these rare birds, their extinction, at no distant date, is too certain, unless more vigorous measures are taken to punish filchers of their eggs and young, and heartless destroyers of themselves. Loch-an-Eilan itself the osprey deserted for seven years, scared by the death of one of them by the ruthless gun of a noble sportsman. Till very recently, the bird frequented a wild lake a few miles distant, called Loch Morlich, in Glenmore, passed by all who ascend Cairngorm from Aviemore station;

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* The Rev. Mr. McDougall, of Rothiemurchus, wrote me at the time corroborating this observation, and the same peculiarity has since been noticed by other fully competent observers, so that it may be looked on as established. Mrs. B. thinks she has caught the attitude of all the birds successfully, and naturalists may thus be congratulated on having these facts accurately observed and delineated.

but here their eggs were stolen for years, and finally this theft seems to have banished them, two years ago, from the old fir there on which the race had dwelt for ages. In Loch-an-Eilan itself, it is surprising that the same thing has not happened, for the eggs were frequently stolen, an extemporised raft affording access during night, when a boat could not be had. In a more fearless style of theft, the famous Roualleyn Cumming, the lion tamer, was a frequent offender, for he used to swim to the castle,* when he could obtain no other means of approach. Until a few years ago, again, the osprey continued to frequent the exquisite Highland solitudes of Loch Affric, at the head of Strathglass, above Beauly, but was expelled from these fastnesses by continued ruthless filching of the eggs, the rievers still living in the glen, if rumour is to be trusted.

The heartless unscrupulousness of bird and egg collectors, with their utterly selfish greed for personal possession, which is increased by the rarity of the coveted object, is incredible. I know of one authentic case, not a year old, in which a keeper was offered £10 for the osprey, whether as egg, eagle or eaglet, living or dead, by a fellow from the south—for he is a miserable fellow, be he rich or poor, scientist or trader in scientific trinkets, that would thus seek to extinguish for ever in our land, even from our wildest Highland glens, such a rare and interesting race. It is only simple justice to add that the temptation was resisted, though it might have been yielded to with small risk of discovery. This is only another proof of the need of increased parliamentary enactment, with corresponding penalties for infringement, to protect our rarer birds, which should include a schedule of those whom to kill, steal, or destroy the eggs of, would be a punishable offence. If such temptations are held out in regard to a creature so nearly exterminated from our country as the osprey, further scruple seems useless; and it is to be hoped that all friends of birds will cordially and vigorously unite in legislative action against their enemies, whether open or disguised under the name of science falsely so called.

I am happy, however, to inform the reader that I know of one other spot besides Loch-an-Eilan—though sorry there are not more in a land for which the osprey seems to have had special affection, as proved by the many places once frequented by him—where he is yet allowed to nestle in peace. There, on the top of a stunted old fir by a lonely lake, in a secluded little-trodden glen, amidst great mountains, he still has his nest, and there he brought up his young last season undisturbed and safe. As far, however, as diligent inquiry has yet revealed, these two are now the only spots in Scotland, and, perhaps, in Britain, still frequented by this shyest of birds. It is devoutly to be hoped that it will be many a long year before the osprey is driven from these ancient seats of his ancestors by scientific avarice or cruel sport. A malison on him that could have the heart to scare or to destroy him!

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* This courageous swimming feat was accomplished last year by a young lady living in the neighbourhood!

SEEKING REST.

O YE that fare amid these breathless places,
Spending your souls 'twixt factory and mart,
Ye whose quick eyes and pale and eager faces
Reveal the restless heart,

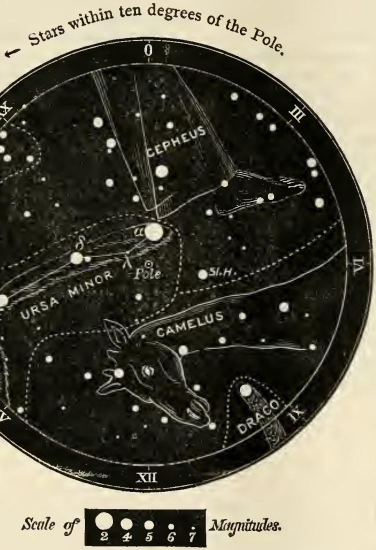
What are ye seeking in your fever'd labour,
That knows no pause thro' all the crowded week,
Each for himself, and no man for his neighbour,
What is it that ye seek?

"Oh, some seek bread—no more—life's mere subsistence,
And some seek wealth and ease—the common quest;
And some seek fame, that hovers in the distance;
But all are seeking rest.

"Our temples throb, our brains are turning, turning,
Would God that what we strain at were possess'd;
God knows our souls are parch'd and black with yearning;
God knows we faint for rest."

He went his way, a haggard shape and dreary,
His hard face set towards the kindled west;
And, lo! a voice, "Come unto Me, ye weary,
And I will give you rest."

FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE.


Stars within ten degrees of the Pole.
0
III
VI
IX
XII
XV
XVIII
XXI
CEPHEUS
DRACO
α
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51.H.
URSA MINOR
CAMELUS
DRACO
Scale of Magnitudes.
2
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7

THE STARS,

And how to find them.

By the Rev. C. PRITCHARD, M.A., F.R.S.,
Savilian Professor of Astronomy in the University of Oxford.

SECOND PAPER.

THUS far, gentle reader, we have together gleaned a general notion of the configurations of the brighter stars which face us in the southern portion of our sky, during the spring-tide of the year. Turn we now round to the north, and the general aspect of the heavens, though greatly changed, we shall find to be more familiar. For the greater number of the stars now before us, in these northern latitudes, never set; and if many of the bright denizens of this portion of the heavens disappeared therefrom for a time, an ordinary eye, even in this fitful climate of ours, would miss its old acquaintance. On any night not far removed from the first of the present month, and about nine o'clock, right overhead will be seen the well-known stars of the Greater Bear (Ursa Major). Charles's Wain is also a common synonym for that beautiful assemblage of celestial lights. The seven stars most conspicuous among them form a configuration which a lively imagination may convert into a plough or a cart, drawn by three horses; or to a funeral bier followed by three mourners. Our matter-of-fact transatlantic cousins, with less elegance, liken them to the similitude of a *Ladle*, and they call the constellation the *Greater Dipper*. What possibly may have suggested the idea of a "Bear," we shall see hereafter. But it may be well to state that the whole asterism is among the very brightest and densest in the heavens, containing no less than seventeen stars of the second or third magnitude. It is easy to count them in the Maps A and C in our April number. They who go down to the sea in ships, and see the wonders of the southern skies, tell us that no constellations there compensate for the absence of this fair adornment of the north. If the sky be watched with patience, say with the patience of an hour, then all the stars now before the eye will have been seen to turn bodily round in a direction contrary to the hands of a clock. A line drawn from β, through α is directed nearly to the central motionless point through which the axis of the Earth's diurnal revolution passes, and hence these two stars have received the significant and familiar name of *Pointers*. Close thereto is the bright star named *Polaris* (α Ursæ Minoris), in a smaller configuration of seven stars similar in form to that of the Greater Bear, but less conspicuous, and on a reduced scale. (See Map A in the April number.*) This is the well-known constellation Ursa Minor, or, according to the American conceit, the *Little Dipper*. This direction of the terrestrial axis of diurnal revolution alone constitutes our North. About the time of the Christian era, the direction of this axis passed nearer to the star (β) than to the star (α) of the Lesser Bear. In the time of Abraham it was far away, near to the bright star (α) in Draco (see Map A), and in some twelve thousand years hence the lustrous Vega (α Lyræ) will be the Lode Star of the terrestrial inhabitants of that day. So that the axis of the Earth is in a constant state of motion, pointing to successive stars situated in a circle of which the centre is the pole of the Ecliptic (marked Ec. P. in Map A), and in this sublunary changeful condition of ours nothing is stable, not even the direction of our north. At present, if the reader would regard *Polaris* as the centre of a watch dial, the hour hand of which passes from it through the two pointers, he would recognise from the motion of this hand, the existence in the heavens of an actual Sidereal clock, by means of which, with a little mental calculation, and the aid of the Star Chart, he could determine the hour of the night with tolerable accuracy. The old Greek navigators steered their coasting vessels at night by the position of the Greater Bear (by them named Helice); but the Phœnician seamen, by a more familiar knowledge, used the star in Ursa Minor, which received the name of Cynosura (The Dog's Tail).

"Pleasing to sight is Helice's bright team,
And Grecian sailors hail her guiding beam,
But hardier sons of Tyre, who love to brave
The unknown monsters of the Atlantic wave,
By Cynosura's surer guidance steer,
And safe return to wife and children dear."
ARATUS.

Passing away, then, for the present from the Greater and Lesser Bears, we proceed to the only other constellation possessing a noticeable shape amidst the northern groups; this is the bright and familiar asterism of Cassiopeia. It is situated on the other side of the Pole, diametrically opposite to Ursa Major, so that when the one is high up towards the zenith, the other approaches the horizon: one of the claws of the Great Bear containing the stars (ν) and (ξ) actually setting. The five bright stars of Cassiopeia, forming the letter W, are on all nights visible throughout Europe when the sky is clear. Apart from the two Bears and Cassiopeia, the distribution of the stars in the vicinity of the Pole is, if not confusing, unquestionably intricate. A long convolution of stars, grouped into the imaginary form of a Dragon (Draco), before the time of the illustrious Greek astronomer Hipparchus (*cir.* B.C. 150), completely surrounds the Lesser Bear; the brighter of its component stars may be traced (with patience) by means of the chart. Close to Cassiopeia, on the right hand, as now seen in the sky, is the rambling constellation devoted to the grave figure of her husband,

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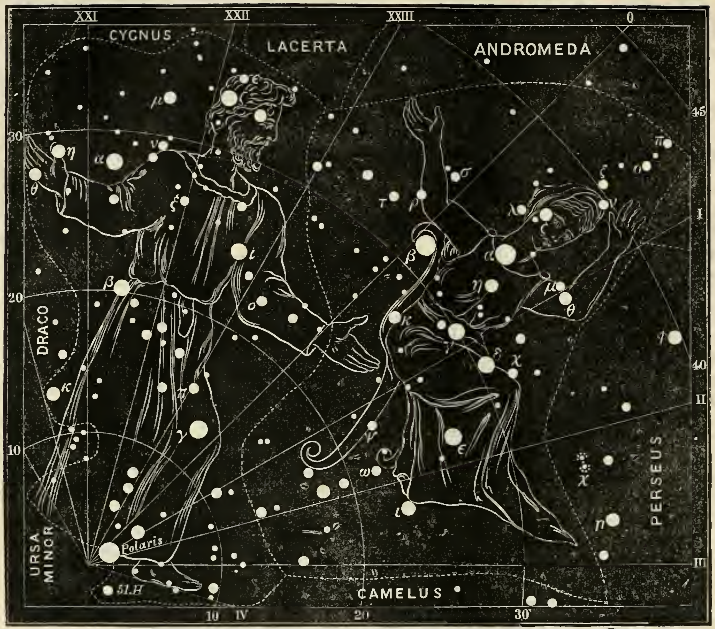
* The maps published in the April Number will necessarily be referred to throughout these articles. So also reference must be made to the little addendum of the Moveable Horizon advertised in a footnote to that number, otherwise much of the significance and value of these Star Charts will be lost.



CEPHEUS AND **CASSIOPEIA** *Scale of Magnitudes* 2 3 4 5 6

Cepheus (a map containing both these asterisms is presented to the reader's notice)—his foot all but rests on the flank of the Lesser Bear. On the other side of the Eastern Queen is the asterism of the Giraffe (Camelopardalis), whose long neck fills up the small vacant space left for him close to the Northern Pole.

For the instruction of the reader, and in order to throw some light into the apparent chaos of stars filling the space contiguous to Polaris, I have constructed a little map, placed at the head of this article, which may give a clue to this labyrinth of lights. Every star there set down has been seen by the unaided eye, and the whole may serve as a test of the acuteness of the star-gazer's vision, as well as increase the intelligence of his conceptions.

Before quitting these circumpolar asterisms for the present, it may be interesting to point out (γ) in the constellation Draco, as being the only bright star which now passes over the zenith of London. A patient and curious star-gazer might, if he please, verify the assertion made to the writer of this article by that most famous of astronomical instrument makers, Edward Troughton, to the effect that he had repeatedly seen γ Draconis in the day-time on looking up the chimney of his workshop in Fleet Street. So, also, it is the only star likely to be seen by reflection in looking down a deep and narrow open well in the neighbourhood of London, if such exist.

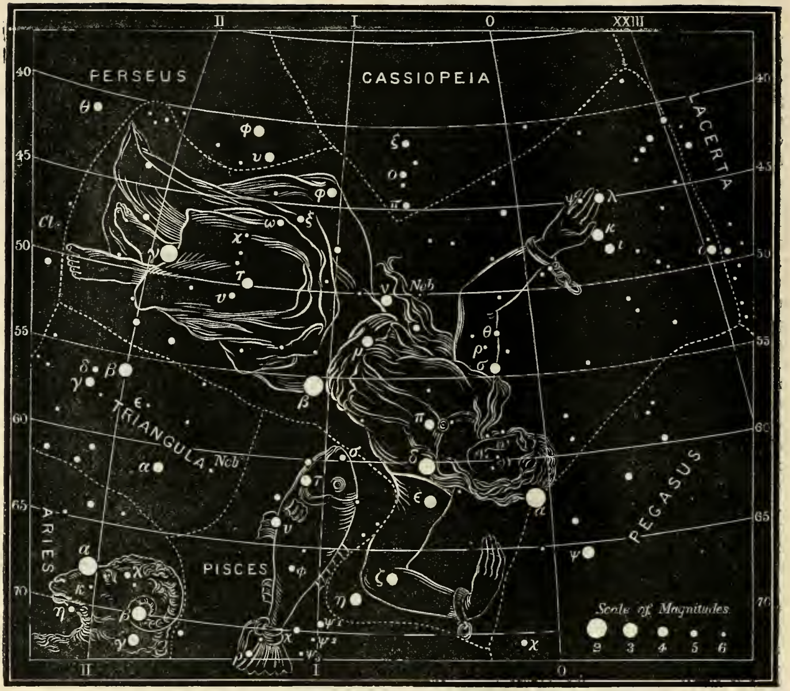
But now, gentle reader, there must, all along, have been passing through your mind a species of misgiving and wonderment, as to what all these delineations of compartments of the skies into grotesque and unexpected forms, can mean or portend. Where, whence, and when did they originate? On what principles were they devised? It will be well then at once to state that the origin of the forty-eight ancient constellations into which the known heavens were mapped by the Greek astronomers (or by any others) is shrouded in the impenetrable gloom of remote antiquity.

The curiosity of mankind must, from the early dawn of civilisation, have been directed to the stars, and would inevitably lead them to partition out the heavens into various groups, imprinting thereon, as was natural, the incidents of their own national history, and forms suggested by their familiar associations. This would specially be the case with nations addicted to navigation, such as the ancient Phœnicians, and in a lesser degree with the Greeks, and with the inhabitants of Indian, Egyptian, and Chinese sea-boards. Naturally, as intercourse by ship proceeded, an intercomparison of their various modes of mapping out the stars would produce a greater or less cognisable similarity, and this greater or less similarity has been handed down to us by tradition on the planispheres of various nations. On some of these planispheres or maps, it is impossible not to remark the occurrence of *mutilated* figures, such as those of the winged horse Pegasus, of Taurus in the Zodiac, and of the ship *Argo* among the constellations of the South. These mutilated or truncated forms so closely resemble the figure-heads of ships, that the conjecture at once arises that herein we see the translation of these ensigns of favourite ships to those skies which insured for them a successful navigation. But what can possibly have placed such impossible animals as the two astronomical Bears in the compartments of the skies? In reply to this it has been suggested by an eminent living philologist that the inquisitive Greeks may, in reply to questions, have been told by some Aryan people that stars near to the pole were called by a word which in their language signified the shining ones; but which, sounding like *arctos* (ἄρκτος), was mistaken to mean a bear. This origin is plausible; but once place a bear as the figure of the seven stars, and an impossible tail becomes an astronomical necessity. It may be added that the inquisitive Greeks are said to have been somewhat prone to similar mistakes. For instance, they were told that the Arabian Sea was called the Sea of Edom, and on inquiry being informed that Edom signified *red*, they forthwith adopted the term "Red Sea." In like manner Herodotus being informed of the existence of a famous city in Palestine (Jerusalem), and on hearing that it was called by a Hebrew name signifying "holy" city, he Hellenized the Hebrew word, and recorded the name as Cadytis. Such also may have been the origin of the Greater and Lesser Bears. Beyond the results of these general principles, it scarcely seems probable that we shall ever be able successfully to extend our researches. Many of the names of the ancient forty-eight constellations are of the utmost antiquity: they occur in Hesiod and Homer as names long familiar to the common ear, and not familiar only, but as conveying an old and a pleasant charm. Take for instance a few lines of Homer's inimitable description of the shield of Achilles, the work of the loving skill of Vulcan:—

> "There he described the Earth, the Heavens, the Sea,
> The Sun that rests not, and the Moon full-orbed.
> There, also, all the stars that round about,
> As with a radiant frontlet, lined the skies,
> The Pleiads, and the Hyads, and the might
> Of huge Orion; with him Ursa called,
> Known also by his popular name, the Wain,
> That spins around the Pole."

And these lines were written some three thousand years ago! So also may similar names have been pronounced by Job, but the identification, though far from improbable, is insecure. The Jews as a nation were addicted neither to astronomy nor to navigation, yet the twenty-third Psalm, probably written by the young shepherd as he watched his flock and the stars by night on the hill of Bethlehem, will remain as an everlasting possession for all whose spirits are gifted with an enthusiasm for the holy and the sublime.

To this extent of probability, and this only, can we trace the origin of the constellations in general; we say in general, because in the case of the zodiac, or belt of constellations round the sky through which the sun appears to pass in his annual revolution, there does appear to be a method observable in the characters of the animals (ζωίδια) assigned to the various months into which this zodiac is divided, and to this subject we hope to return in a future article. Notwithstanding, however, the general absence of any plan in the allotments of most of the other portions of the celestial sphere, there do appear to be two instances in which a settled plan or design in the contiguity of constellations, becomes apparent when once it is noticed. One of these we shall proceed to describe; the other must be deferred for the present. The case referred to relates to the beautiful tragic tale or myth of Andromeda. It is remarkable that all the several constellations assigned to the several actors in this drama, namely, Cepheus, Cassiopeia, Andromeda, Perseus, Pegasus, and Cetus occupy nearly the same celestial meridian, and all are conspicuously visible in the sky at the same time, extending from the North Pole downwards to the south of the equator. We begin with the parent of the family, with "unhappy Cepheus," as Aratus calls him, and with—



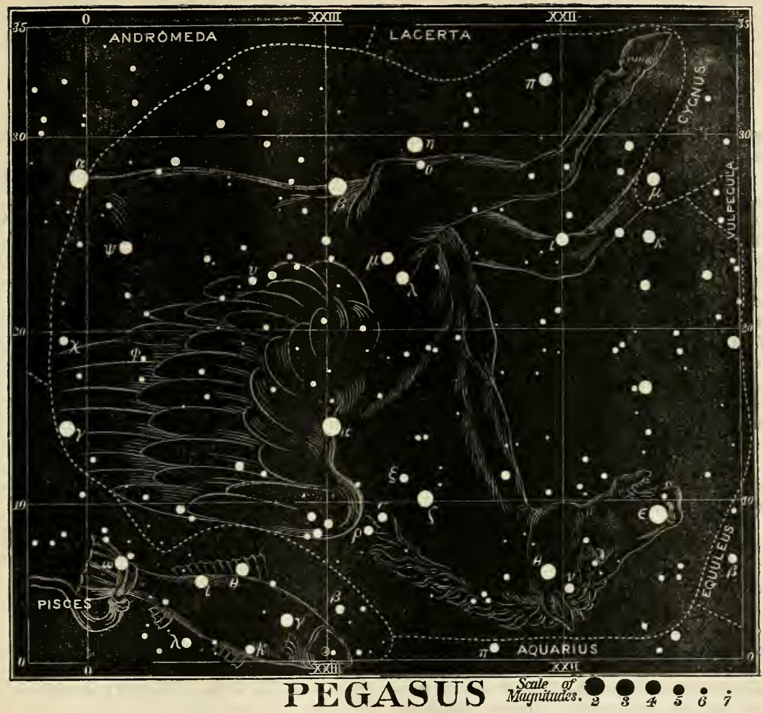
ANDROMEDA

"Proud Cassiopeia in her stately chair."

These occupy contiguous constellations in the heavens, and are here presented to the reader in one map (p. 342), surrounded by the many stars which form and adorn the two asterisms. They are herein, as of old, represented in the garb of an Eastern magnate and his queen, with outstretched hands, amazed at the intelligence that their fair daughter Andromeda is to be chained to a rock and become the prey of a horrid monster named Cetus, sent by Neptune as a Nemesis, because her parents, in their fond partiality or pride, likened her beauty to that of the sea goddesses or nymphs. Andromeda, in her turn, is represented in the map as—according to Aratus—the "victim of a mother's pride."

"Her garland head, her shoulders bare admire,
Her diamond-sandalled feet, her rich attire.
She still in heaven her captive form retains,
And on her hands still hang the galling chains."

Meanwhile Perseus returns from his victory over the Gorgons, with the gory head of Medusa in his hand. He comes with wings on his feet, carried on the back of his winged horse Pegasus, in time to deliver the maiden from her unhappy plight, slays the sea-monster Cetus, and, as the natural sequel of the drama, marries the released beauty. The thing to be observed here is, that all the actors in this busy myth occupy at one view the same conspicuous long line in the sky. Nor is the tale beyond the reach of a probable unravelment. Suppose Andromeda to possess the beauty and the position assigned to her in this Greek mythic tale. Suppose a marauder to come by sea (*i.e.* sent by Neptune) on a piratical expedition, in a ship with a grim sea-monster, Cetus (Κῆτος), for its figure-head: a wondrous image, as drawn by the ancients, fit to be the prototype of the far-famed griffin at Temple Bar, of civic fame. Suppose her friend Perseus comes to the rescue of Andromeda on


ANDROMEDA
LACERTA
CYGNUS
VULPECULA
EQUULEUS
AQUARIUS
PISCES
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XXIII
XXII
35
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Scale of Magnitudes.
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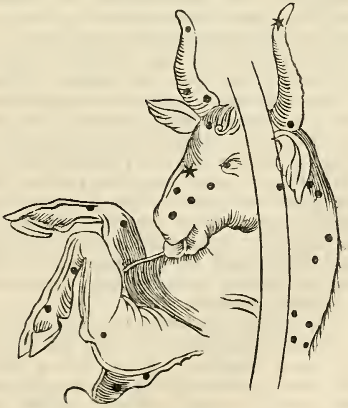
PEGASUS

board his own swift ship, with a winged horse's head (Pegasus) as the ornament on his ship's prow; and then the mythic tale becomes reduced to the limits of probability. The sea-monster is not here given with all his accompaniment of stars; but, by way of variety, there is selected the figure of Taurus, as imagined and depicted by no less an artist than Albert Dürer. It is here selected and presented to the reader, in order that he may have a further confirmation that such truncated figures as those of Pegasus and Taurus were probably translated, in the earliest days of navigation, from the prows of favourite sailing vessels to the skies. This picture of Taurus is found among the constellations of the planisphere drawn by Albert Dürer, and appended to the somewhat rare edition of the *Geographia Universalis* of Ptolemy (Basle, 1540), and the reader is, for the present, left to form his own conclusions regarding the great painter's skill and success as an astronomical draughtsman.



Taurus, by Albert Dürer.

THE SPIRITUAL DEVELOPMENT OF MOSES.

By GEORGE MATHESON, D.D., Baird Lecturer for 1881.

Hebrews xi. 24—29.

THE eleventh chapter of Hebrews is the most interesting portrait-gallery in the world; it is Christianity's photograph of the pre-Christian past. The light of the new day is flashed back upon four thousand years, and the deeds of the mighty dead grow luminous, and the shadows of the old time flit across the canvas. As we look at these portraits there is one thing which strikes us pre-eminently; they are all spiritualised. That which was visible to their contemporaries has become invisible; that which was invisible to their contemporaries has become the feature of their personality. The part of their action which survives is the work of their spiritual being. What they did by might, what they did by power, what they did by selfishness has all passed away; they are only seen now in what they have done "by faith." Abel lives in a sacrifice, Enoch in a hidden life with God, Noah in a labour at which the world laughed, Abraham in a surrender of the innermost will, Isaac in a blessing, Jacob in a last act of worship, Joseph in a dying command. These are not the deeds which the world calls immortal, not the deeds on which the contemporary historian would have based their immortality. But contemporary history has its disadvantages as well as its benefits; it is nearest to the facts, but it is farthest from their interpretation. The interpretation only comes with the quiet of some far-off day, when the thunder, and the earthquake, and the fire are heard no more, and the still small voice of the spiritual life alone is audible. Time destroys all that is temporal—manners, customs, thrones, dynasties, systems. But the intuitions of the spiritual life never grow old; they are the survivals of all culture, they are the childhood of all humanity, they are the evergreens of all time. The portrait which reveals these is always a modern portrait; it can never be superannuated by the march of new civilisations, for its expression is the universal faith of humanity, and by it he that is dead yet speaketh.

Amidst the memorable group there is one figure on which the look lingers; it is that of the moral lawgiver. At the end of three thousand years his eye to us is not dim nor his natural strength abated. Indeed the most striking characteristic of this figure is his universal human interest; like his own ten commandments he speaks not to the Jew but to the world. We do not wonder at this; it is precisely what we expected to find, it is just what we wanted to see. He who gave to the world a universal moral law must have first undergone in himself a universal moral experience. It is that experience which in his case annihilates space and time; we shake hands with him across the centuries. We feel that he is worthy to legislate for human nature. We feel that his legislation is not the product of an arbitrary will, but the fruit of a deep sympathy with the moral wants of man, and the very law to us is magnified by the love which shines behind it.

It will be found that every completed religious life passes in this world through three stages. We do not say every religious life—there are many whose spiritual experience is never fully rounded. But wherever there is a completed spiritual experience, wherever the Godward tendency of the human soul has been allowed to travel over its normal development, it will be found to have embraced a threefold process. Its first stage is the trial of the external. We all begin with the land of Egypt; the outward and material world gets the first start in our affections. We come to the world as a playground, and we find it a school. We invest it with a light which does not belong to it, the light of our own imaginings, the light that never shone on land or sea. Is it surprising that the idealised country should only yield the produce of a common soil? It had never more to give, its riches were but the imputation of our own souls. And so the second stage comes—the revolt from the external. There begins to dawn within us the sense of a higher life, whose riches are unsearchable because they are invisible. Henceforth the visible becomes to us the symbol of the sinful. We long to get away from the land of Egypt. We are in rupture with the material world; we are weary of its pleasures, we are dissatisfied with its aims. We cry out for a lodge in some vast wilderness "far from the madding crowd," where we may rest from the burden and heat of the day, where we may meditate on the things which are unseen and eternal; we endure "as seeing Him who is invisible." Lastly, there comes the reconciliation of the rupture; we return to the land of Egypt, but we return to it to keep the Passover. There breaks upon us the conviction that after all there is something in this world which is worthy to cross the Red Sea, worthy to be transplanted into the higher life. We go back to find the sacred in the secular, to extract the spirit from the form, to prove religion in the light of common day, and faith reaches its final victory, not in the power to escape, but in the strength to overcome the world.

Such is the rhythm of the religious life; its order is the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever. It is this principle of eternal youth in the moral experience of humanity which makes the life of Moses so interesting. We recognise in him what we have already found in ourselves. His historical circumstances have faded away in the far past, but his experience is a contemporary fact; it is true to the life of humanity. Let us look at the stages of his history as they are unfolded by the writer to the Hebrews. It begins with the sensuous or material sphere—the land of Egypt. Seldom indeed has a life opened under influences so completely worldly. As we stand in that old picture gallery and survey the conquerors by faith we are impressed with the fact that this is the greatest of them all. The others entered life with the breath of a theocratic atmosphere. Abel, Enoch, Noah, Isaac, Jacob, Joseph, perhaps even Abraham, obtained a religion by inheritance. This man had no past. The golden thread had been snapped which bound him to the traditions of his ancestors. The ark of bulrushes which preserved his unconscious years floated him into the heart of the great world, and that world was the earliest object which met his conscious gaze. His countrymen, the worshippers of the living God, were down in the valley; they had become hewers of wood and drawers of water. The proud associations which had surrounded the God of Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob, were like withered garlands. The land flowing with milk and honey had become a dream of the night. The "seed like the stars of heaven in multitude" sounded like a prophetic mockery; the spiritual side was indeed very dark. But on the worldly side there was an exceeding brightness; Egypt had rich treasures for the selfish heart, it simply demanded selfishness as a condition of obtaining them. The worldly principle of that age sat enthroned on the top of the mountain and called down to Moses, as fifteen centuries later it did to his yet more illustrious antitype, "Come up and I will show thee the kingdoms and the glory of them; all these kingdoms of the world will I give thee if thou wilt fall down and worship me."

At manhood Moses reached the summit of that mountain. He had been baptized into the name of the world, he had been bathed in a sensuous atmosphere, he had been devoted unconsciously to the worship of ambition. But now the crisis-hour had come. Was the baptism to be followed by the confirmation? Was he prepared to take the vows upon himself? Was he ready to endorse by a deliberate choice the acts of those who had created his atmosphere, selected his circumstances, mapped out the plan of his life? That was the question which awaited Moses on the top of the mountain; that is the question which for every man hovers on the solemn boundary-line which divides the days of youth from the years of maturity. And here the writer to the Hebrews becomes graphic, almost startling in the boldness of his narration. He declares that this youth, standing on the threshold of human responsibility, was confronted by two alternatives: on the one side were the "treasures of Egypt," on the other was the "reproach of Christ." What means this strange antithesis? The treasures of Egypt we can readily understand; but the reproach of Christ, what could Moses know concerning *Him?* Nothing personally perhaps, but assuredly he was confronted by His *reproach*. What *was* the reproach of Christ? It was His refusal to be a king; to speak more correctly, it was his preference of a spiritual to a material kingdom. We shall never understand the writer to the Hebrews, we shall never catch the deep meaning of the passage before us, until we come to see in the background of all his thoughts the temptation of the Son of man. The struggle in the heart of Moses was to him only the forerunner of that mightier battle which made the Captain of our salvation perfect through suffering. The alternatives were the same—materialism and spiritualism. If thou be the Son of God, command that these stones be made bread; sacrifice the spiritual interests of to-morrow to the temporal interests of to-day. If thou be the Son of God, cast thyself down, for He shall give His angels charge concerning thee; appal the minds of men by the prodigy of your personal greatness. If thou be the Son of God, take the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them; be a Jewish Messiah, break them with a rod of iron, dash them in pieces like a potter's vessel. That was the one alternative, but there was another. Go down into the valley where myriads of human souls lie burdened; bear their sins and carry their sorrows. Go down to the broken hearts that have no comforter and bind them with the hand of love. Go down where the world cannot go—to the leper, to the demoniac, to the outcast, to the labouring and the heavy-laden. There is possible for thee an empire over the heart of humanity, an empire compared with which the glories of the Messianic kingdom are dim, but which can only be reached by a road against which the Messianic kingdom is closed. Stoop, and thou shalt conquer; bend, and thou shalt lift a world in thine arms; take up thy cross, and thy cross shall become a crown.

These were the alternatives of the Son of man on the Mount of Temptation. We know which He chose, and we know how His choice has been endorsed by the verdict of history. But at the time when this epistle was written that choice was a reproach. Men were still seeking at the door of the sepulchre for the dead body instead of the living Christ. They were sighing for a repetition of the triumphal palm-leaves, they were longing for a revival of the Messianic anthem, "Hosanna to the Son of David!" What they did not see was that the reproach of Christ was in reality greater riches than the treasures of Egypt, that there is more personal gain in self-surrender than in self-appropriation. And yet, strange to say, this is the argument which above all others determines the choice of Moses: "He had respect unto the recompense of the reward." With a Divine utilitarianism he asks, "If I am selfish shall I be happy? Are the treasures of Egypt large enough and rich enough to fill the length and breadth, the height and depth of my being? Am I able, even as a matter of personal experiment, to live by bread alone? Is my nature so thoroughly materialised that it needs nothing more than to be clothed in purple and fine linen and to fare sumptuously every day? Are there not within me longings after the invisible, yearnings that seem to be mocked by the routine and pageantry of this hollow round of conventions, aspirings to know beyond the sense and to see behind the seen? Surely beneath this fleeting show there is to be found a rest that remaineth."

And so at the very summit of his eternal glory Moses turned and fled, fled down into the valley, fled deep into the desert. There had fallen upon his soul a great unworldliness. The first stage of his life-drama was past; the second had begun. He had lived in the blaze of the seen and temporal; he was now to "endure as seeing Him who is invisible." The spirit of religious enthusiasm had kindled him, but that spirit in its birth-hour is rather personal than sympathetic. Few men are able at once to pass from the attitude of world-worshippers into the practical life of world-reformers. In the immediate flush of the reaction the things of common life seem hardly worth redeeming. Our prayer is rather the cry of the psalmist, "Oh that I had the wings of a dove, for then would I fly away and be at rest!" When a man first awakes to the majesty of the invisible, he is antagonistic to everything else. The world is vanity, the time is out of joint, the years are few and evil. What are these mundane things to an immortal? Let him be alone with God, alone with the vision of the invisible, alone with the solemn realities of his own soul. He will wait in the desert till the calamities are overpast, wait till the day dawn and the day-star arise.

Little did Moses dream that in the very practice of this art of waiting he was preparing for a life the reverse of asceticism. Some naturalists have thought that the beehive is not the result of the bee's intention, but the unconscious result of a series of unconnected acts, each prompted by an independent and an insignificant motive. Whether or not it be so in the case of the insect we cannot tell, but assuredly it is so with the order of human life. Man chooses an earthly road with one motive; God is leading him over the same road with a very different motive. We sell Joseph into Egypt from envy, and by that act we make him our master; we send Saul down to Damascus to persecute, and by that journey we make him the apostle of Christianity. Now, look at this man Moses. While through these forty years "he endured as seeing Him who is invisible," he imagined that he was being trained for separation from the world; in truth, he was being trained for life in the world, not the life of the world-worshipper, but the career of the world-reformer. *Endurance* was to be, indeed, the very key-note of his destiny. His life was to be one long waiting, only not the waiting for an invisible, but the waiting for a visible glory, the glory of God *in* the world. This was to be a man of calm patience, but his was emphatically to be the patience of man with man. In the wilderness of Midian he was enduring silence, solitude, asceticism, the sense of spiritual elevation above the brotherhood of humanity; doubtless he thought it was grand, but it was not God's ideal of him, it was only the preparation for God's ideal. The object which God was preparing him to endure was the brotherhood of humanity itself; this, and not the study of the invisible, was the yoke which was to try his meekness; it was for this he was being exercised in the long practice of waiting. For remember what *was* the destiny of Moses. What was that distinctive work for which he was preserved in the ark of bulrushes? Not the crossing of the Red Sea; any man of an obedient spirit could in the circumstances have done that. Where an act is produced by Divine agency the abilities of the actor are of no account; but the mission of Moses was to begin precisely where the miracle was to end. Only Divine power could divide the waters over which he was to lead his liberated countrymen, but the power which was to lead them through their forty years of desert wandering must be a power intensely human. A time was coming when Moses was to be the prophet like unto the Son of man, when he was to foreshadow that power so divinely human, so humanly Divine, whose strength consisted in its capacity to endure the weakness and the errors of those who followed Him. Of Moses it was to be said in miniature what of his Antitype can be said in full —that his gentleness made him great. Not when he parted the waters of the Red Sea, not when he beheld the vanishing host of Pharaoh, not when he sang his hymn of triumph on the shores of liberty, is he half so great to the eyes of posterity as when, with a meekness surpassed only by One, he bore the sorrows and endured the murmurings of that rude, undisciplined band. If ever a man has inherited the earth by meekness, that man was Moses; he has conquered by stooping, he has become great by gentleness. His was to be a grand unselfish life made to wait upon the lives of others. It was a waiting in the *hope* of humanity. It never became to him a fruition; he never reached the promised land; he received not the treasures of Canaan any more than the treasures of Egypt; he bore the toil and Joshua entered in; he had to bear on his heart the interests of that motley multitude with no other encouragement than faith, and the nearest approach he ever made to a realising vision was that final ecstatic presentiment with which he closed his eyes on the summit of Nebo. Who does not see that for such a destiny of long endurance those forty years of Midian were the best and the kindest preparation? Here, apart from the crowd, he learned to wait, learned to endure in the silent solitudes of his own soul, learned to calm the impulses of an over-vehement spirit into the gentleness that could bear, and into the patience that could brook.

Yet, who does not see that there was a danger too? In the seclusion of Midian the subject of his meditation was the *Invisible.* It is the grandest theme which can engage a human soul, but it is a theme which by its very grandeur is apt to blind the eye to the light of common day. He who dwells for ever on the mysteries of the unseen God is in peril of forgetting the wants of visible men. In these forty years the soul of Moses was filled with the unspeakable Divine mystery; we can almost hear in them the anticipation of the magnificent 90th Psalm. "Before the mountains were brought forth or ever thou hadst formed the earth and the world, even from everlasting to everlasting, thou art God. Thou turnest man to destruction, and sayest, Return, ye children of men. For a thousand years in thy sight are but as yesterday when it is past, and as a watch in the night." There was the danger; a thousand years were but as yesterday. What were the lives of men in the vision of such an invisible, such an eternal existence? What were the sufferings in the land of Egypt in the presence of the immensities and the eternities? Moses stood amidst the clouds which hid the face of God, and in the silent and solemn majesty of the unseen presence the murmur of the great multitude was lost, and the cry of struggling humanity heard no more. As to one who stands upon some towering height the objects beneath are equally small and equally insignificant, so to the eye of Moses, straining into the secret place of the Most High, the joys and the sorrows, the hopes and the fears of men dwindled into the far distance and disappeared from view. We cannot read that narrative of Exodus without being compelled to see that if his life in Midian had gained in Divine zeal, it had grievously lost in human sympathy. In abandoning the world he had abandoned his interest in mankind, and to reawaken that interest there was required the very voice of God. He was like thousands of modern students who in the spiritual blaze of what seems to them a fresh and eternal thought, forget those petty details which life has left lying at their door. But life in the long-run ever asserts her practical claims, and so was it to be with Moses. God was not to suffer that noble spirit to be arrested in the march of its religious development. He had come down from one mountain—the mountain of materialism and worldliness, but he had done so only to ascend another—the mountain of spiritual exaltation, of isolated self-consciousness. Two stages of his life were past, and neither of them had fulfilled God's ideal of his soul. Amid the treasures of Egypt he had remembered only the world; amid the solitudes of Midian he remembered only his revolt from the world. There was wanted some sublime road which should join the other two; some royal pathway where within the soul of Moses God and the world could meet, and where that creation which was groaning and travailing in spirit should itself be found worthy of deliverance into the glorious liberty of the sons of God.

And this third stage was about to come. It is easier to mark the stages of a man's spiritual history than those of his natural growth. The outward child fades so gently into the youth, and the youth shades so softly into the man, that it is often hard to tell at what precise boundary-line the one ends and the other begins. But the spiritual life has generally its crisis-hours; we commonly hear the clock strike when we are passing from its lower to its higher stage. Few men who have given attention to their own development will fail to associate the turnings in their spiritual course with some marked experience in the path of their outward history. Sometimes it may be an experience which in itself is trivial enough, but all the same it has proved the turning-point, and by that fact it has become indelible. With Moses it was a physical experience which turned the scale. One day as he fed his flock in the desert of Horeb he came in sight of a remarkable appearance—a bush burning in the wilderness. As he gazed he was arrested by something more remarkable still: the fire never seemed to make any way. Its force appeared to be perpetually expended in vain; the bush burned but was not consumed. At that instant the light of the conflagration flashed into his own soul. The burning bush spoke to his heart, and its words were the voice of God. What it said in effect was this:—"Moses, you have been under a mistake these forty years. You have thought that this world was only a combustible wilderness consuming into nothingness with the fire of its own corruption. It is not so. There is something in the world which is incapable of being consumed, something which is not alloy but pure gold. There is a Church in the world's wilderness. There are elements of the first creation which keep the stamp of their eternity, which all the fires of time cannot extinguish and all the corruptions of time cannot destroy. Think not that in this world-wilderness there is no place for a Divine life; I, the Eternal, am here. You have been seeking for me solely amid the things which are invisible, and all the time I have been in the light of common day. I have never been absent from this despised creation. I too have been burning amidst its corruptions; I have been tortured by its sins and its sorrows; I have felt the fire of its afflictions. Will you not come down to help me in the fire, to endure the great heartburnings of this human struggle? to bear the burden and heat of the day? You have been meditating on my unseen glory, come and see my visible crown—a crown of thorns. There is a Passover to be kept in the land of Egypt, there is a sacredness to be found in the secular lives of men. 'I know their sorrows,' come and learn them with me. Take up the cross of humanity. Take up the common cares of daily life. Take up the burdens of the unspiritual crowd and you will know as you have never known before that the reproach of Christ is the greatest treasure in Egypt."

The vision faded from his sight and, from the desert of Horeb, Moses came forth a completed man. The seventh morning of his creation had come—the Sabbath of his being—the true rest; and he had reached the final stage of his spiritual development, had learned the possibility of a reconciling bridge between the life of the world and the life of God. From that day the problem for the heart of Moses—nay, the problem for the heart of Judaism—was the establishment of the Church in the world. The vision of Horeb was the birth-hour of the Jewish nation. Out of the lurid flame there flashed before the eyes of the future lawgiver the dazzling spectacle of a kingdom of God on earth. That spectacle was Judæa's pillar of fire. Through the long night of her national history it led her people on. It beckoned them across the sea. It conducted them over the desert. It lured them through the waters of Jordan. It lighted them to the possession of the throne of David. It pointed them to the hope of a higher throne than David's—the Messianic empire of the world. It was the light which illumined all hearts; it was the vision of the King; it was the vision of the priest; it was the vision of the prophet; it was bequeathed by an apostolic succession from spiritual sire to son until it found at once its culmination and its new beginning in the visible embodiment of Him who was the prophet like unto Moses. Judæa has passed away, but the vision has not faded; we still look for the Church in the world—still long for that new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness. We endure in the joy that He who is invisible will become more and more visible every day. We are looking forward and hastening unto the advent of all that is good—the advent of peace, of purity, of brotherly love, of personal sacrifice, of faith, of hope, of charity. We look for the time when the State shall be itself a Church, when the week shall be itself a Sabbath, when the private dwelling shall be itself a temple, when the secular deed shall be itself an act of worship. Then shall we keep the Passover even amid the treasures of Egypt. The fires of worldly temptation will only illuminate; they will not scorch the sanctified soul, for when incarnate love shall have perfected the union of the sense and spirit we shall be able to endure the visible in the vision of a manifested God.

TRAINED NURSING IN WORKHOUSE INFIRMARIES.

By LADY HOPE of Carriden.

A NURSE! Have you ever watched by the sick-bed of a friend or relation, and felt the helplessness that needed your most constant and devoted attention? Have you not known the dread of one moment's absence, just from the fear that you might thereby leave a want unsupplied and, as such, far harder to bear in extreme illness than in ordinary health?

But in the midst of your weariness, powers failing, heart sinking, have you known how your burdens can be shared and lightened by the quiet presence, skilful hand, and noiseless footstep of the trained nurse? Then you have known the comfort of a true relief! Quietly, quickly, watchfully the patient has been tended. Neatly dressed in her dark-blue serge, with the becoming white apron, and still more becoming white cap, the nurse takes her place beside the sufferer, a welcome visitor indeed! and though at first her attentions may be repulsed, and sour words and looks may respond to her efforts, yet soon these difficulties disappear before her acknowledged power, and the nurse becomes the patient's friend.

"We dote upon her!" I have heard the inmates of a Cottage Hospital say, as the nurse in control of the ward left their sight for a little while.

"She's our mother! We *do* love her!" says another.

"We never can repay her," says a third. "But when I get well I mean to bring her a barrer of new pitaters." And many a similar offering these grateful people used to give to the tender and skilful friend to whom they felt they owed so much.

While we acknowledge that there are nurses of every degree—for good nurses there are, and bad nurses there must be—we must all agree, I think, that at any rate a trained nurse, devoted for life by her own choice to her special calling, must bear the palm over the ordinary inmate of a workhouse ward. Yet such are too frequently the persons to whom the care of the sick is committed in these places. Clumsy-handed, negligent, often weary-hearted and ignorant-minded, the poor woman whose life, either through sin, poverty, or misfortune, has been spoiled, and who has then found her way into the last resort of the homeless, now finds herself at the bedside of a restless patient, a stranger, suffering perhaps intense agony, or worn out with feverish tossings, it may be prostrating weakness. How can she administer the soothing touch, or the gently controlling word? How can her presence bring the needed alleviations? Bandages, medicines, poultices, are a new world to her. She has never learnt their use. Her education has far more generally led her into rougher and harsher paths than those that Miss Nightingale, our champion for the rights of true nursing, has marked out for us. As for control, that most necessary element in sick-room service, it is more than probable that our *un*trained nurse would have her own, and those exceedingly crude, ideas upon it. An angry word, an impatient gesture—*worse* than this sometimes, will perhaps silence the unhappy patient's groans or cries. It is terrible to think of, but it is *true!*

We cannot deny that in this responsible position there may be found, in spite of untrained head and hands, the ready sympathy and willing mind, perhaps also the clever hand; but I fear such cases are few and far between. Indeed, it must be so! But I am anticipating. Let us turn to facts; and here I shall quote freely from a valuable paper written by Miss Louisa Twining, the

Honorary Secretary for the Association that has within the last two years been formed to advance this cause, and the nature of whose proposed operations it is my intention to describe. She says—

> "The numbers of the sick poor who occupy our workhouse infirmaries are far beyond what most people believe. In the Metropolitan Districts alone they amount to many thousands. The largest 'Sick Asylum,' contains over seven hundred inmates; while no Infirmary has less than two or three hundred; and of these institutions there are twenty in the Metropolitan district alone, to say nothing of the large towns which contain numbers even more startling. Here it may be well to explain that the Sick Asylums differ from the Infirmaries merely by consisting of more than one union; and all under the control of an united board of managers selected from these different unions. In other respects they are the same. The supreme authority is vested in the medical officer, who is generally a young man resident in the Institution, assisted by another duly qualified medical practitioner. Next in order we find the matron and her assistant, who are more particularly concerned with the housekeeping (there is also, however, a steward placed over this department). The matron and her assistant overlook the storeroom, the linen, the care and cleanliness of the wards, beds, and general order of the establishment. Under these superior officers are the nurses, who by order of the Local Government Board can no longer be 'paupers' or unpaid women, but must have had a year's experience at least in some institution for the sick.* The number of these persons varies greatly. But as a general rule we may say there are thirty patients under the care of one nurse, with an assistant under her, and some women from the outside, probably in receipt of out-door relief, to do the scrubbing and cleaning. The convalescent patients also do much to assist the nurse in making the beds, &c."

On reading this very explicit and lucid statement from one so well acquainted with her subject, we naturally ask, "In such an apparently comprehensive provision for our sick poor what further aid can be required?"

To our question Miss Twining has provided a practical answer; showing that, as in so many other great and good schemes well and efficiently planned, a link is needed to perfect the system otherwise so invaluable. In the first place, then, let us ask, "Who are the inhabitants of these sick wards? Are they paupers? Are they incurables?" To this we find a reliable response in the words of Mr. Timothy Holmes, Senior Surgeon to St. George's Hospital. He says—

> "I can conceive no object more worthy, or more urgently needed, than those held in view by your Association. The hospitals of London do not, and cannot, provide for the medical attendance of the sick of this great city. It is utterly impossible. They are lost in an ocean of poverty with which they struggle in vain. The hospitals are not really intended to provide for the sickness of the metropolis. On the contrary they are to give medical and surgical aid to certain exceptional cases; and for the bulk of the sickness of the metropolis, for the poorest class there are these infirmaries. These are rising up in every part of London, enormous buildings, larger a great deal than the hospitals, admirably constructed and officered—buildings in all respects fitted for the cure of disease. The persons contained in these institutions are by no means entirely paupers. Any member of the Board of Guardians will bear me out in this. It is a mistake to suppose that the workhouse infirmaries are filled with paupers entirely. There are working men and women, paupers for the moment perhaps, who immediately on recovery lose their pauperism entirely, and go back to their work. They are in the same condition as patients in hospitals; and in point of fact the same persons. Neither the class of patients nor of diseases differs so much as you would imagine. We find amidst the patients a great proportion of moderately acute cases, which require a great deal of nursing—not merely chronic cases slowly dying—in the infirmary wards of the Institution; and also a large class of persons who really are ill, and require very careful and good nursing. Thus the aim of this Association, which is to provide trained and efficient nurses, is one in my judgment of great importance and urgently needed."

To this statement of medical opinion Miss Twining adds her comment as follows:—

> "Thus we see that these infirmaries do contain sick persons, who for their own sakes as well as for the sakes of those who support them, require the care and nursing of well-qualified women. . . . We hear objections made to the expense of our scheme—'anything is good enough for paupers!' We would urge here that even in an economical point of view it is desirable to carry out these plans; for seeing that the inmates are in great measure capable of cure, and thus of discharge from the infirmary, it is surely to our interest to expedite that result by every possible means.
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> "But it may be said, such plans are already sanctioned and enforced by the Local Government Board, which regulates all the actions of guardians; what more therefore is needed for the due administration of these Institutions?"

And here Miss Twining introduces her scheme in its practical form. Having shown us the needs of the infirmary patients, their rightful demand upon our sympathy and interest—"for our own sakes as well as theirs"—and enabled us to realise the vast field that becomes thereby opened up to us, we are finally asked to notice the simple and efficient manner in which we may rectify much that is lacking, thereby obtaining the thanks and co-operation of the authorities as well as the inmates. An admirable skeleton is given to us, and we are asked, not to improve upon its anatomy, but to clothe it with living powers. Such a task we venture to say cannot but commend itself to each philanthropic heart. We are shown disease, misery, and suffering multiplied by many figures; and we are shown a remedy, which, by His blessing who has named Himself the Physician, will, indeed, prove a grandly sufficient one. It is to this remedy now that we would turn our attention.

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* These rules apply to the Metropolitan Infirmaries alone; all those in the country and country towns are left untouched, except by local action and benevolence. But there is in almost all cases one *paid* nurse, though we can hardly say *trained*.

Miss Twining continues:—

> "After watching the working of the new plans for nearly ten years, it became apparent to some who were conversant with the matter that things were not progressing so rapidly as could be wished, and that there were many difficulties in carrying out the orders of the Central Board even where it was most desired. In the first place really good and efficient nurses were scarcely attracted by the wants of a workhouse infirmary. Old hospitals and many new ones, as well as private societies, were competing for the services of these accomplished and well-trained women. A link was required. That 'link' it was evident private help and extraneous influence could supply. This 'link' our Association might afford; and during the past year this has been its aim."

Many of the nurses who offered their services were, or had been, merely "scrubbers" or "laundrymaids" in such institutions; and many could boast of no further experience than that of servant in an asylum, where, as Miss Twining truly observes, nursing in sickness is by no means an ordinary duty, and in many cases is not included at all in asylum work. Yet all these persons came strictly within the lines of admission to workhouses as accepted nurses. Even when a trained nurse became included in the list she was too often of an inferior sort, and chose this post from difficulty for some reason in obtaining a better. Neither did the superintendents realise the true necessities of the sick, for they would promote any former nurse, still untrained, to the charge of a ward. These women were, as a rule, not fitted for so onerous a post. Neither their religious, moral, nor mental training was such as could prepare them rightly for the care of the helpless persons committed to their charge.

Our Association is earnestly desirous of meeting this need.

1st. By training probationers.

2nd. By supplying these women as nurses to the infirmaries.

We have seen the scope that there is for their employment. One word as to the necessary funds for this object.

Ten pounds will train a nurse. Another ten pounds will pay her salary while she is being trained. In one year she obtains sufficient experience and initiation into her future duties. Then she is ready to be received into the infirmary, where her salary is in the future paid by the Guardians as one of their regular officials.

And the very fact that the authorities are willing to admit these persons, and are glad to have their services, seems to make it imperative upon our philanthropy to provide them. The salaries of these nurses begin at £20, everything being found.

Perhaps even to this statement some may answer, "But is it advisable to spend money upon either prisons or workhouses? These resorts for idleness, vice, or at best destitution, should not be made too inviting; or their object will be immediately destroyed, and, instead of being an advantage to the country, these institutions will inherently frustrate their own intentions!"

So well is this fact understood, that such an utterance has become a truism; nor is it likely to be forgotten. But it is not of the general inmates of workhouses that we are now speaking. We plead for the sick and incurable alone, and in remembering the other most important side of the question let us not forget that our God is a God of mercy. He loves justice. He would have us humane. He would have us kind. He would have us wise too—wise as regards the future welfare of these people who in their helplessness are intrusted to our care. We must act righteously towards them; and in doing so we shall be rewarded.

H.R.H. the Princess Mary Adelaide, Duchess of Teck, who has for some time taken a deep interest in this subject, writes thus:—

> "At a private meeting held here (at Kensington Palace) this afternoon, it was decided to issue an appeal inviting all ladies and gentlemen interested in our scheme to join this Association as Associates, which a yearly subscription of not less than half-a-crown would entitle them to become. They will thus, we hope, become the means of furthering the object we have in view; and will at all events have it in their power to do much towards remedying an evil that is now so very generally admitted to exist."

To all these testimonies I will only venture to add the suggestion, that in addition to influence and earnest effort exerted in this cause, a very efficient aid might be rendered by the collection or gift of £10 sums, which might be either bestowed in the form of donation or subscription.

It would not be easy to me to forget the result of a hurried message that reached me one morning,—"Will you call on a young man who has been attending your class in the night school? He has been taken very seriously ill, and is in one of the workhouse infirmary wards." We were living in the country. A lovely summer's day it was. The birds were singing, and the flowers radiantly gay in their wild beauty; even the garden beds that surrounded the workhouse doors were sharers in the outside loveliness. Then I rang the bell. A heavy funeral toll sounded forth. Within all looked grim and stately. Dark corridors led to the sick-wards. A woman received me at the top of the stairs. "That way," she said, pointing with her thumb to an open door. I went in, and found myself within a long room filled with narrow beds. Beside a window, with his head thrown back and his cheeks flushed in high fever, lay the fine handsome fellow I knew so well. He was a carter, had been out of work a good deal on account of a former accident; and perhaps for lack of funds, or perhaps through his sudden emergency, he had been carried for the first time in his life to the workhouse. He was evidently in great pain. He could scarcely speak. That his sheets and pillows were brown with dirt I did not wonder, for this I instinctively expected, I don't know why. But I did feel a pang of distress when I saw that blazing summer sun shining full on his flushed face. His features, his hands, his head, were covered with flies. When I stooped over him, and spoke gently, the tears rolled out of his eyes, and his chest heaved.

"I am so sorry," I said, looking earnestly at him, and then he sobbed outright.

A newspaper held up for a moment between him and the sun brought a cry of relief from his apparently paralyzed lips. Then I fanned away the flies, and again he groaned out a sigh that meant his thanks.

The convalescent inhabitants of the ward now gathered round me. They said, "The sun scorches him so."

"But why do you not put something over the window to keep it out?" I asked. There was no blind.

My question was never answered, for a dreadful groan from an adjoining bed startled me horribly. I turned round and saw a man glaring at me from an adjoining bed. Clothed in his dirty linen, which seemed to be the livery of the ward, with unshorn locks and matted beard, he was indeed a most truly repulsive object. Leaning on one elbow, he stretched the other towards me in a menacing attitude.

"He can't hurt you," said the others, "he is as weak as a child."

"But his groans do be awful to hear," remarked another. "All night long it goes on, and all day too. And he keeps on a tumbling out of bed, and we keeps on a putting of him in."

It was a sickening sight. I turned again to my friend, and saw his eyes closed with the same look of pain on his face.

"Can I do nothing for you?" I asked presently.

He said he was thirsty; so after promising to send him some oranges, I said something about the sunny window, remarking that I would "ask the master to have a blind put up," whereupon the inmates crowded round me—they were imploring me not to interfere.

"The master would be angry," they said. "Better let it alone."

A few verses out of the brightest Book were read. A little of its healing balm was scattered; one word of prayer offered, and then I left the room.

Who was the nurse there? An old woman, shaky and infirm, with a voice like a door on its unoiled hinges, came toddling in as I walked out, and screamed to the groaning patient with the unkempt beard, "Hold yer tongue, and be quiet, will yer? or I shall tell of yer."

And this workhouse is one of the very best of its kind. Good men are on the Board; and the master is a vast improvement on many another in his position.

What a sphere was this for the blessed labours of a trained, cultivated, and Christian nurse!—kind, skilful, firm, and imbued with our beloved Miss Nightingale's principles, and empowered to carry them out.

That little ward might have been a Paradise in spite of all its woes; and so may every one in the country, yes, and in each of our great cities, if only we can unitedly and self-denyingly put our shoulder to the wheel, and by God's help do the work that is wanted.

Agnes Jones, the true pioneer of workhouse nursing, has left us her bright example. "In labours oft" she lived; true to her life she died. Better than any gilded monument to her memory would be the hearty advance of consecrated offerings, coupled with a devoted zeal to fill up the breach she pointed out, and then left to our care.

A NIGHT ON MOUNT WASHINGTON.

By Professor W. G. BLAIKIE, D.D., LL.D.

THE Americans were a long time discovering the White Mountains. Not exactly discovering them, it is true, for they are seen in the horizon of New England from afar, and in the upper portions of the State of New Hampshire they are as conspicuous as the Welsh mountains from the West of England, or the Cumberland and Westmoreland hills in the North. Even from Portland on the sea-shore, eighty or a hundred miles away, the mountain range stretches along the south-western horizon, and in a clear day the massive form of Mount Washington is seen above all its neighbours. But though the hills were known to exist, nobody thought of exploring them. The inhabitants of a new country have no time to fall in love with the picturesque. The battle with the forest and the soil is too hard and too universal to admit of picnic excursions in pursuit of the sunrise or the sunset. And sooth to say, if you wish to see beautiful sunrises and sunsets in New England, you do not need to go very far for them. The verandah of the frame house, or its bedroom window, will in most cases afford admirable opportunities for feasting the eyes on these glories of the sky. We shall not readily forget the wonderful succession of autumn sunsets which evening after evening presented themselves, as we sat swinging on the rocking-chair in the verandah of a friend's house, with the beautiful Connecticut River and valley before us. And the exquisite calm that breathed from the amber sky after the sun had set, and from the bosom of the river, where crag, and tree, and sky were all so softly mirrored, seemed to supply all that coolness and repose that toiling men and women needed after the heat and burden of the day.

It is little wonder therefore that for the greater part of two centuries the White Mountains, and Mount Washington their king, were virtually unknown. After all, what did people in Scotland know of the Trosachs and Lake Katrine before Sir Walter Scott? or of Rydal and Grasmere before Wordsworth? There are discoverers and discoverers. The White Mountains as protuberances on the earth's surface were one thing; as the homes of picturesque beauty quite another. The Americans have found them worth knowing in the latter sense, and so may persons more remote. To most Englishmen, we believe, they have a very vague and shadowy existence. Anthony Trollope, we suppose, expressed his own notion before seeing them, when he said that by Englishmen in general they were supposed to lie somewhere between the Rocky Mountains and the Alleghanies, and to be homes of the Red Indian and the buffalo. To him, as to many a stranger, it was quite a surprise to find within a few hours by rail from Boston a mountain plateau, some forty-five miles long and thirty wide, rising higher than any mountains in Great Britain, and claiming, though not without challenge, to be called the Switzerland of New England. As for Red Indians and buffaloes, it is perhaps unfortunate that there are none thereabout. If there had been resident Red Indians, the grand old Indian names would no doubt have been continued for the mountains, as they have been, over all America, for the rivers. What is the result? Why, that the old names are discarded, and these hoary veterans, that carry us back into the dim ages of the geological past, are now distinguished from one another by nothing better than the few modern names that America delights to honour. There is Mount Webster, and Mount Adams, and Mount Franklin, and Mount Jefferson, and so forth, and towering of course above them all, Mount Washington. We cannot say we like the choice. It seems to stamp littleness where nature has given majesty, and to cover the memorials of the mighty past with the memories of yesterday. In some great mountain pass you see on the rock the evident marks of glacial action, and you are carried back in imagination to the far distant age when ice reigned in hoary majesty over the whole region. When you learn that the mountain bears the name of Jackson or Webster, you seem to have found the step between the sublime and the ridiculous.

It is less than a hundred years since Mount Washington, which the Indians called Agiochook, received its present name. It is little more than half that time since the first footpath was made to the summit. About twenty years ago, a path for carriages was completed. In 1866 a railway was begun, and completed in 1869. The height of the mountain is 6,293 feet, some five hundred more than any of the adjacent hills. There have been hotels on the top for about thirty years, occasionally blown down by storms. The present hotel, "Summit House," dates from 1872.

If the Americans made little of the White Mountains during the early period of their history, they have amply compensated their early neglect by what they make of them now. The district is now traversed by railways bringing the tourist as near to the mountains as the nature of the country allows. Where the railway cannot be built, or rather where it has not been built as yet, stage-coaches supply its place. Hotels, accommodating four or five hundred guests, have been run up at various convenient points of the district, reached either by the railway or the road. Very often, these hotels with their annexes and offices are the only houses within reach of the railway station. If you see "Fabyan" or "Crawford" on the map, do not flatter yourself that it is a city, or even a town or village, with houses, stores, and other institutions surrounding. It is simply Fabyan's or Crawford's house or hotel, with its environments. And notable houses they are, indeed, to be found in the heart of what was recently a wilderness. At Fabyan's, where we spent a day or two, in addition to the main building there are two bedroom houses, accommodating in all four or five hundred. The drawing-room is 100 feet in length, with other dimensions corresponding. The register includes names from all parts of the United States, but hardly any from England or the Continent. It is a purely American house. Everything is arranged in American fashion and at American hours—breakfast, dinner, and supper. Should you happen to arrive midway between the canonical periods sacred to these meals, you must amuse your appetite as you best can, till the doors of the *Salle-à-manger* are thrown open. The talk of the gentlemen is all American politics. The talk of the ladies is American gossip. If you are not an American, or if you have not American friends, you are a fish out of the water, and, indeed, it is something of presumption for you to be here at all.

What is rare in America, the waiters are all young women. A glance is enough to show that though acting now in a menial capacity, they do not belong to a menial class. Their faces are intelligent, their manner smart and self-possessed, their fingers lithe and usually adorned with jewellery. Who are they? Daughters of New England farmers, or if you prefer it, landed proprietors, who have no intention of devoting their lives to service, but have come here for a season to see a little of the world, and in a few weeks will return to complete their education, or begin life in a different way. An American friend waxed eloquent to us over them. "No such young women," he said, "in all America. They make splendid wives. Presidents and Governors have married such young women, and right well off they have been." We could believe it all, for the faces were intelligent, the style of work purpose-like, and the bearing of the girls evinced thorough self-respect. At meals, the *Salle-à manger* is arranged in tables placed cross-ways along either side of the room, with places for a dozen at each. A manager in chief receives you at the door, and assigns you your table and place. The bill of fare is as ample and varied as in the best city hotels, and you order whatever you like. The girl in waiting receives your order, and quickly your dishes are planted round you. That is to say, your minor dishes are ranged round your principal one—your butter, potatoes, tomatoes, pease, turnip, squash, or whatever else of vegetable produce you have called for, make up a little solar system around the central dish of beef or mutton, till, under your exertions, the whole system is annihilated, and the next course begins. For liquor, the carte offers you wines and liqueurs manifold, but they are seldom called for. Ice water is almost the only tipple. The hotel has a bar, hid away in some out-of-the-way corner, which gentlemen inclined thereto may find and frequent as they please. But women and children are for the most part practical teetotalers, and thus upper American society is secured one element of purity; women are not wine-bibbers, and however much they may be interested in their eating, drink water only.

Fabyan's is the most convenient point for the ascent of Mount Washington, the very summit of which, or tip-top, as they call it, may be reached by railway. You may rise from your chair in the hotel, step across the platform into the car, and, with a single change of cars, step out six thousand feet and more above the level of the sea. The first five or six miles are along the level, and present no feature of much interest. When you reach the "base" station you change into the mountain car. It is much the same as an ordinary American car, accommodating probably fifty passengers. In ascending the Rigi in Switzerland by rail you are placed with your back to the top, but in ascending Mount Washington you sit in the usual way. The engine is behind and pushes you, and in descending it is in front, arresting the motion. The principle on which the engine works is the same as at the Rigi—there is a notched rail midway between the ordinary rails, into which a cog-wheel from the engine fits. The rate of motion is about three miles an hour. At first the noise of the cog-wheel is loud and disagreeable, but in a few minutes you get used to it. And as you proceed a miracle could hardly produce a more remarkable sensation. Above you, you see the road mounting over a huge precipice, and by some strange, wizard-like power, you are swiftly and steadily borne up. Round a curve you see an airy fabric—slender iron tressels standing with outstretched limbs over a yawning gulf. Without a moment's fear or hesitation, your vehicle passes over the gulf, and you are safe on the opposite side. Puff, puff, puff, and still the word is Excelsior, and as you look backwards you see what a height you have reached. There are no passenger stations as at the Rigi along the line, for the best of reasons—that there are no inhabitants on the mountain-side. But twice, we think, the train stops that the engine may be watered. The conductor is obliging, allows the passengers to get out and scatter themselves a little along the mountain-side. You are gazing on the view below, when your attention is arrested by a hissing noise from above. Can you believe your eyes? You look up and see certain of your fellow-creatures sliding down the rail at a velocity of some fifty miles an hour. You find that they seat themselves on a little sled that fits on to one of the rails, and you are told that when their course is unimpeded they can traverse the whole distance, from summit to base, in four minutes. The sled is furnished with a drag, and in the present instance the vehicle had to be pulled up before they reached our train. Anything more mad-like than the dashing course of the men in full swing you can hardly imagine. Broken bones or broken heads sometimes occur, but to one thoroughly able to manage his sled, and gliding without interruption from top to bottom, the motion, beyond doubt, is most delightful.

The afternoon has been clear and sunny, and our view of the surrounding country is glorious, though the mountains are much less crowded than around the Rigi, and the whole scenery much less grand and varied. As we ascend, the vegetation becomes manifestly more Alpine. The trees are reduced to pine, and the pine becomes dwarfed and scraggy, and finally disappears. The rocks become rugged and irregular, as if they had hard times in the wintry ice and snow. We are yet eight or ten hundred feet from the summit, when we become distinctly conscious of a whiff of vapour. Perhaps it is from the engine? No, it is too extensive for that, and now it seems to envelop us as if a vapour-bath had been part of the programme. It is impossible to resist the conclusion, that we are caught in a fog. And as the sun is to set in a few minutes the conclusion is but too apparent that we are likely to be baulked of our expected view. We do not despair, however. We remember a similar journey up the Rigi two years before, when we reached the top in a storm, and could not see the one end of the Kulm Hotel from the other. Great was our delight on that occasion when, in an instant, the fog disappeared, and a clear bar in the sky, between the clouds and the horizon, gave the sun a splendid opportunity to gild the whole amphitheatre of mountains, and disappear in a perfect blaze of glory. But no sunset was to be seen from the summit of Mount Washington to-night. The whole body of the American tourists rapidly made up their minds to that, and as soon as they had registered their names and secured their rooms, abandoned themselves to disappointment and to supper. It seemed to one of my party and myself that for once we might get an advantage over the Yankees, and by superior 'cuteness see the sun set after all. We remembered that it was very near the summit that the mist had come on, and that a short walk would bring us into a clear atmosphere again. So, while the Americans were at supper, we stole down by the carriage road, and in some twenty minutes were below the mist. The summit of the mountain hid the sunset proper, but not far off we could easily see the clear sky, the clouds flushed with red, and the bright green valleys below. It was no drawback that the atmosphere around us was still charged with vapour, which would come rushing along in occasional whiffs. The optical illusions that presented themselves between the light and the dark were very curious. We would observe clear silvery lakes reposing in perfect stillness where no lakes had ever been seen before; or a bright river would be seen wandering among the mountains, all the more remarkable because the want of streams was what we had remarked as their most conspicuous defect in the daylight view. While still wondering what it could all be, our surprise reached a climax on our observing a splendid blaze as if of electric light streaming out in silver lines from a single spot. By-and-by the riddle was solved. It was patches of the sky we had seen, of that white, shining, pearly hue you often see half an hour after a bright sunset. The dark clouds through which these white patches shone completed the illusion. We had the pleasure (or the pain ?) of thinking that no eyes but ours had seen these curious sights. Retracing our steps, we were soon enveloped anew in impenetrable mist. As we neared the hotel another illusion was seen that reminded us of the Hartz Mountains. Right above our heads a gigantic human figure was observed, six times the size of an ordinary man. It moved its huge legs like one of the old giants, and waved a lantern with its enormous arm. But as it neared us, each step diminished its bulk one-half, and when at length it passed, it was but our own size—an ordinary Yankee coachman going down to the stable to look after his horses. It was not difficult to account for the phenomenon—particles of mist acted as magnifying-glasses under the light from the lantern, hence the gigantic figure of the man. When we reached the hotel we found that our disappearance had caused some anxiety, and that opinion was divided as to whether or not we had fallen over a precipice. The most anxious of our friends, however, had been soothed by being told that the road was so plain that we could not be lost unless we had been bent on committing suicide.

It was the beginning of August, and down below people could hardly bear the lightest clothing; but it was cold atop, and the hotel on the summit was heated as if it had been the depth of winter. We fancy that that must be the American taste, but it did not suit us. Our little bed-room was like an oven, and between the hot dry air within, and the mist outside, breathing was reduced to great difficulty. The night brought little sleep and less refreshment; there was little fear of our committing the mistake of Mark Twain on the Rigi, and sleeping till afternoon, as his "Tramp Abroad" had just been informing us. With the first streak of dawn we were at our window, delighted to find that, saving an occasional whiff from the north, the mist had disappeared, and that there was the prospect of a full view of the sun. In a short time a bell rang loudly, and before five o'clock the platform in front of the hotel showed all that variety of impromptu toilettes usual on such occasions. Nothing could have been finer than the dawn. While silver was stealing over the sky, a puff of mist, as it rolled up from a neighbouring valley, would suddenly glow with a bright red flush, and as suddenly pass away. By-and-by the sky showed its brightest tints of blue and green, and the clouds their richest crown of gold. Then, on the edge of the horizon, came a speck of dazzling ruby, expanding with provoking rapidity into a slender red bow, then into a spotless semicircle, and finally a globe of molten gold. All round, the sea of summits was bathed in the tender pink of an Alpine dawn, patches of cloud gleamed on the mountain sides like masses of opal, and below, the valleys shone out in their freshest green. In a brief half-hour, the glory was over. The sun and clouds had become commonplace, the poetical appetite of the spectators was satisfied, and a new appetite gave signs of great activity, for every one was asking when would breakfast be ready?

Breakfast was not to be ready for three-quarters of an hour. It was very hard. However sleepy you may be, you cannot sleep. You have got unsettled, and a meal is necessary to restore your equilibrium. The three-quarters of an hour seem like three hours. At length breakfast comes, your prosaic wants are satisfied, and there remains only the settling of the bill before you are ready to begin the descent.

Of course there are all sorts of souvenirs of Mount Washington to be had by those who care for them. The only one that particularly took our fancy was the daily newspaper. It was truly characteristic of America to print a daily newspaper there, and to draw particular attention to the fact that it is the only daily paper in the world printed on the top of a mountain. *Among the Clouds*, as it is called, cannot lay claim to any extraordinary amount of originality. The news is limited to a record of the weather at the signal-station on the previous day, last night's arrivals at the hotel, and a few notes from the adjacent tourist stations. Such sublunary matters as the presidential contest or the war in Afghanistan created little or no interest so far above the surface of the earth. The life of the paper is limited to two months of the year; hotel-keepers and railway companies use it for advertising; beyond that, it must be content to be reckoned a curious toy.

There are three ways of getting down from Mount Washington; first, by the railway, which most of the visitors preferred; second, by a stage-coach, along a road which winds over a shoulder of the mountain, reaching "Glen House" after an eight miles' ride; and thirdly, by the same road on foot. Two of us preferred the last of these methods, while another member of our party took a place on the coach. Nothing is more surprising to English tourists than the want of inclination for walking shown by Americans. As far as we could learn, there was but one pedestrian besides ourselves. The coach had a fair complement of ladies and gentlemen. It was provided with three pairs of horses, not for the descent but for the upward or return journey—six handsome greys that looked quite stylish. It did seem to us, for a moment, an awkward question, what would happen if one of these animals were to take a frisky fit on the edge of a precipice. It soon occurred to us, however, that horses that have to drag a heavy coach daily up eight miles of loose sandy road to the top of a mountain no less than four thousand feet above the base, must have all their frisky moods pretty well taken out of them in the course of the climb, and may safely be trusted to perform the descent like lambs. At the same time we were not without some anxiety about the safety of the friend who had taken a seat on the coach. We comforted ourselves by the thought that as there seemed to be no drinking places on the mountain, the driver must be sober, and the driving would be very careful. By-and-by we came to a part of the road where a great smash had evidently occurred recently among the trees. An American gentleman told us that a month before, the coach had been upset at that spot, a lady killed, and two or three other passengers seriously wounded. "How was it possible," we asked, "to upset the coach at such a place?" "I believe, sir," replied our informant, "the coachman was drunk."

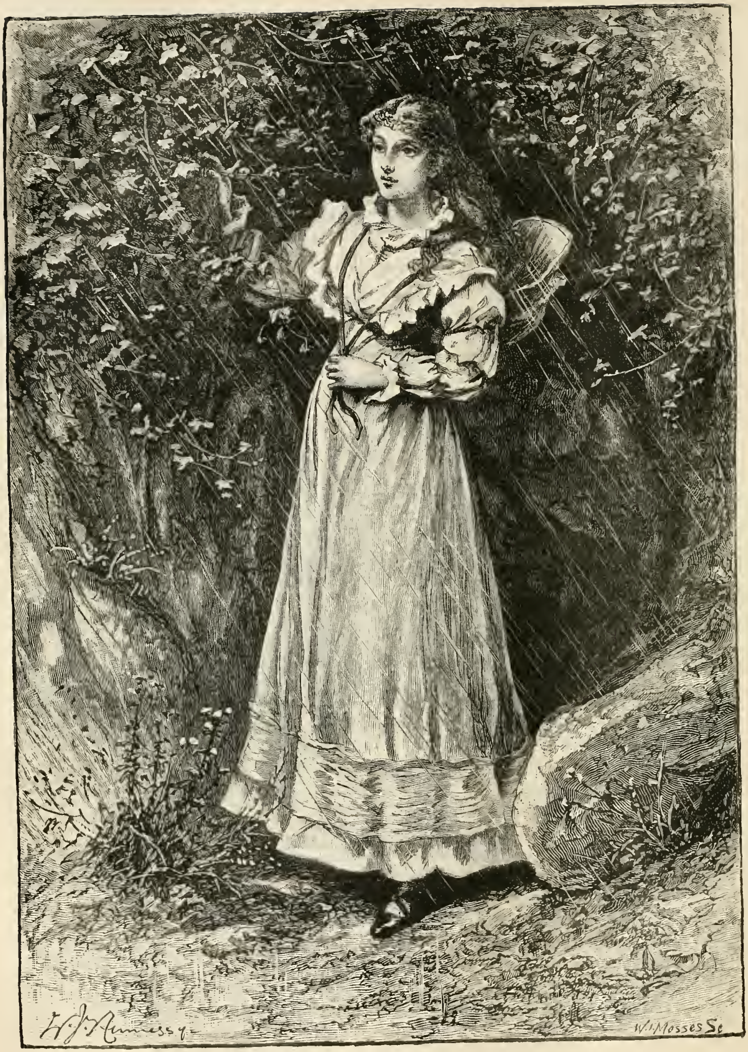
The first half of the descent is over a very rough part of the mountain, and one needs to be careful as to apparently "near cuts." We saw one that was very tempting, cutting off a long acute angle; but the mountain was so rough and the brushwood so scraggy that it cost us quite as much time as the regular road, and double the labour, besides tear and wear of boots and other garments. Lower down, the path is very beautiful; it passes through an avenue of trees, as if you were traversing an English park, only after a time it becomes somewhat close and monotonous. "Glen House," where the descent terminates, is one of the most celebrated of the White Mountain hotels, and shows the same kind of company as we left at Fabyan's. It is situated in a finer spot, more secluded and Highland, more in the very heart of the mountains. For those wishing to spend some time in the district, and plunge wholesale into its characteristic enjoyments, we should fancy Glen House a most delightful centre.

From Glen House to Glen Station, the nearest point at which you can strike the railway, is a distance of fifteen miles. Over this space you may travel either by the stage-coach or by private conveyance. We chose the stage. An American stage is a curious combination of mediævalism and the latest improvements. The latest improvements consist of Saratoga boxes—the huge wooden trunks in which American ladies carry about their very valuable and varied supply of dresses. To accommodate these the coach is made large, lumbering, and heavy. Inside are two seats, as in the old mail-coach, but as they are at a considerable distance from each other a third seat may be introduced between, having the effect of making the other seats close and uncomfortable, and subjecting the whole inmates to the risk of suffocation. Outside there is room for only four passengers. Six strong horses are needed to drag the ponderous vehicle up hill and down dale. The roads are none of the smoothest, and, as the coach is not set on springs, but only suspended by huge leather belts, the jolting is absolutely heart-breaking, and something like sea-sickness is a common result. These great six-horse vehicles traverse the road in both directions several times a day. Of course, they must meet sometimes. If we had been the driver our mind would have been agitated with terrible apprehensions as to the kind of spot where the meeting might take place. The road is precisely of the width necessary for a single coach. When two meet one must leave the road and take refuge in the brushwood adjoining. This is all very well if the brushwood happens to be on the same level as the road; but if the road is a foot or two higher than the adjacent wood, or along the bank of a stream, or the side of a ditch, or the edge of a morass, the problem is not so simple. To a stranger it seems as if a dead-lock were inevitable. We fancy the coachmen have some sort of instinctive apprehension of the advent of another coach, and forewarned is forearmed. But when a private conveyance approaches the consequences to the owner may be somewhat serious. If there is no room to pass he must unyoke his horses, lift round his buggy, and retreat before the stage till a passing-place can be found. It is wonderful how the horses seem to understand these difficulties, and how much common-sense they show in adapting themselves to them, and taking the only possible way to get out of them. For the most part the road lies through forest, and it would be always beautiful if it were not just a little monotonous. For miles upon miles no human habitation can be seen. But there is not a spot that is not worth looking at, and now and again you get glimpses of wooded mountain and winding valley on which the eye loves to linger, and which photograph themselves on the memory.

At Glen Station you may get into the railway and drive through some of the most beautiful scenery of the White Mountains, including the celebrated Crawford Notch, returning to the Fabyan House. The "Notch" is a valley, some twenty miles in length, through which a little river, the Saco, makes its way, while the mountains rise on each side, from the very edge of the stream to the height of two thousand feet. At one place the opposite rocks come within twenty-two feet of each other. The gorge is full of beauty, and here and there small mountain streams tumbling into it give rise to beautiful cascades, but during the warm tourist season these unfortunately are generally empty. The railway winds through the Notch, and as open cars are provided on this part of the line, the traveller gets an excellent view, if he can contrive to keep himself from being blinded by the smoke and cinders from the engine. Of the very few houses that meet the eye, one called Willey House has a tragical interest. More than fifty years ago an avalanche of snow descended from the mountain, burying the whole Willey family, nine in number, who had fled from the house for safety. If they had remained they would have avoided their dreadful fate; a rock above the house split the avalanche, and the house escaped and is there to this day. The railway brought us back to Fabyan's, exactly twenty-four hours after we had started. The "round," as they call it, is very interesting, and gives an excellent idea of the White Mountains.

No one would ever seriously think of comparing them with Switzerland—they have no snowy summits, hardly even a peak, and in magnificence and variety are never to be talked of in the same breath. It would be more suitable to compare them with the mountains of Wales or of Westmoreland. We may be under the influence of national prejudice, but we cannot award the White Mountains a place of equality to either. There is no doubt more massiveness — more unbroken stretches of wooded mountain and grandly sweeping valley; but there is much less variety, and far fewer of those complete little landscapes which a painter would delight to copy. They seemed to us a mighty whole, a grand *tout ensemble*, but we did not find those manifold nooks of exquisite beauty which make Wales and Westmoreland a perpetual succession of delights, each with some features of its own. As we have already said, there is a want of lake and river. The landscape wants eyes. The stretches of unbroken green need crags and peaks to break them up, and sheets and threads of silver to give them brightness and life. We believe, however, that all these defects would have disappeared if our visit had been paid in "the fall." From what we saw elsewhere of the exquisite colouring of the woods at that season, we believe the White Mountains must be perfectly beautiful. And probably the cascades and streams are fuller, and the whole aspect of things more bright and lively.

But there is one great want not remedied at any season—human habitations. For the solitudes are not like the bare, unclothed solitudes of the Scottish mountains, grand in their very loneliness; they are wooded glens and mountains that seem to crave habitations to nestle in their leafy shade. But of habitations, apart from the big hotels, too big to be picturesque, there is scarcely a vestige. There are no snug hostelries at the roadside to invite the weary pedestrian to rest. There is hardly a spot over the whole district, except the hotels, where one can get even a cup of milk. Strange to say, in democratic America, the White Mountains are a strict preserve for the wealthy. Not by any edict of proprietors threatening trespassers with prosecution, but by the law of the hotels, whose tariff practically excludes every poor man. One or two small houses make more moderate charges, but the usual rate is four or four and a half dollars, not much less than a pound a day. At the Summit Hotel, on Mount Washington, the charge for tea, bed, and breakfast is four dollars and a half. It is singular how extremes meet. The poor man is not more hopelessly excluded from the precincts of an aristocratic deer forest in the old country than he is from the open beauties of the White Mountains in democratic New England. Of course he may carry a wallet and sleep in the open air, but young America has no fancy for such ways. In many respects, as they say, one man is as good as another in America, and, as the Irishman added, a little better; but if he does not carry a good fat roll of dollars in his pocket, the White Mountains are forbidden fruit.


W. J. Hennessy
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"She thought of him the whole time that she was left alone."

Page 376.

CHRISTOWELL.

A Dartmoor Tale.

BY R. D. BLACKMORE, AUTHOR OF "LORNA DOONE," ETC.

CHAPTER XXI.—VERY FINE IDEAS.

ACCORDING to many sound opinions—at variance with others almost as sound—the valley of the Teign, near Fingle Bridge, is the finest thing to look at in the West of England. As in the vales of Lyn, or Barle, the rugged lines of Exmoor descend in grace; so here, the sterner height and strength of Dartmoor fall into beauty, yet preserve their grandeur. The windings of the great hills, as they interwend each other, come down with sweet obeisance to the shelter of the valley. Their rounded heights are touched with yellow of scant grass, or grey of rock; but under the bleak line, furze begins, and heather, and oak foliage. With rapid steps, as must be down a pitch of such precipitance, the foliage slides from tone to tint, and deepens into darker green. But the play of lighter colours also, and the glimpse of silver stems, arise around the craggy openings, and the birth of some fern-cradled rill. Far in the depth, short loops of water flash, like a clue to the labyrinth.

All this is very fine, and may be found in other places too. But the special glory of the Fingle Vale is the manifold sweep of noble curves, from the north and from the south by alternate law, descending, overlapping one another by the growth of distance, and holding up their haze, like breath that floats to and fro between them. These, with winding involution, and recessed embosoming, in fainter and fainter tones retire to the dim horizon of the heights.

A scene of beauty had many days yet for keeping its rapture to itself; and the echoes of solemnity had not learned to exclaim—"come here, Harry," and "oh lawks, Matilda!" Our good British race had not yet been driven to pant up hill, and perspire down dale, for the sake of saying that they had been there. And people who went for their holidays sought the renown of each place in the larder.

Of this kind was Sir Joseph Touchwood, a man with no humbug about him in any pursuit, except that of a contract. "Don't talk to me about your views," he said to his lady, who was picking up all the picturesque expressions; "they don't cost a penny, and they don't bring one in. I have seen some hundreds of them, and was none the wiser. Lazy folk may talk about them. I want my dinner."

"Julia dear," began Lady Touchwood, who was always more affectionate in the presence of papa; "do persuade your father to come with us, for once. It would do him so much good; and he must not always slave." The young lady looked at her father, and perceiving by his lips, that his mind was sternly set, was wise enough not to run the risk of failure.

"He knows best," she answered softly; "and perhaps his mind, instead of relaxing, would only be impatient all the while. It is happy for us, not to have such a heavy sense of duty; and that he has it. But darling papa will not object to our having a holiday, and asking a few friends."

"You may have all the world and his wife," said Sir Joseph, who was always cross, when hungry; "but no Champagne, mind; only the Saumur; unless Sir Robert Moneywig is quite sure to be there, and to bring his daughter Chrysolite. After all I have done, and the style you live in, and the table you keep when I am out of the way, it does seem a little too atrocious, that when I come home, I must keep awake till midnight, to amuse a lot of fellows, who have not got sixpence."

Lady Touchwood, although of fervent spirit, resolved to have it out with him by-and-by, hoping that her daughter would come forward now, and receive a little check to her impertinence. But Julia saw through that manœuvre.

"Do you know why that is, papa?" she asked, with a smile sweetly void of satire. "It is because you are too good-natured, and so extremely amusing. Of course, we all do our best; but still, none of us can talk, as you do."

"You have not been through such things as I have;" replied Sir Joseph, who could talk of nothing, except the weather, and the price of corn, and leather; "if you had, with your abilities, my dear, you could describe almost anything. Oh dinner is up, is it? And high time too. If Master Richard appears, just tell him he may go to the pantry, he shall not come in to us. There shall be punctuality in my house. When I was a boy—oh dear, oh dear!"

"Hush!" said Lady Touchwood—or at least she 'breathed it,' according to the fashion of expression now. Too often, Sir Joseph would flout the stately air of his 'princely apartments,' with sudden reminiscence of the days when he was hungry, and the things he enjoyed with his apron on. His daughter always laughed, and said, "do tell us more;" but his wife, as a matter of duty, quenched it.

"Now I do not wish you to misunderstand me," this strong-minded baronet took care to say; when the dinner was over, and the servants gone, and he began to spy about (in a full frame of mind) for his pipe, and his round chair, and the clearance of the women; "what I said was plain enough. If you are certain that Sir Robert means to be with you, take half a dozen of the very dry Champagne, and for the girls the sweeter stuff. No Saumur; I would not have it said; and the name is on the corks, confound them! I heard of it once, when I myself took the labels off the bottles. An idiot said—but I will not spoil my pipe. Under any circumstances, take Champagne. Julia will count how much there is. But open no 'Extra Sec,' until you see Sir Robert, and his daughter, with those wretched old screws they keep. Mind, I wish things to be done handsomely, and in accordance with my reputation; if anybody comes at all, who is capable of judging."

"All shall be done to the very utmost of my poor ability;" his daughter replied, as she rose to fetch his pipe, and the ancient brass tobacco-box, which had cost him a penny, when pence were scarce. Then she drew towards the fire his favourite chair, for a fire was still a comfort, and however grand the room might be, where he dined there he would have his pipe, and in no other chair but that. Cushions and sloping backs he hated, but loved this old ashen seat, which was not even polished, but closely railed round the back, and cupped in the centre, and supported by six substantial legs. Whatever might be said against Sir Joseph, his bitterest enemy, or the man who got the worst of him, could scarcely describe him as a "stuck-up cad;" for his common sense kept him from that disgrace. His "social duties"—as his wife and daughter called them—were the greatest pest of his life. He felt that he had earned, as well as needed, his nap on a Saturday eve, and his curtained pew on Sunday, and the bliss of not having to listen while people talked of things that concerned him not. Yet with the vigour which had led him to success, and the patience which confirmed it, he was ready to go into his best clothes often, and show the hospitality for which the West was famous.

But his strong sense of duty failed to carry him into this "Gipseying," as outdoor parties away from home were called, in that more simple time. The money and provisions he would furnish, when convinced that other wealthy people had to do the like, and when allowed to grumble without any contradiction. Outside his own desk, it was his chief ambition to settle his daughter Julia well, for he was really proud, as well as truly fond of Julia. And to hear that she had enjoyed herself, and made a good figure among rich people, and to receive a grateful kiss from her brightly smiling lips, was very nearly as good to him, as a sounder investment of the cash. Therefore, when he got his pipe that evening, he said that they might go as far as five and twenty guineas, so long as they bothered him no more about it.

Miss Touchwood at once resolved in private to stick at nothing short of fifty guineas, if she could manage to spend so much; for she wished to make a stir in the neighbourhood, and arouse a spirit of lively competition. And she managed to persuade her dear papa, that this noble scheme would at once release him from giving grand dinners, for a month to come, and also relieve him from the great-gunned assault setting in upon the most sacred arches of his cellar. For a Canon of Exeter had discovered (Providentially, as he told his wife, who said—yes that was the proper word, for his dear constitution required a fillip) that in the cellar at Touchwood Park lingered still a ruby shadow of the finest vintage ever known upon the Alto Douro,—the finest, but the scantiest, when the grapes were trodden by the war-horse. It was a wine distinctly placed far above the range of lay understanding; and the Canon (though strongly adjured by Mrs. Botrys, to confine his discovery to his own bosom) in a genial discussion of some bottles of his own, with a brother Canon and a Prebendary, frankly referred to that loftier standard, and a meeting of the Chapter was held next day.

"You may still save some of that dry old stuff from the even dryer people who come after it," with such words Julia consoled her father; "by giving these Gipseyings instead of dinner-parties. Even a Canon cannot expect port so early in the day, even if it bore the carriage, and they don't know anything about Champagne. Papa, you might get a lot at an auction, or smuggled, at about a pound a dozen. Nobody would suspect you, and nothing could be fairer. The Government try to cheat you always, and you have a right to cheat the Government."

"Julia," said Sir Joseph, with a deep interior twinkle, which might have been interpreted—'instruct your grandfather in the suction of gallinaceous products;' "my daughter, it is better not to say such things, even without meaning them. Persons not conversant with my career, and slow-mouthed at making or taking a joke, would misunderstand you, and stare, and talk about it; whereas if there is one rule of the very highest principle, it is to have no words about a contract made for the nation's good, and carried out with energy. I have a bin of very ancient Hock, possibly a little beyond its prime. The sourer it is, the more the clever people smack their lips. Work it off first, my dear; you know some words of German; nobody else does, and it will prove your schooling. Half a pinch of snuff; and then the chair to put my legs up."

The lady of the house was not best pleased with her daughter for coming forward so. "What do you know about such things?" she asked. "If you take any more upon yourself, you may take all. I shall stay at home; and you may put all the invitations in your own name. No doubt that would be the proper thing to do, according to the style the chits of girls are now introducing from America. Don't say another word. I won't go."

This was rather awkward; but the clever girl got over it, and smoothed down her mother to sweet interest in the matter. And the most delicious invitations, such as ladies alone can write, convinced everybody who received one, that the whole success of a daring enterprise hung upon his, or her, acceptance. And more than that, everybody wanted to be there.

"Oh I do wish that I could go," cried Rose, running with a letter into "Naboth's Vineyard," as she wickedly called the last hobby of the Captain, because she had not the free run of it; "it is such a glorious idea, father dear! And to think of my getting such a sweet invitation! All of it is done to please you of course. But I know how hard you are to please."

"And how easy to displease," her father answered smiling, with his thoughtful face rather red from stooping; "an Ogre, a Draco, a child-devouring Saturn. Show me this honeyed invitation, Rosie, that my malice may find an outlet. By the Poles, how affectionate the lady is! 'Darling Rose!' Whose darling are you?"

"Papa, I am so glad, whenever you are jealous. But read on. Do be fair, for once."

"'Darling Rose,'" read Mr. Arthur, with well-feigned wrath, well softened off; "'for *really* your kindness to my *dear son* compels me to cast off formality—will you do us yet *another favour?* In the quietest of all quiet ways, and with one or two *delightful people* coming, chiefly dignitaries of the Church, we are going to that *most romantic* spot, Fingle Bridge, next Thursday. We propose to do nothing more than *look about*, with an interval of mild refreshment. It has been said that we should refresh our taste for the *grand and the beautiful*, more often than we do. I scarcely understand what such things mean; but *I feel*, when they tell me, that I am *bound* to do it. If *Captain Arthur* could be induced, by any sense of duty, to join us, how he would *enhance* our pleasure, and be able to explain, to the Reverend Gentlemen, the names of the trees, &c.! But that, I fear, is a *hopeless thing*. Only do coax him, for I am quite sure that you *can coax* irresistibly, to let you come to this *most secluded* party; and a carriage with a lady-friend of yours inside it, Miss Perperaps, the daughter of the Doctor, will be ready for you, at your *private gate* at *ten o'clock, on Thursday*. Ever gratefully, and truly yours, Mariana Touchwood.'" Her church-name was 'Mary Anne.'

"Now it is a pretty letter, and full of generosity;" Rose exclaimed, with the fervour of bright youth; "and so kind of them, too, to invite Sporetta. I like Sporetta, she is so straight-forward; and if she had been at a good school, she would have been the cleverest girl you can conceive. Oh how I do wish, I could go!"

"Stop! Here is a postscript about your friend. 'We have not asked Spotty yet, and do not mean to do so, unless we hear that you will join us. Julia Touchwood.' What do you say to that, my child?"

"Well, I think that whoever put that in must be candid and truthful, but not very nice. Miss Touchwood is a very great beauty, I believe; but I don't think I should like her. As regards Master Dicky, they owe poor Spotty at least a hundred times as much as they owe me. And they should have invited her first of all. I don't care at all about going now among such ungrateful people."

"You are a most hot-headed little creature;" Mr. Arthur answered, though his smile undid his censure; "but look at it in another way, my dear. Possibly Miss Perperaps longs to go most awfully (according to the phrase they all use now, but which I especially object to) and if you decline, you destroy her chance."

"But, papa, I was sure that you would never let me go."

"Oh then, that was why the grapes were sour! My darling, I cannot bear to rob you of every enjoyment, for the short time such enjoyment lasts. You have never seen the loveliest spot round Dartmoor, and I think that you ought to go, for your friend's sake. Neither of you has much change of scene, or chance of harmless pleasure. I particularly wish you to go, my Rosie."

Filial duty was her strongest point, and she could not bear to ask for money. Her father also, being light of cash, and a man of rather lofty temperament, took a large and distant view of the things belonging to the outward female, and too often absorbing the inward one. Now and again, he would give her a bit of something to match with her sweet pretty self, and he praised the results of her own handiwork; but a good round sum, to go to Exeter, and sit down with, on one of those wondrous high shop-stools, was not beyond his compass only, but wholly in the absent distance of unformed ideas. The subject demands even less to be touched with extremest reservation, than to be run away from, by people who have not studied it. And the safest thing is, to quote feminine verdict, in a question for female jury.

"Lor a' mussy," Mrs. Pugsley cried, when the young lady went through a process of careening, after the accident at Moreton; "Tim, her hathn't got a hook and eye about her!"

Husbands in a great degree, fathers in a greater one, are well content with their own contentment, the which is a saving virtue. "Gew-gaws utterly spoil your appearance," they declare right nobly; "take my word for it, my darling, that nothing could improve you." But the darling likes to take other words as well, and is reasonable in doing so; while they all despise extravagance.

"Father has stumped up a five pound note. I knew where it was, and I gave him no peace;" said Spotty to Rose, while there yet was time to make up things, if you could only get them. "What do you think I said to him, dear, when he took the key out of his box, with a bang? And I knew very well who put him up to it. She is in such a way about not being asked, that I only get cheese-rinds for supper ever since. I said, 'very well; it is no concern of mine. I don't care twopence how I look. I shall go with Dicky Touchwood's bandages on. They came from the valends of the broken down bedstead. And there is quite a beautiful fringe to them. Starched up, and plaited, they will look quite grand. And perhaps Master Dicky will not recognise them. If he does, he will know they are in the bill.' I wish you could have seen my dear parent's face. But I am very glad you did not hear what he said. How much is the Captain going to stump up?"

"My father has a very large mind," said Rose, who could not help laughing, though sadly shocked; "I should never dream of speaking to him in such a manner."

"They have all got large minds, to save their pockets," answered the impious Sporetta; "but you can't go in anything you have got. Tell the Captain, you will go with your nightgown on."

"Miss Perperaps, if you talk so coarsely, I shall decline to go with you."

"Very well. Go in sack-cloth and ashes. I will sit on the box, and leave you all the inside. That stuck-up Julia will be delighted to see you look a perfect fright. She knows you are ten times prettier than she is. And she is after some young fellow, who dotes on you. Oh my! Wouldn't I try to cut her out, if the Lord had made me handsome?"

Miss Arthur did her utmost to repel such low ideas, and she would not even deign to ask about any gentleman called "a young fellow." Without any arrogance, and purely from her own distinct ideas of right and wrong—which come down in questions of behaviour, to be called good manners and bad manners—she had found that Spotty Perperaps did not suit her. And no low taunts about being a frump, or a dowdy, had any effect upon her mind, whenever she brought it up strictly to the question.

"Come down, Rosie, here is a box for you," her father shouted up the stairs one day, when she was doing Arachnoid work in the quarters of a Sunday frock that suffer most from piety; "tenpence to pay, and you to pay it; and Master Pugsley vows that he can't afford to book it. Hunt up your purse, and come down, and pay; if you will do things so recklessly."

"I have not got tenpence in the world," cried Rose; "how very unkind it is of people! It must be the old books I left behind; and I am sure they are not worth tenpence. But I have got fourpence, if you can only manage to lend me sixpence, till next time."

"What a fine expression!" Mr. Arthur answered, looking up the stairs impatiently; for he enjoyed, like a child, the assault of pleasure; "when will next time be? Come down, and have it out with the carrier."

"Niver you be in a hoory, Missy," Pugsley advised in his leisurely way. "I be allays in a hoory, and my life gooth out o' me, by rason of dooty; but you be young. It's Pugsley here, and Pugsley there, till there bain't a button of me left to answer. Lor, if I wor to go and cut a cord like that—wutt be you about, Miss Rosie? There have been gunpooder at the tail of Teddy."

"That makes him go so fast, I suppose," said Rosie, who was getting much excited by this time; "my scissors won't go through this cord. I am not going to pay tenpence for nothing; and you may take it back, and try to get twenty pence, at the other end. That is the law of it about the letters."

"Her dothn't know nort about the law, no more nor I do. Please to pay up the tenpence, Missy. I be vast to-day, I be." The carrier favoured the captain with a wink.

"The only way you can be fast," she answered, "is when you stick fast, as you did the other day. What makes you in such a dreadful hurry now? You shall have the tenpence, if the things are worth it."

"Many's the time it hath been my lot," Master Pugsley went on heavily, "to carr' tuppenceworth, and have to ax tew shillin'—presents and sichlike, from rich folk to poor ones. But carryer must have 's money, all the zame, whether a' bringeth good vally, or no. Please goo, and vetch the tenpence, Missy. Teddy can't baide no longer."

"I never knew you show such a mean, avaricious spirit. Oh, I beg your pardon, heartily and humbly! I had no idea that you could play a part so well."

Master Pugsley exploded, as none can explode, but a Devonshire man, who has corked himself down, and corded his cork on a joke of his own brewing, mellow, well-seasoned, and full of body. "Wull'e strike agin' paying the tenpence now?" he asked, with the tears of laughter reddening on his cheeks from the purple ground they ran upon; though a fine sense of humour would have scarcely bred a smile, out of that common material, surprise. But Rose, instead of joining in his laugh, was hard put not to burst into tears; such a power of shame arose through her delight, because she had been cross at pure kindness.

"I am very sorry—it was all your fault. I never saw anything so lovely in my life. Oh, father, you must have spent a hundred pounds! I don't deserve a thread of it. Do let them take it back. It is only fit for some great Princess."

"It is fit for you, my child, and you for it. Or at any rate, I hope the things will fit you. I had not the least idea, in my stupid way, that you were so badly off for clothes. But good Mrs. Pugsley has enlightened me, and your kind school-mistress managed all the rest. So now run away. Let Moggy take the box up; and by and by, come and show me how you look."

CHAPTER XXII.—GIPSEYING DAY.

It is too hard upon a quiet little village (where everybody knows, twice a day, how everybody else's cough is; and scarcely can the most industrious woman find anything to say that she has not said thrice) suddenly to be swept off its legs by a hurricane, a waterspout, an earthquake, and a thunderbolt, all coming down upon it, in one clap. To say that Christowell suffered all these things at once, would be scarcely true perhaps, at any rate for the present; although they were soon to come bodily. But even now a heavy strain was put on the constitution of society; and folk who had scarcely had a thing to talk of, going on now for a twelvemonth (except the Post-office, and its insolence), were now flung into this deeper pit—that they did not know what to talk of first. Who can deny that this is by far the more dangerous of the two extremes?

There are in history periods when the popular verdict is of value; but these are of very rare occurrence, and are not to be forced by most dexterous use of the powerful implement of Samson. Good men may be knocked down by that, and bad ones hoisted into their seats, and the rogues prevail by the prevalence of fools. But upon the heels of pale ignominy, ruddy dignity returns at last; and the nation pays cheerfully an enormous price for recovering the power of blushing. Because it feels itself to be again a nation.

Not far otherwise, at Christowell, faction headed by the cobbler, tailed by the tailor, and bodied by the tripeman, had wriggled up a wretched little insurrection against faith, honour, and dignity. But no sooner had the people seen what such things led to, by the insolent robbery of the Vicarage, and the cording and colandering of a female (whose tongue was universally respected), than a wholesome and hearty revulsion ensued. Tricky, (who had long ago been waxing overhaughty, and vamping himself up with office, and stamping on the young Queen's head, destroying of her picture,) had aided and abetted the felony, to the utmost of his power, by delivering the letter which alone had prevented the Parson from shooting the perpetrator. The tripeman, in spite of all the rain, had been out with his dog-cart, and that looked bad. And though the tailor had stayed at home, he knew best what his reason was. As soon as the planks across the water, which the flood had washed away, were replaced, unanimous opinion met upon them, and the men sat down, to let the women use their voices. And by such means, everything became so clear, and the merits of the Vicar so victorious, that if any of the three Anti-clerics had been up to "Malicious height"—which has since come down—the constable in the next parish but one, who went to Petty Sessions, would have heard of it.

Even as no man can be looked at without having knowledge of it—though it be the spinal seam of his coat that receives the impact—so these three men, before any of the others had smoked a pipe, perceived the feeling in the air about them. They met together, and then came out, laying aside all sense of rank, and even of money owing to them, in their strong indignant manhood; which grew more indignant, as conscious debtors grew more determined not to see them. Suppressing successfully all sentiments of cash, they addressed the public, which already was ashamed, for the three men had their best coats on; and what they said, was to the purpose, and without a wasted word.

"Dothn't Mother Aggett zay, 'twor a gentleman as dooed it?"

"Her doth; her doth. Her be zure of that;" the public, from all its planks, replied.

"And hath Mother Aggett had oppurtoonity to jidge of a gentleman, when her zees 'un?"

"Ay that her hath. Her hath a' been in vaine vam'lies, let alone Passon Shart's."

"Well then, doth ere a wan of us dree zim laikely to be taken for a gentleman? Spak the Lord's truth, and no lies now."

"Never a wan of 'e, by a blaind man, nor a deaf 'un; lave alone a 'ooman, as hath lived in vam'lies."

Without another syllable, of reasoning or reproof, the cobbler, the tailor, and the tripeman turned, and marched all abreast to the "Three Horse-shoes;" and shame alone stopped their calumniators from hastening after them, to drink their health. But this episode, instead of allaying, served only to enlarge the ferment; and the scores of rumours, that took wing daily, proved—if such a thing requires proving—that the slow mind is the most inventive. All, however, was invention, without a stroke of discovery; even though there were as yet no police round Dartmoor, to handcuff all discovery. And Mr. Short, in his brief way, said that detection is like dining; if a man wants it done, he must do it for himself.

In this fine spirit, he resolved to go, though most people said that he ought to stop at home, to the party of distinguished gipseys, about to encamp at Fingle Bridge. "A vast amount of chaff must be met somehow," he thought, with a knowledge of that material, partly derived from his dealings therein; "and I had better meet it in the lump. They will shoot their brilliant flight so thick, as to knock one another out of aim. I shall fail to understand them, till they explain their jokes. And a joke expounded is a joke confounded. And it will be a treat, worth a lot of heavy banter, to see Rose and Julia meet."

Discharging his duty still, as parson of the parish, he had been to see Miss Arthur's new apparel, a foretaste of which had astonished him in church; and superficial though his learning was in matters of that high nature, or art, he had contrived to give, as well as to find a refreshment of soft pleasure. For the maiden's innocent delight (not only in comely and tasteful attire, but also in her own fitness for it, and above all in her father's loving kindness) was enough to please any but a very churlish person, and to tempt forth many a smile of praise. Captain Larks looked on, with resignation, having heard the same things said fifty times now, and making his mind up to complain of tautology, when he had heard them a hundred times.

"Suppose it should be a most lovely morning, as lovely as even this *lihet* of something," said Mr. Short, while Rose turned round to escape a tea-leaf on the carpet; "and then when everybody is up on the hill, where there is not a furze-bush for umbrella—one of our Dartmoor storms comes on."

"Oh, Mr. Short, you have sent such a shiver—I mean, you have startled me so sadly. And you are always right about the weather. Please to say that you do not mean it."

"Far be it from me to foretell such woes: I never pretend to know anything about the character of the day after to-morrow. Even to-morrow has beaten me now; for I never expected that day of deluge, when my little house was robbed. But somebody else did, and made a fine thing of his weather-lore.

Whoever it was, he foresaw a great rain, for the letter was posted the day before, and he knew that my house would have no one near it; he sent me away, and the place was at his mercy. He knew more of the weather than I do."

"That alone ought to supply some clue," Mr. Arthur broke in upon their lighter talk; "or at any rate it restricts your search. It must be some fellow almost living on the moor, and out of doors perpetually, who can beat, you and me, in the weather signs. I know them pretty well; you know them better; but the weather beat both of us that day. I would have bet ten to one, especially after the way I saw the trout rise, that the day would be fine; but now I remember, yes, I saw some worms expecting, and a frog had got his hind-legs crossed."

"When the tadpoles go up and down,"—said Rose; "but who am I, or who are they, to beat all men of the loftiest science, with centuries of instruments to help them? It seems too bad, that——"

"You had better wait, my darling," Mr. Arthur said, for fear of her turn of mind becoming scientific—the uttermost disaster that can befall a female; and Rose was already beginning to know a barometer from a thermometer, and the north-east wind from the south-west; "my Rose, you had better wait a little, and consult the tadpoles, instead of Mr. Short."

"The tadpoles know a great deal more than I do," the Vicar acknowledged, with the candour of a man who has been mistaken lately; "but they turn to croakers, and I will not. Let us hope for weather as lovely as all the pretty things that will be there."

When the day came there were many pretty things "come to see and to be seen"—according to one of those grand "examples," which abide in the mind, when the rule is lost in the dissolution of Syntax. But though a round dozen—and round they were—of Devonshire beauties came to the scratch (to adopt Mr. Short's low metaphor) all, except every single one of them in private, confessed that they were only fit to hold a candle to Julia Touchwood, and Rose Arthur. Upon such a question, a good bold statement is better than elaborate description. And as to the palm betwixt those twain, Julia was sure that she ought to have it, but wanted to get her opinion confirmed; while Rose, without dreaming of any competition, admired Miss Touchwood heartily.

When they met, in a beautiful path of the wood, with the officious Dicky fetching them, there really was a nice piece of manners, as well as a pretty interview. Either had heard of the other so much, and formed such imaginary portraits, that both were a little excited; but one thought it wise to conceal that condition, while the other never thought about it.

Julia Touchwood had long intended to be "garbed with simplicity," at this feast of nature; or as our best authorities express it, to be "dressed with studious plainness." But her mother, with the eagle-eye of the superior sex, had found a hole in this, or made one. "You want to look as if you were not come out. You may try that after thirty; but at your age, you should try to look older."

"I shall suit myself," the young lady replied; and truly she had done it. She was just in the interval of the ages—if such an interval there be—when the velvety half of the human race take superior views of apparel. Therefore it was not to please herself, but others, that she had a new costume from Paris, imported by her father, and so refulgent, that the Custom-house people winked every eye.

"How charming it is to discover you at last!" Miss Touchwood exclaimed to the sweet simple Rose, as if she had lit upon a flower in a hedge-row. "You have been so wonderfully kind to my dear brother! Dicky, be off. We want to talk." Dicky made a face, and desired to stop. But the weight was against him, and he had to go.

"But I have always been at home," said Rose, as quiet and truthful as her pearl-grey dress, which was of some material unknown to Julia, soft, and supple, and of mild sub-lustre, yet void of shrinking, and fast not to run; "I have always been at home, Miss Touchwood; except on the day when you happened to call upon us. And you understood that I could not call on you."

"I did not expect you; and that makes it all the kinder on your part, to be with us to-day. I hope to introduce you to some very famous people. Their names might frighten you; but when you come to talk to them, they scarcely seem to know anything at all; or if they do, they keep it very close. I always expect to be amused. Don't you?"

"I have never thought about it, in that kind of way. It is so seldom that I go from home. But at home I have so many things to do. If you will kindly allow me, I shall be much happier without being introduced. There are several people whom I know here; quite enough to keep me from feeling lonely.

And this place is so lovely, that it seems a shame to talk."

"Why that was the principal thing we came for;" Miss Touchwood answered, with a lively smile; "but you shall do just as you like; unless the Bishop comes, as he half promised to do, if his many engagements allowed it. If he does, you must be presented to him; because it is lucky for young people."

"Oh I know the Bishop very well indeed; he has always been most kind to me. If he comes, I shall go at once, and see him."

Julia, with all her good manners, could not help looking, and almost expressing her surprise; while Rose coloured deeply, not because of the Bishop, but through fear that she might have spoken rashly.

"She has told a great fib," was Miss Touchwood's inference, sped by her sense of a small one of her own; for she knew that the Bishop could not come, and fancied that Rose might know it too. However, she only said, "Oh, you know him? How delightful he is, when he likes to be! And he does love trout. Have you heard of my clever brother Richard's scheme? A diversion, in the best sense of the word. Mr. Short is in such a fume about it! Has Dick told you? He is in such glory!"

"He is full of ideas," said Rose most gravely; at which the other laughed most merrily; "yes, he is indeed; when he could not shake his foot, he spent most of his time in inventing."

"No wonder he talks about you so much, because of your noble faith in him. He has invented one thing, I believe, the only thing he ever will invent, and that is perpetual motion. What a plague he must have been to you! He wears me out of my wits some times, even when he ought to be as tired as a pack-horse. But his present invention is not his own, or at least it seems much too good for him. It certainly is a very fine idea, for it helps on the day at so many turns. He wanted to bring fifty terriers here, and treat all the canons to a rat-hunt; but of course we would not hear of that. So he struck out this new light, which promises much excitement. People call him stupid; but I do not. If he were stupid, could he get at least fifty rough men to admire him, and to obey his orders?"

"He has an extraordinary gift of being liked," said Rose, with a smile, for she liked him herself; "especially with the labouring men. Our man, Samuel Slowbury, very rarely indeed is wide awake. But your brother formed a friendship—I beg your pardon, an acquaintance with him; and Sam can scarcely sleep, if 'Squire Dicky's' name is mentioned."

"Just so; that is the state of feeling in our house, and round it. And he has taken advantage of it, to order his army in this direction. At the hoisting of a flag where the two paths meet, at least five-and-twenty men are to descend from Cranbrook Castle, where they keep their beer, with shovels, and two-bills, and all that on their shoulders. And nobody is to know what they are to do, until they have done it, and the result is ours. I hope I have roused your curiosity. But if you meet Mr. Short, try not to ask him, for he thinks it a hundred-fold worse than the lashing of his Mrs. Aggett to the stake—I mean the pump. I must run away now; but I shall look for you again; and don't forget your promise about the Bishop. I shall send some one to keep you in view. You have got your sketch-book, I shall claim one."

Rose, being left to herself, or at least with none but strangers sauntering near, turned up a steep and zigzag path, which seemed likely to lead to a fine view up the valley. Here she was obliged to be very careful, as her pretty dress was in frequent peril; but without mishap she gained a corner, where a glorious opening shone. At the just height, and the proper turn, to catch the long avenue of winding vale, a grassy knoll gave standing-place, and the obstruction of the wood sank down into copse, that only paved the foreground. With a short breath of wonder, and a long one of delight, Rose stopped, and sat down by a low whortle-bush, with a pink frill still adorning it. Before her were folded and unfolded the long hazy windings of the Fingle vale, the loveliest view that had ever filled her eyes. The perfection of beauty made her sad; she threw down her useless drawing-book, and hung upon the turn of thought for tears.

Suddenly vigorous steps came near, firm steps that sounded not unknown; and before she had time to look bright and thoughtless, a young man was gazing at her, with profound surprise. Good manners told him haply not to notice her confusion; but love and love's sympathy got the better of good manners, or in nature, bettered them. Without formality, he took her hand, as if she wanted caring for.

"Why are you sitting like this, all alone? And with tears in your eyes! Have any of those stupid people dared to be rude to you? Or has that poor little Hop o' my Thumb——"

"No, he has been very good;" she answered, forgetting that she should have asked who was meant. "I am as happy as possible here. Every one has been most kind to me. I did not expect to see you, Mr. Westcombe."

"And I scarcely hoped that you would be here. I knew that you had been invited, but—well, I came in the forlorn hope of it. Is your good father here? I fear not; because you are never far apart."

"No, there was no chance of his coming. If he went out once, he would have to go always, because everybody likes him so. Lady Touchwood would have been more delighted than she could describe, as she very kindly told me; but it was useless to think of such a thing. Now wasn't it kind of him, to let me come?"

"That it was, especially to me. You know, your father is always most kind to me. And he told me, that he liked me."

"Are you sure that he did that? It does not sound like his way at all. I never knew him say that to anybody." Rose looked up doubtfully; but Jack was sure about it.

"You must not tell him that I boasted of it, because he would think me so conceited; and perhaps it would set his mind against me; which I do hope you would never try to do. I never yet saw any one I liked so much—I mean ot course counting up the gentlemen I know, and leaving out the ladies—as your dear father, my dear Miss Arthur. And he certainly felt some good-will towards me; though not to be spoken of,—I mean, not to compare with my intense admiration and affection for him."

"But you have only seen him once!" said Rose, looking, as if her father ought to produce these grand impressions at a glance, but did not always do so; "how can you have managed to understand him so entirely?"

"Because the gift runs in our family," he answered, with the vigour which comes of believing a thing; "my father has got it twice as much as I have, because he has seen so much more of the world. He is down the hill now. He finds his legs a little stiff. He has been a good deal shot about, and bayonetted in three places. But he wants to come up, if there is anything to see; and he sent me on first, to make sure of it. Please to stay here, just where you are; and look like yourself, when he comes up; I will have him here, before you have time to think about him. It takes a long time to think about him."

"How fond he does seem to be of his father! And how much he admires mine!" thought Rose; "it is a very rare thing, they say, to meet with such high principles now."

Not only did this young man now take stand on a very high level of principle, but he carried out with vigour filial duty, and helped his father up the hill. Almost before Miss Arthur could get into a nice indifferent state, and absorb her mind upon the landscape, John Westcombe came into view again, with one end of a long stick in both hands, and his dear father's hat at the other end rising. "Stiff work, stiff work; don't pull too hard. It is worse than any Spanish mountain," the elder gentleman panted forth; "don't be in such a hurry, my dear Jack. We have got all the day before us."

"Allow me to introduce," said Jack, excited beyond all filial bounds, "my dear father, Colonel Westcombe. Miss Arthur, this is Colonel Westcombe!"

"Lugged in at the utmost disadvantage," said the Colonel, labouring to make a flourish. "But, bless my heart, I know you, my dear! Shake hands, while I think how I came to know you."

"I am certain," said Rose, with her bright blushing smile, as he took both her hands and admired her, "that if I had ever met you before, sir, I should not have forgotten you."

"And yet I have forgotten you? Well put. That would be a disgrace to me. No; I suppose it was but a fancy. My memory begins to play me tricks. But if I do not know your face, I know its expression; and it does me good. It does me good to look at you, my dear, and to think of the days when I was young. There are very few lovely faces now. The young ladies are so pert, and forward, and that spoils the prettiest face in the world. Have you been drawing? And may we see it?"

"No; I could not even tell where to begin. I can only draw a barn, or a linhay, or a stile; great distance, and grandeur, are beyond me altogether. I know what I can do, and what I can't."

"Then," replied the Colonel, who rejoiced in common sense, "you know the most important thing there is for us to know. It is just what the young ladies never seem to know now; nor even the old gentlemen. I am very much afraid my son will tell you that I don't, for one. As for him, he does not know what he can do, and he is too bashful to find out."

"I like to hear my father talk," said Jack; who had been observing, with intense delight, the conquest of the Colonel by the maiden of his love; "he positively hates conceit, and no one can have less of it than he has. Yet one of the foremost objects of his life seems to be—to make me conceited!"

"We must not trouble you, at first sight;" his father said to Rose very gravely, meaning thereby to rebuke his son for intruding family politics, though himself had set the example; "with such little discussions as we have at home. When we have the honour of knowing you better, there will be time enough for that. But why are you sitting here all alone? Has any jealousy on Julia's part—I mean have they contrived, for some young ladies are not entirely above all tricks, to put you aside, to shelf you—as we say, with any one no longer wanted?"

"Quite the contrary. I ran away. I am so accustomed to be alone. A crowd of strangers bewilders me. I have scarcely begun to enjoy this view yet. Have you ever seen anything more beautiful?"

"Never; at least of its own special kind. But we are interfering with your enjoyment. It was not my fault, it was my son's; though I must not blame him for so pleasant a surprise. But promise me one thing, if you are not engaged, allow me to take care of you, when we meet by-and-by. I don't know what the arrangements are. But after the great engineering scheme, the fires will be lighted, and some cookery ensue. I mean, if the rain should have the manners to keep off. My old friend Short says that it will pour before six o'clock; and he is nearly always right. We must hope for the best. What would all the ladies do?"

Rose promised gladly to place herself in such good care; and upon that pledge they left her, and returned to the gay folk in the valley. "Now you understand why I brought you up," John Westcombe said, as they were going down the hill. "That is the young lady I mean to marry; that is to say, if I can. If I don't, I shall marry nobody."

"I never heard you speak like that before, and I think you might have asked my leave, or (if that is out of date) my opinion at least," his father replied, rather sharply for him. "You remind me of our great commander. She is a very sweet and charming girl. But I must know a great deal more about her. How did you make her acquaintance, my boy?"

Jack told him all about it, and all that he could tell, without breaking his pledge to Mr. Arthur; and the Colonel's brave eyes shone with softness, when he heard of what Rose had done. "A noble girl! A most noble girl! I am not surprised at your infatuation, Jack;" he exclaimed as he shook his son's hand again; "but you must not be in such a hurry. Such maidens are not to be won in a moment. Moreover, I must know more about her, or at any rate about her father. Keep out of sight, for the rest of the day, and leave her to me entirely. I shall manage better than you would."

This arrangement was not at all to the liking of the younger gentleman; but he could not oppose it with any good grace, when his father had just been so kind to him. But before he had time to think much about that, or make any promise about it, a great patch of yellow was seen between the branches, waving and flapping over Fingle Bridge. "It must be a flag of 'keep away,' as we used to call it," said the old soldier to his son; "perhaps there are gipsies there, and small-pox."

"No, it is a flag of 'come on,' a signal for the men on the hill, and for us to assemble. The 'great piece of sport,' as Dicky Touchwood calls it, or, as Mr. Short describes it, 'the atrocious bit of poaching,' is now to come off, for our enjoyment. That flag is the handkerchief of Canon Botrys, a bandana as large as a table-cloth. He is famous for them, and for his knowledge of port wine."

Colonel Westcombe felt a deep interest in this, for he always liked to follow up such questions, and had often heard of Canon Botrys; "he deserves, then, to fly his own flag," said he.

But no time remained for discussion of the Canon's merits, or of even more important subjects, for spectacle, and action, at short notice, took the place of dialogue. "You are not to go until they have begun. I beg of you, ladies, to be good enough to keep back; you will be in the way, and get frightfully splashed," Dicky Touchwood was shouting, again and again; but the ladies were determined to be in good time, and were zealously hurrying one another. For Dicky had been too proud of his scheme, to keep his own counsel about it.

"If you will only wait a quarter of an hour," he cried in despair, as the ladies still rushed on; "I will have a path cut for you, such a nice path, that you will be able to get along, without the least danger to your dresses. But now—oh dear, there will be such a lot of mending!" At this the ladies only laughed, and bore on all the faster, and a saucy girl called back to ask, if he thought she had never been in a wood till now. "There won't be a fish, not a single minnow even, if you go ten steps further. Upon my word and honour, it is too bad, after all my trouble, to be laughed at!" So hot was his wrath, that he strove to get in front of the ladies, to bar the way; but the track was so narrow and the ground so steep, that without a rude push he could not do it. And Dicky was more polite than they, as a host and a gentleman must be. But suddenly the ladies met their match.

A shortish old man, with hedger's gloves on, and a rip-hook swinging in one hand, confronted the fair troop at a sharp corner, where the narrow path overhung the river. "Yew baide there till nex' taime," said the old man, planting a sheep-hurdle stuffed with furze and briar, under the saucy young lady's nose, and proceeding to lash it, with tough oak frithles, to a pair of stout ash-saplings; "so zoon as Maister Dicky hath had one of 'e a bit, a' wull know better than to razon wi' a vemmel." Having fastened his hurdle at the foot as well, John Sage proceeded with some more important work; and the ladies confessed themselves beaten, for the moment. "The wood is full of vipers newly hatched," they said to one another, with their usual knowledge; "and even if one could get out of their way, there is no getting through the vile brambles." So they made up their minds, that there was nothing worth seeing. Nevertheless they were all very angry, or, at any rate, pretended so to be; until they were called to their first refreshment, which proved most satisfactory.

"Now come and see my engineering," cried Dicky, running down the path, in a reek of mud and water, as one who had been labouring, the while they were indulging; "no pop-stuff for me, no thank you! One glass of ale, and I am off again. Mr. Short, you call yourself a great fisherman; come and see me catch more in one hour, than you will catch in the whole course of your life."

It was villainously true; wicked advantage had been taken of a doubt of the river about its course, where a violent flood had once endeavoured to cut short a gentle winding of the glen. "It ought to be straight," Squire Touchwood said, with a true Briton's love of brevity; "between its extreme points, it has no right to go twisting in that clumsy way. I will get the man's leave, and do it for him. We will invite him to see it done. It will improve his property ever so much; and if he behaves well, he shall have some fish." So Farmer Crang came down, to see what they were going to do with him; and he lived upon so steep a hill, that when he had to go home at night, it kept on knocking him on the chin, much as he tried to keep above it, while feeling that he meant what he had a right to do—to get at his house at the top of it.

But that happened later. At present, he belonged to the Rechabites, for at least twenty minutes, in spite of all the ladies coming up to him with glasses. But when he saw a cork go up, like the rising of a lark, into the sky, Farmer Crang said, "A' must be zunthin' undernathe 'un. I winder if a' wud make me go up." It made him go up for a brief elevation, and come down sadly afterwards.

Therefore the whole thing was a great success. Without taking anything to raise their colour, the ladies were refreshed into a finer peace of mind; and the gentlemen took heart, and tried to please them. And in excellent spirits, they all set off, to see the great spectacle, now prepared. For the river running under Fingle Bridge was ruddy with more than legendary slaughter, or muddy perhaps with the stir of many "navvies." Miss Arthur, inheriting some little share of her father's love of solitude, and as yet unaccustomed to wine and noise, had been wandering in the wood, while the luncheon went on, with a quiet young lady whose acquaintance she had made, and even Jack Westcombe had failed to find her. But now she came down, to see what was going on, for fear of being thought rude and odd. At once Miss Perperaps, who had been doing particularly well among the bottles, ran up and embraced, and scolded and fed her, and turned away the other young lady, and led her to behold the engineering feat.

Alas the poor Teign like the Achelöus, or the river that offended Cyrus, had been turned out of its ancient bed, for nearly a quarter of a mile. At the head of a long loop a dam had been piled, while a channel was cut into the heel; the dastardly water, perpetually labouring to degrade itself most rapidly, rushed down the new cut, and deserted the old, with all the bosom-friends enshrined in it. These, in their honest faith, never could believe that the sweet haunts of childhood would bewray them; and they said to one another, as the banks went up, and their own swimming places seemed to go down very low, that here must be a new form of drought, beginning with dreadfully muddy water. But the elderly trout were not satisfied with this; they knew that the world is full of angles, and they hurried up and down to know the meaning of it all. Unluckily for them, they added nothing to their wisdom; if they went down stream, John Sage stopped them, with all his descendants wading gladly; if they darted up stream, things were worse, for thick legs in worsted stockings were puddling all the water. Therefore they assembled in their pools, to think about it. And this was as stupid a thing as they could do.

Men are so prone to think about themselves only, and from a higher view endowed so largely with contempt of what other beings think of them, that scarcely more than two minds, of all the many present dwelt with any feeling on this outrage to the fish. Mr. Short was shocked, and so was John Westcombe, from that love of fair play, which is bred of manly sport; and these two would not even go to see what happened, neither would they taste a fish thus murdered. Rose Arthur also thought it a cruel piece of business; but Spotty was in ecstasy, and dragged her on to look at it.

To describe such a villainous slaughter of trout would be almost as bad as to share in it. Enough, and more than enough to say, that these poaching scamps got as much as they could carry, with two strong donkeys to help them; and the only piece of luck was that Canon Botrys, in his greed for stewed eel, got his thumb bitten through by a patriarch of that nimble race, and his circulation being somewhat thick, congestion ensued, and he was put upon gruel, without even a spoonful of crusted port to flavour it, until the following October. Sir Joseph Touchwood heard of it, and was truly thankful.

But for the others there was vengeance also. Every one of them became a fish, or wished to be one, for several hours of his life that night. The rain avenged the river, not by sheer wrath only, but also by a subtlety of fine skill and high finish. Astutely it began, as if meaning nothing beyond a drop or two to lay the dust, and to set the birds singing, and the young men winging their umbrellas for the maidens of their love. The leaves, now growing to a steadfast colour—for oak-apple day was come and gone—took only as many drops as they could hold, so that eyes under new bonnets might be lifted up, and admire them without fear of wet response. "How lovely they do look in their tears!" exclaimed a young lady in sky-blue silk. "But I hope they won't cry too much," said Spotty.

Laying aside further dread of that, when Prebendary Woolfleece (who kept a rain-gauge) staked his reputation on a lovely evening, all the company, full of bright alacrity assembled, in the open space below the bridge, to fry their great hoist of fish, and cook their other dainties. Lady Touchwood (who had kept as much out of the way as was possible for the feast-lady, by force of many good reasons of her own) came forward now, to show her daughter's fearful ignorance of the soundest of all accomplishments. The fires of furze made a beautiful blaze, succeeded by a sweet glow of embers, frying-pans abounded, and bladders of lard, and jars of very lightly salted butter, and any one, with the rudest rudiments of knowledge, was at liberty to try his hand, or hers, or both together. They did it; they did not care what came of it, because they had nothing to pay for it; and supposing a trout to be coal on one side, and as raw as a candle on the other, they found out some part of him done very nicely, and praised one another's cookery. And more engagements, with a view to matrimony, were made, before it began to rain again, than had ever been heard of in so short a time, or than parents approved, or than ever came to anything.

In this witching hour of the time, with gentle feelings, and genial smells, beginning to pervade the valley, and the sparkle of the sun upon the lightly sprinkled leaves contributing myriad playfulness, Jack Westcombe, who never had been capable of coping with the growth of the age in facetiousness—the cuckoo that has ousted both wit and humour—was looking as if he would like to take one of his hosts by the neck, and lay him in a frying-pan. The desire was natural, but far from just; for Dicky was behaving in his very best style, and for the good of the company. While laid up so sadly, and yet so sweetly, at Lark's Cot, he had found out that Rose was a ministering angel at the frying-pan, and especially in the last offices of trout. In right of this knowledge, he brought her forward to a central pan upon the embers, where the poor creatures were being murdered again by an elegant lady from Exeter. But Rose, though her heart was aroused at such a sight, drew back, with the sensitive recoil of genius, until the other lady upset the frying-pan, and ran away to make a boast of it!

Then Miss Arthur was moved beyond her wont, and resolved to do things properly;

for the substance and spirit of good work were in her, and slur and waste were an outrage to her mind. Without a word of anything, she tucked her sleeves up, so as not to leave a crease upon them, and she asked for some butter with no salt in it, and a cold frying-pan without seam on the bottom. Bad work cannot be turned into good; any more than wrong can be turned into right, in this world. Men of great learning came up to help her; but she only bowed, and begged them not to do so. Only, for the sake of her frock, she accepted Archdeacon Barleycorn's offer of his "long front"—who came to an apron afterwards—to save her *liliet* from rockets of the fire capricious. Then she busked up the fire; for it is not good to have too slow an ember, neither to let the pan sit down on it; and then—it would be very unfair to say how—she fried trout so that they were grateful. And (as every one who does good work, in this age of slur, gets overworked immediately,) from every other bonfire fish came pouring; and the Chapter came to an appetite again, by sniffing, and beholding laymen eat; and Dicky Touchwood was in ecstasies, and Julia loftily sarcastic. For Sir Robert Moneywig had just arrived, and his daughter Chrysolite shone most grandly.

Colonel Westcombe watched all these things duly, in his quiet well-contented style; while Mr. Short bustled about among the ladies, allotting to every one her proper period, as if he still carried his Grandfather's watch. After these duties, he foregathered with his friend, bringing a bottle of the "Extra Sec," intended for the great Sir Robert. "Now what do you think of those three girls," he asked, "Miss Moneywig, Miss Touchwood, and Miss Arthur?"

The Colonel, in a personal question like this, made a point of forming no hasty opinions; unless he was downright forced to do so, by indignation, or admiration, or some other power that stormed his judgment. In his active days, he had waited to be told what he was to do; and then he always did it.

"Short, you know as well as I do. They are all very beautiful girls;" he said. "How is good *Nous?* Is his throat-wound gone?"

"Now don't attempt to put me off like that. I have told you all about him, long ago. Much credit to you, that such things should happen. They have made you a Justice of the Peace; and you must stir. But I will know your opinion of my lovely little Rose."

"She is no little Rose, she is a fine tall girl, and very soon will be a beautiful woman. I will not say a word against the others. But even while she works, see how she walks! No Devonshire maid can walk like that. When I was a young man once in Spain—but never mind; all has been ordered for the best."

"I should hope so. You villain, how dare you sigh? But here comes something, both to sigh for, and to groan; as old Farmer Pook said in church, when I exhorted my hearers to sigh for their transgressions. 'Dunno the way to zaigh,' he shouted out, for I happened to look at him, as I spoke; 'our vam'ly always groanies.' And here comes a groaning time for all young ladies. I told you all along what it would be."

CHAPTER XXIII.—EGYPTIAN NIGHT.

Now all these people—and there must have been a hundred, of the polished material, and as many of the rough, according to the division now in vogue—had thoroughly enjoyed a very pleasant day, and could scarcely expect, as reasonable beings, to enjoy the night as well. Without slaying a black sheep in honour of the wind, or a white one, to propitiate the moon, or even paying heed to weather-glass, they had ventured, at a risky time of year, into the stronghold of bad weather; and they did not even bless their stars, for the luck so far vouchsafed to them. So they wanted a lesson, and they got it most impressively.

Having made an exemplary mistake of late, and paid for it with his chronometer, Parson Short (although boldly prophetic to the Colonel) had refused to do more than shake his head, when the ladies consulted him about their clothes. The wisest of men loses faith in his wisdom, when it has cost him a lump of his tithes, and suspects a vein of irony; as the Pythia might have done, after failing to predict her own robbery. But now there was no possibility of mistake, to any one acquainted with the manner of the moor. "Have you brought your close carriage, as I told you?" asked the Parson.

Colonel Westcombe replied that, much as he disliked to be shut up in a box on wheels, he had come in his wife's carriage, both to please her, and to help any women who might be in trouble of the rain. "There are lots of great people here," said the Parson, smiling wickedly, "without so much as Tim Pugsley's poke, to protect their sumptuous raiment. Not one of them will bear the idea of being soaked, although they all have courted it. The Touchwoods have two closed carriages here; but the hired things (such as Rose and Spotty came in) are as open as a net; a tarred net is their similitude. With half an hour's rain, they drip black drops, that never come out, though you wash and wring for ever. Little Rose deserves a better fate than that. How lovely she looks in her silver grey! She has not the least sense of the rain impending; and rain, and ruin, are the same word to her frock. She will cry; for she never had such a frock before; and she won't care twopence for its value perhaps, but for the disaster to her father's kindness. Your carriage will be besieged by mighty ladies; but they can afford to get tarred every day. Make Rose go with you, and put her in first, and dare her to come out, and put your terrier on her cloak; or else they will turn her out, or sit upon her lap; those ladies are such tremendous crushers."

"Short, I have known you for twenty years;" said his old friend, looking with surprise at him; "but you are full of unknown corners still. See to it all yourself. I cannot perceive any ground for rushing into action, before completing my dinner. One reason why we generally got off pretty well, was that we seldom went into action with empty bellies; as our brave foes very often had to do. What we had was tough; but we got through it, and were fit for tough work afterwards. Ah, there will never be such days again. Our muscles stood up, like stubs of wire, and our teeth would go through heart of oak. How well I remember an old Spanish cock, when I had the honour of dining—but perhaps, I have mentioned that to you before."

"Scarcely less than fifty times. The tale has an improving tendency; and I wish there were time for another edition. This lamb is excellent, and eke the lobsters. Take a bone with you, like an old campaigner; and get your horses in, as soon as may be. In a few minutes there will be helter-skelter. Here comes the swirl of air, that outruns the storm. I will bring Rosie to the road across the bridge."

"Now, don't you get in front of Jack," called out the Colonel, as the Parson made off, with the wind behind him; "Jack must learn to do the proper business for the ladies. You have had your time, and let it go by. Leave Rose to Jack; she is too young for you. You may do the best you can with Julia. Don't hurry me. I won't be hurried. What are these petty drizzles, after the mountain-storms I have had to encounter, for whole weeks together? True it is, that I was younger then——" he added, as his hat flew away into the river; "but never mind, I can always tie my head up. The rising generation is a wonder; but if they lose their hats, their heads go too. Equally hollow both of them."

Colonel Westcombe very seldom said a spiteful word; but it was enough to vex him, to see his new beaver display no swimming power, in the rapids of the Teign; and to hear a loud laugh from some young fellows (meant for gentlemen) who, if they had been at all up to their birth, would have jumped into the water, and pushed one another out of it, in rivalry to help a white-haired man. The Colonel, in reply to their laugh, bowed gravely, to thank them for having observed his trouble; and then, with deliberation, walked into the river, found his water-logged hat, and without another glance at them, crossed the rugged channel, to save going round by the bridge for his horses. Jack Westcombe, who was watching Rose, saw by her glance that something was wrong in that direction; and as soon as he found out what it was, indignation made him act amiss. For he took the two leaders, in the heyday of their grin, and recalled their jocularity to their own concerns, by delivering them handsomely into a lively stickle.

Scarcely was there time to get fairly through this, before the full brunt of the storm was upon them, and the valley was swept with confusion. The hills seemed to bow in the darkening air; and torrent wisps, like pitchforked hay, covered all the lines of wood and crag. Away went canvas, kettle-poles, and hampers; and not even a bottle full of stout could keep its heels. The ladies, who would not heed a word of warning, clung to the trees, and strove to bring their skirts behind them; for skirts were then worn, where they now have heel-flaps. Like arrows a cloth-yard long, thickened in with cross-bow bolts, came the flight of the rain, with a cast of blue among the tree-trunks, where it ran into the forest haze. Where it struck the young leaves, they went up, like shells, with the glazed side downward, and any brown folio of last year, still sticking to its musty chronicle, was whirled and tossed off, like a winnowing.

But one of the worst things, for all the good people, who had fed on the fat of the land all day, and greased every briar with daintiness, was the rising of their ashes into their own eyes and teeth. Stacks of dried furze from the hill had been burnt, to enable them to spoil cookery, and many a poor tree had been harried of its young leaves, by their skeltering smoke. And now, being full of intelligence, they owned—whenever they found space for a whisper—that there is such a thing as paying dearly for one's roast.

Young Westcombe had observed, with much vexation, that through Squire Dicky's manœuvre about Rose, his own good father had been robbed of the pleasure of her company, at dinner-time. After all the kindness of Mr. Arthur, and the confidence placed in his honour, Jack had felt, throughout the day, that it would be mean on his part to take advantage of this neutral ground, and endeavour so to steal into forbidden graces. Nevertheless, it had seemed quite fair to bring about, as far as might be, a feeling of good will, and independent liking, between the fair stranger and the Colonel. And now, when he saw the hope of this cut short, in the general confusion, and nobody coming to the aid of poor Miss Arthur, his heart burned within him to redress the sad neglect. Without a moment lost, he ran up, and led her into a beautifully sheltered spot, where a cove of dry stone was overhung with fringe of ivy. "You never think twice about yourself," he said; "they have roasted you, and run away, and left you to get sodden."

"It is not quite so bad as that," she answered, while the storm increased around; "I am not even wet; and if I were, it would not hurt me, except for my father's kindness."

"How fond you are of your dear father! I am sure I am not at all surprised at it. I have met him several times; and I feel as if—but he does not want any praise of mine."

"He is far above anybody's praise," said Rose, lifting her gentle eyes with pride; and then for fear of seeming rude, she added,—"but I am very glad that you speak so; because you are so straightforward."

"And what did you think of my father, if you please? You have not seen him at his best to-day. People of this kind put him out, because he is so unpretentious. I was in such a rage, when they called you away, just when my father would have got on well. It was too bad of that little miserable Dicky. I would gladly have put him on the bonfire. I hope he is drenched by this time."

"You should not say such little things. I am sure you do not mean them. He is not well yet; and he is never very strong. There was such a rush of dust, that I cannot be sure, but I think I saw Lady Touchwood, in the distance, putting him into the great yellow carriage, with a tall man to take care of him. He requires to be well looked after."

Jack Westcombe laughed, for he was greatly pleased. Young men seem to have no confidence at all, either in their own choice, or in the judgment of the chosen one, or why do they continually get so jealous of some fellow utterly below contempt? "You scarcely seem to share his dear Mamma's opinion of him," Jack became quite noble, as he cast off petty feelings; "but, Miss Arthur, there are many things about him, that one cannot help feeling an affection for. He does not give himself half the airs, that might be expected of him. He is very kind-hearted, and he loves his bit of sport, and he tries to set up a strong way of his own; if his mother and sister would only let him. He won't take to cheating, like his father—at least, that is not what I ought to say; what I mean is, that he does not love commerce, and contracts, and those dishonest ways of getting half-a-dozen carriages. He is soft; but by way of contrast I like him. Squire Dicky is not a bad fellow at all."

Rose Arthur looked at Jack, as he shook his head judicially, after summing up in favour of Dicky Touchwood; and she wondered at his impartiality about a gentleman, whom he had longed so lately to put upon one of the bonfires. Somehow or other, she had formed great faith in the stability of this Jack; and now he seemed a Jack of both sides.

"You must not suppose that he will ever do anything," continued the other, for fear of having helped to exalt his rival dangerously; "he will never do any good, as long as he exists. Only it is a great thing to do no harm, for people who have gone up so, and made a heap of money. But you have not told me, what you thought of my good father."

"I never saw anybody I liked so much, without knowing anything about them. He seems to me to be of the very noblest nature; and he had just come up a tremendous hill!"

"He can go up a hill now, every bit as well as I can," said Jack with filial poetic licence; "if it wasn't for his wounds, I could never overtake him. But that is a trifle, compared to what they say about him, in all the great histories. In at least three battles with the entire French army, everything depended upon my father; and he did it so superbly, that their only chance was, to run away immediately. He never mentions it; and he would be very angry, to think that I knew anything about it. But history is history, and there you find the whole of it. Though I should not have known half as much as I do, if it had not been for old General Punk. The General is a most opinionated man, and a great friend of my father's; and when anything is said, he shuts one eye, and just glances with the other at my father. If you could only see him, you would understand how our old officers conceal their exploits."

"I have always thought, and I am quite sure now," cried Rose, blushing up to her long eyelashes, as she dropped them in sweet excitement, "that my father must have done great exploits too; because he never speaks of them. He was in the thickest of the war in Spain; as I know from a quantity of little things, about olives, and grapes, and cork-trees. But oh, Mr. Westcombe, I never meant to speak of it; and I beg you not to say a word about it. My father's desire is to live in strict retirement, as nearly all the great men long to do. I may trust you, I am sure, not to say a word about it."

"Your father has trusted me," Jack answered, with a gaze magnanimously calm and abstract, considering the state his heart was in; "I know a great deal more of him, than anybody else does. He said that he could see what I was, quite plainly; and I do not violate any confidence in telling you that he liked me."

It may be doubted whether this was purely upright on the part of Mr. John Westcombe. And he even felt some doubts upon the point himself, when he came to think of it afterwards. But for Rose to be looking at him as she was, and for him to be looking at her, and knowing how seldom he got any chance of so doing—purely through his own uprightness—and feeling what a difference it made to him, even to be near her in the very worst of weather; and what a thing it would be, to have made her think a little of him, just now and then, with a gentle bit of sympathy, and a soft curiosity about his thoughts—all this, in one moment, crowding in upon him so, left him very little time for neglecting his own interests.

"If the rain would only stop;" said the young lady, looking round, for something superior to talk of; "but it seems to be growing darker, almost every minute. It serves me quite right for my selfishness in coming."

"You should never say that. You did not come, to please yourself; but because your father wished it. Leave everything to me. I will take good care, that you shall get home quite dry, and very nice—though nothing makes you look anything but nice. Now will you be frightened, if I run away for less than ten minutes; and will you promise strictly to stay here?"

She laughed at the idea of being frightened; and nodded, with a pretty smile, her promise to stay there. "But I am so afraid that you will get wet!" she said, with a glance worth a thousand thorough duckings. In fear of making answer too impulsive, Jack kissed his hand, and set forth into the storm, wishing hotly that there was a hurricane or deluge, to meet for her sake, and to shield her from. And she came to the corner of the shelter, and peeped round, with her beautiful hair scattered down the outward shoulder, and her hat blown back, and the carmine of the wind striking the oval of her gentle face. "Go back;" he shouted, and she obeyed him, and thought of him the whole time that she was left alone.

The age of our country was already falling into that querulous dotage of finicking, now so universal in the tooth-less time; but still a young Englishman was ashamed, to put himself under an umbrella; though now their only shame is, to have one too large to be taken for more than their essential parasol. Jack never knew—for love was still existing—whether it rained, or blew, or thundered, or whether an earthquake was running in the neighbourhood. The only occupation of his mind was, to consider the doings of Rose, and the sayings of Rose, the lookings of Rose, and the thinkings of the same, whenever they were not past finding out. And he never said to himself—"I may be a fool;" the wisdom, or the folly, of himself was never mooted. His heart was gone entirely beyond the mind's discussion; and the two agreed to let it be; so long as they were happy.

"Why Jack, my boy, you look as if you had just come across an angel," Mr. Short exclaimed, in his unromantic style, as Westcombe rushed in, among a score of people fighting for a dry place, until they got their carriages; "come along a little way, and I will introduce you to Canon Botrys, and our good Archdeacon. Young men should never miss an opportunity. I know a man who got a living, because his handkerchief was dry. You ought to be in orders, and you shall be yet; because it is too late for anything else. They are under a wall, and they have got nice daughters. You will go away, without having seen a single soul."

"I have seen everybody in the place worth seeing; and I don't know how to see souls;" Jack answered with a rudeness unusual to him; but the levity of Bachelor Short was distasteful to his feelings. "All I want to know is—where is our trap, and where is the governor?"

"Let me put you up to a little thing, Jack," the Vicar replied, with a turn of kind thought, which the young man had scarcely earned of him; "if you want to keep a seat, in your good father's carriage, for any one very nicely dressed, and likely to shed tears at the drops of tar-water, let the other flys, and rumbelows, come down first. The ladies will rush into the first that come; without two thoughts of ownership. And the Colonel is so polite, that he would let them pack your carriage, up to the glasses, and order him all about with it. You would never get home to-night, to begin with; and you could not squeeze even Spotty Perperaps in, not to speak of any other well-dressed young lady. You twig me. Ha, see the first proof of it." A lumbering fly came down; and was crammed, four on each seat, before the horse could stick his heels in.

"Thank you!" cried Jack, "what a clear head you have got! Mr. Short, I beg your pardon. You have obliged me greatly. But keep Miss Perperaps for our carriage."

In another instant, he was running up the hill, just in time to stop his father's carriage from coming down it; though the Colonel, defiant of all rain, was on the box. "Draw aside a bit, I want to speak to you;" cried Jack; and his father obeyed him, for he saw that it was earnest. "Take the reins, and manage it yourself," replied the Colonel, as soon as he had heard what his son's idea was; "I dare say you are right; and it would please me more to save a poor young lady, than a dozen of these grand madams, who have fifty fine dresses at home." "She never thinks twice about her dress," said Jack; "she would look just as well in a potato-sack. It is only because her father was so kind about it. Miss Perperaps told me the story; and I hope to have her with us also, for she is not very rich. Father, jump inside, you are very wet already."

By this good management, it was brought about that the Colonel, and Miss Perperaps, had the carriage to themselves, and Mr. Short stood by the horses, while Jack, with a great pile of wrappings, went to look for his beloved. She had obeyed his injunctions to stay there, and added such a pretty blush of pleasure, to her look of gratitude for his thoughtfulness, that he scarcely knew how to protect her enough.

"Please to remember one thing," he said, as her dimpled chin protruded from his mother's carriage-fur, and he took the liberty of asking for a pin; "unless you keep quite close to my arm, through the wood, everything will blow away, and my father will abuse me. He always says that I am so clumsy, whenever ladies are concerned."

"Then I doubt whether he can understand the subject; or, at any rate, not so well as you do. You have done everything to perfection; and I shall never be able to thank you enough."

In a quarter of an hour, Jack was driving up the winding hill, towards Drewsteignton; a very long roundabout road, but the only one fit for a carriage towards the moor; while Mr. Short fetched his own horse, and faced the storm up the steepy track, that climbs to Cranbrook Castle. "I shall be at Christowell, long before you are," he had called in at the window, as he saw Rose sitting, in a happy condition, at the Colonel's side, and Spotty set up opposite, in a grin of lively comfort; "young ladies, shall I tell your dear parents all about you?"

"You had better not," cried Miss Perperaps audaciously; "we are all right now, and we want them to get anxious. My pa would be very anxious, if he dared."

"I shall tell your dear step-mamma that you have been drowned; it will be such a shock to her—when you come home alive."

Spotty was delighted with this tantalising prospect; and she had such a real style of laughing, when she did laugh—which was not very often, for a frequent is a feeble laugh—that the Parson, in spite of all the weather, caught it up, and said to himself, as he rode away briskly, "I know a good many young fellows, who might do worse than marry Spotty Perperaps. In the dark she looks almost as well as Miss Arthur; and we mortals spend most of our time in the dark. I must get up this hill though, before it grows darker; or down I go through the tree-tops."

For the gloom of night was closing in; so that the valley seemed to deepen and grow narrower, with the folds of the storm-cloud sweeping through the hollows, the clevices of crag thrown forth, by the bowing of trees to the wind, and the patches of gorse-land darkened by the soaking rain. Jack Westcombe was fain to urge his horses up the hill, that he might get past the dangerous places, before the last of the daylight waned.

"What a shame to let him get so wet!" said Spotty, who very soon dropped formality. "You must have brought a coachman, Colonel Westcombe, or a footman, or somebody."

"Only one man, to look after the horses; and I lent him to some ladies, whose driver had enjoyed the refreshments of the day too heartily. I fear there will be many accidents to-night. Six casks of XX, from Dunsford brewery, was an error of judgment upon Master Dicky's part. However, have no fear about my son. He gets wet upon the moor continually."

"What an extraordinary thing," replied Spotty, who liked to give the world all the benefit of her shrewdness, "that your son should know the road, on this side of the moor, so well! I thought that you lived all away by Okehampton. There is no carriage-road, in that direction, from our village."

"Well, now you speak of it, I am surprised a little. Jack is always riding or walking about, here, there, and everywhere, without much object. His dear mother calls him a Will-of-the-wisp. But that would not teach him these roads, as you say, but rather the places where there are no roads. However, he seems to know his way right well. He has a most wonderful memory, that young man. It would be wrong for me to praise him; but I never meet any one who does not admire his abilities, and what is far more, his discretion, and steadiness, high principles, and truly noble feelings."

"He seems to know how to drive, at any rate. Don't you think so, Rosie dear?"

"I know so little of carriages, that I cannot pretend to be a judge;" answered Rose. "The only carriage I understand, is Mr. Pugsley's tilt-cart; but I have a very slight acquaintance also, with Mr. Short's yellow four-wheeled gig."

Colonel Westcombe laughed, and took her hand in his. "I like you very much," he said, "because you are so truthful. Your father must allow you to come, and spend some time with us. I have heard that you have no mother; only a good father, to whom you are greatly attached, and who lives a very quiet life, just as we do."

Then suddenly Rose (who had never found time in the hurry and flurry, to think about it) discovered, that this most kind and loveable gentleman, looking so gently at her, was Mr. Short's friend, whom he had wished to bring over to see them, two or three months ago. She ought to have known it long ago; but her mind had been occupied so entirely, with the many new impressions of this strange day, that the one perception, of most importance to her own little world, had escaped her. Now if, through her selfish stupidity, her father's indulgence and confidence should recoil upon him, in the very result which he feared the most, better had she never beheld this day. Better at any rate would it be, to walk the many miles of rain and darkness, than to bring to her father's door the man, whom least of all he wanted there. She longed to jump out of the carriage at once; but a second thought showed her the folly of arousing curiosity, by an outrageous act. So she leaned back in the darkness, with a miserable mind.

"You do not answer me, my dear," said Colonel Westcombe, in his quiet winning tone, as if he sought a favour; "perhaps you are thinking, that I should have asked your father's kind consent, before I spoke. If so, I believe that you are quite right. I spoke on the spur of the moment, from a wish not only to please myself, but to add to the happiness of my dear wife. Her health is not at all what we could wish. She is quite unable to meet rough people, or even our general visitors. But she loves a gentle face like yours, and a soft voice, and sweet quiet ways. And, I am sure, you will not think me rude in saying, that no young lady would be the loser, by the friendship of one so good, and kind, and motherly, and wonderfully well-informed."

"Oh I know what it would be, I have very often felt it. It is the very thing that I should like most dearly;" Rose answered, with a little sigh, which vexed her, when she thought of it. "But there are always troubles —or at least, I should say obstacles—I cannot express myself very well, I know—but I thank you, with all my heart; and you will understand me."

"It is the way her Pa shuts her up," Miss Perperaps explained, reaching forward to the Colonel, as if he were deaf, as well as stupid; "the very same thing, that my Step-Ma does to me. Only I do want dragooning, I admit; because I am awfully fond of pleasure. But she—you might put her in a bucket, and wind her up and down a well, all day; and she would smile, every time she came out at the top."

"You are a remarkable young lady too;" said the Colonel, looking, with new interest, at as much as he could make out of this quick movement, which came to his shirt-frills, and then jerked back; "you seem to lose no time in making up your mind, and if possible, less in declaring it."

"That's my card. I am sat upon a good bit; because my Pa must go and have another sort of wife, when I was doing bloomingly. But I am beginning to come round; and now they find me hot to sit upon."

Of all the things Colonel Westcombe

loathed, slang from a young girl's lips was foremost. The girls of the present day fancy it a new thing, and a rise upon their elders, to patter this vile English. If they knew, that their grandmothers were beaten out of all that stale stuff in their infancy, perhaps they would eschew the nauseous trick.

"Are you an intimate friend of Miss Arthur?" Colonel Westcombe asked, without showing surprise; "and did her father entrust her to your charge?"

"I am not half so thick with her, as I should like to be. I scraped acquaintance first professionally; and I haven't got much further now, though I like her. And as for her coming under my wing, Colonel, there is not a year between us, I believe; and we both came under the Reverend Short; but he was spoons all day on Julia."

The elderly man was made quite happy by this explanation; for he knew the deep obstinacy of his son, and how love even screws down the lids of blind eyes. And it would have made a sad want of echo in his heart, if his only boy had loved a girl capable of being "very thick" with Spotty Perperaps. Then his generous nature told him that he had wronged Miss Arthur, by the questions he had put; and he scarcely saw how to let her know it, except by endeavouring to find her hand again.

Her hand was trembling, when he found it; for a tallow-candle, stuck in a blacking-jar, and twinkling through lozenges of green glass, revealed the toll-gate on the Exeter road, within a mile of Christowell; and the poor girl could think of no device for keeping this carriage from her father's gate. Very soon, a splashing, and a grinding sound announced the crossing of the Christow ford, below the village; and then Spotty called out, "there's my Pa's house! Highly genteel, with a red bull's eye. Hold hard, mister; and thank you very much."

Miss Perperaps, after shaking hands with the Colonel, bounced out, and rang the paternal bell; while Rose made a quick attempt to follow, but without a rude push could not get by. "No, no, my dear; we will take you to your own door; or as near to it as we can get," Colonel Westcombe said decisively; "this is not a night for walking, one step more than can be helped. Drive on, my boy, as far as Mr. Arthur's. Don't tell me about the road," he continued, as Rose began imploring him not to risk his carriage; "if Pugsley can go there, so can we. Gee up, coachey!" Jack (though he had his own misgivings as to what might come of it) aroused his nags with a cheerful flick, which made them sidle into one another; as men do, when the whip is in the air; both for the sake of sweet sympathy, and that the other may get the first turn of it.

"What a dark night!" said the Colonel, as they came to the bottom of the hill below Lark's cot; "perhaps we have met the moorland air. I never understand about such things, though I ought to do so thoroughly. It seems to me, to come in through the glass, a great deal more than the rain did. But perhaps I ought to lay the blame on my old eyes. Jack must have cat's eyes to keep out of the ditch."

"I am sure he has very nice eyes, Colonel Westcombe; not at all like cat's eyes. And we ought to be very thankful to him, for the care he has taken of us all to-night."

"You seem to like Jack very much," said the Colonel; though he felt that it was not at all the thing to say.

"I never saw any one I liked more, as a stranger, of course, and a gentleman; unless it was yourself, Colonel Westcombe."

That gentleman thanked her, and said no more. Only to himself he thought—"Jack has still got his work to do, if he means to have this lovely girl. She respects him; but she does not love him yet. No girl, worth having, tumbles into deep affection, even for such a fine fellow as my son. He must have opportunities; and he shall have them, if her father is worthy to be her father. And I ought to find out that at once."

To his great chagrin, and the pure delight of Rose, who was thinking mainly of her father still, the densest depth of night, that ever drove down from Dartmoor, came around them. The rain stopped suddenly, and the wind was hushed, except in the tops of invisible trees; and a streak of black boggy fog settled heavily. The carriage-lamps (which had long been flickering, but managed to survive while they got air) now gave up the ghost, in the murky reek.

"I can't see where to stop," Jack called in, through the front glass of the carriage. "I'm afraid that we must have passed the gate. Please to ask Miss Arthur."

"Please to stop here, if you have got my daughter," a clear voice, from some one unseen, replied; and the panting horses, with their superior sense, came to a stand-still suddenly.

"You shall not get out, Colonel Westcombe; I beg of you, for my sake, not to get out," cried Rose, that her father might know who was come. "Oh father dear, how you must have been frightened! I will never go away again."

Jack Westcombe heard kissing, which went to his heart, as Rose sprang into her father's arms; and then Mr. Arthur, forgetful of everything, except the duty of a gentleman, came forward to the carriage-door, and said,—

"Colonel Westcombe, I thank you, with all my heart for your great kindness to my child. Will you come into my cottage, and have some refreshment? You have many miles, I fear, to travel yet."

"Sir, I am very much obliged to you," the ancient officer answered, without even trying to descry the other's face, of which the darkness gave small chance; "but we must not stop, now we have done our duty. And a pleasure too, the very greatest pleasure, to have been of the smallest service to a young lady, who has charmed me so. Good night, sir. Good night, my dear Miss Arthur. I only hope that you have not caught cold."

"Oh I do like him so much," said Rose, as the carriage rumbled down the hill; "he reminds me continually of you, papa. I do believe, you must have been a great deal together."

"It can hardly be possible," thought the Colonel to himself; "and yet I seemed to know the voice so well. But if so, poor fellow, how he is to be pitied! I scarcely know what is the proper thing to do."

OLD VIOLINS.

By the Rev. H. R. HAWEIS, M.A., Author of "Music and Morals."

SECOND PAPER.

V.—VIOLIN FASCINATION.

IT is only necessary to glance at the enormous variety of shapes that the viol-tribe has assumed, both before and after the creation of the violin, to judge of the inexhaustible dominion which the conception seems to have exercised over the human mind.

The collector who cannot play, and the player who cannot collect, are alike victims of this mania for violins. Of what interest can they be to the collector, who keeps dozens of them, unstrung and unmended, in cupboards and cabinets, and shows them about to his bewildered guests like old pots or enamels?

Look at a fine specimen or two, on and off, when you have the chance, and the mystery may possibly dawn upon you too.

There, in a small compass, lies before you such a wonder of simplicity, subtlety, variety, and strength as perhaps no other object of equal dimensions can possess. The eye is arrested by the amber gloss and glow of the varnish; the infinite grace of the multitudinous curves; the surface, which is nowhere flat, but ever in flowing lines, sunlit hollows of miniature hills and vales, irregular, like the fine surface of a perfectly healthy human body; its gentle mounds and depressions would almost make us believe that there is a whole underlying system of muscle—a very living organism, to account for such subtle yet harmonious irregularity of surface. It is positively alive with swelling and undulating grace.

Then the eye follows with unabating ardour the outline—dipping in here or bulging there—in segments of what look like an oval or a circle, but which are never any part of an oval or circle—but something drawn unmechanically like a Greek frieze—after the vision of an inward grace.

Its voice may be as fair as its form and finish; yet unstrung and silent, more truly can it be said of a violin than of any human creature, that "it is a thing of beauty and a joy for ever," for its beauty grows with the mellowness of age; its voice is sweeter as the centuries roll on, and its physical frame appears to be almost indestructible.

And the player—who is not always a judge of a genuine violin, but goes by the sound qualities which suit him—he naturally adores what is within its limits scientifically the most perfect of all instruments.

The four strings, of course, limit and define its harmonic resources—in combination and viewed collectively in the quartet alone is it able to compass the extended developments of harmony in bass, tenor, and treble clef, but as a tone-producing instrument it has no rival. It possesses *accent* combined with *sustained and modified tone.* The piano has accent, but little sustained and no modified tone; the organ has accent, and sustained, but in a very imperfect sense, modified tone; the violin possesses in perfection all three. With the stroke of the bow comes every degree of *accent;* with the drawing and skilful *sostenuto* of up and down bowings the notes are indefinitely *sustained* to a degree far exceeding the capacity of the human lungs; whilst every pulse of emotion is through the pressure of the finger communicated to the vibrating string, and the tone trembles, shivers, thrills, or assumes a hard, rigid quality, passing at will from the variety of a whisper to a very roar or scream of agony or delight.

Can the soul of the musician fail to yield loving and utter allegiance to the sovereign power of the violin, which is so willing and ideal a minister of his subtlest inspirations—equal to the human voice in sensibility and expression, and far superior to it in compass, execution, variety, and durability?

VI.—HISTORY.

The violin is not an invention, it is a growth. It is the survival of the fittest. The undeveloped elements of the *genus* Viol, out of which grew the *species* Violin, are to be found latent in the rebek, the crowth, and the rotta. In the struggle for existence each succumbed, leaving only its useful and vital elements to be recombined.

The rebek bequeathed its rounded form pierced in the belly with two sound-holes, the bridge, tail-piece, screw-box, doubtless a sound-post, and that odd crook of a violin-bow often seen in the hands of stone angels in cathedrals of the fourteenth century.

The crowth gives the all-important hint of the two vibrating boards joined by ribs; whilst from the rotta, or guitar-tribe, comes the lower end, and the upper end comes from the rebek—the elongated neck separate from the body, the frets, which for one hundred and fifty years delayed the advent of the violin, and the two concave side-curves so needful for the manipulation of the bow.

This Viol—of no particular size or settled shape, or rather of all shapes and sizes, usually with a flat back and a round belly—was made in great profusion in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. Any one who will glance at the case of ancient viols in the South Kensington Museum will be surprised at the fancy and fertility of form displayed.

There was the Knee Viol, the Bass Viol, the Viol di Gamba, the Violone, and the Viol d'Amore. Some of these were inlaid with tortoiseshell and ivory, others elaborately carved and over-purfled—facts most interesting to the connoisseur, and marking a period when cabinet-work was at its zenith and musical sound in its infancy. Sound was the carver's humble servant. The well-known violin given by Queen Elizabeth to the Earl of Leicester, riddled through and through like Ceylonese furniture or a Chinese ivory junk, is quite absurd as a sound vehicle. By-and-by the carver and fine cabinet-worker would have to place all the treasures of their art at the disposal of music, and would not be allowed one join, or purfle, or pattern inimical to tone. I shall develop these hints later.

The variety and number of strings in these old Viols is often childish. It looks like (what it was) playing with newly-discovered resources—the real wealth of which it took two hundred years more to learn. If in bowed-instruments you have more strings than fingers the hand with difficulty overlays them—of course in the guitar-tribe the work is divided between ten fingers instead of four. In the Viol d'Amore an odd attempt was made to improve the *timbre* by a set of steel wires tuned sympathetically, and running beneath the gut strings. It took two hundred years to convince people that the *timbre* lay with the wood, not the wires; nor could the old masters see that tone would only arrive with an extended study in the properties of wood and a radical change of model.

I showed some years ago in the *Contemporary Review* what it is difficult to trace step by step, but what we know must have been the history of the violin-tribe in its earlier stages. I placed the lesson for the eye—showing how the smaller viols or viollettes of the seventeenth century fell into the violins, the larger ones into the Tenor, and the Viol di Gambas into the Violoncello. The double-bass, a genuine Viol, and the only one which retains its flat back, was made extensively by Gaspar di Salo, and has been entirely adopted by the modern orchestra; indeed whilst innumerable other large viols are merely preserved as curiosities, the double-bass retains its ancient type, and in the Beethoven and Wagnerian orchestra exercises an influence and prominence second only to the violin itself.

As we look intently at the confused nebulæ of sixteenth-century viols, we notice the modest constellation of the violins slowly detaching itself from that host of tubby stars which it was soon destined to supersede for ever.

The rise of the violin tribe—by which of course I mean the *violin*, *tenor*, *violoncello*, and *double-bass*—is in fact coincident with the rise of modern music. A definite art required a definite instrument—more mechanical, more constant, more reliable than the human voice.

Between Carissimi, 1570, and Monteverde, 1672, the foundations of the art of modern music were laid by the discovery of the perfect cadence and the modern octave. With a system of fixed tonality the art began those strides of progress which in about two hundred years seemed to leave nothing new to be discovered. It first recast and used the human voice. The voice was noticed to fall naturally into treble, alto, tenor, and bass, and was so organized in the singing schools of Pistocchi at Bologna in 1659.

Now the chief of the Amati worked from 1596—1684, and the division of violin, viola, violoncello and double-bass corresponded with tolerable closeness to the four divisions of the human voice, the rise of singing-schools, and the exigences of the new musical art. The Procrustean bed upon which the poor viols of the period were now stretched forms one of the most interesting and instructive episodes in the history of the art. Viol di Gambas were converted into violoncellos, the viollettes enlarged and patched into violins, viols cut down—sadly, brutally cut down—into tenors. No lover of the art could help dropping a tear over a matchless specimen of Linarelli in 1400—1500, exhibited at South Kensington, which had been so cut down; and I could point to one or two viols now passing as Amati tenors which have received similar treatment and strut in borrowed plumes. The cabinet work is often so fine that only an experienced eye with the aid of a microscope can discern the joins and refittings beneath the new wash of dirt-brown varnish habitually used to conceal the deed. But all this only proves the imperative fitness of the new combination.

We have at last arrived at the modern violin, and the reason of its natural supremacy. Its right to survive is clearly to be found in its perfect ministry to the art of modern music.

I have dwelt upon its compass, which is to all intents and purposes unlimited, and its other special merits are not far to seek.

The number and the tension of the strings is the happy mean between the one or two strings of the Japanese or Persian fiddle and the many-stringed viol. Add a fifth string to the violin and the tension is not only too great, but unnecessary, for the E string will yield sound as shrill as the human ear can bear; add a string on the other side, and the tension will be too feeble to yield a good quality of sound. And similar remarks may apply to the tenor, violoncello, and double-bass; each is sufficient and complete, and where it ends its companion steps in to continue the varied function.

Each is distinct and full of character; the charm of variety is constitutionally involved. In each the strings are of different thicknesses with different tensions, acting upon different vibrating surfaces, enclosing different-sized columns of air.

We pause for a moment with feelings of profound satisfaction and survey the violin kingdom of the past. This fourfold valuable selection—this crowning of violin, tenor, violoncello, and double-bass—has not been the work of any one man or age, or even country; it is the inexorable, empirical, yet logical outcome of thousands of experiments made in France, Germany, and Italy, by hundreds of workers, extending over centuries of time, and resulting in the survival of the fittest.

THE ITALIAN SCHOOLS.

1520—1760.

Although Duiffoprugcar was certainly not an Italian, yet, coming from the Tyrol, he settled at Bologna, afterwards migrating to Lyons, in France, where he spent most of his life and died.

He was undoubtedly one of the fathers, if not the father, of the violin. It has been questioned whether Duiffoprugcar ever made violins, but there is no reason for doubting that Palestrina played on a Duiffoprugcar violin, which is said to have borne this couplet:—

> "Viva fui in sylvis, sum dura occisa securi
> Dum vixi tacui mortua dulce cano."

There is, besides, a large-sized violin bearing date 1539, said to be the only extant specimen; but lately Mr. Hill obtained from Lyons a very excellent and perfect specimen, which he believed to be an undoubted Duiffoprugcar, and which I exhibited at the Royal Institution. It is quaint, undecided, and antique in outline, the S's curiously cut, and the back over-purfled. When opened it was found backed with old canvas and oddly primitive in construction. It ought to be put under a glass-case in the South Kensington Museum. Indeed it is incredible, but true, that not a single museum in Europe that I know of has thought it worth while to procure specimens of the violin art from Duiffoprugcar to Bergonzi.

But it is not to Bologna or Lyons, but to Brescia, that we must look for the rise of the first great violin school.

THE BRESCIAN SCHOOL.

1520—1620.

Note first Gaspar di Salo, who worked between 1550 and 1612. It has been my privilege to live for some weeks with Mr. Amherst's fine old Gaspar di Salo. He is in splendid condition, still bulgy, but a notable and significant reduction from the old viol type, which Gaspar doubtless continued to make. The head is charmingly long and queer and antique. The idea of putting character and great finish into the scroll belongs to a later period. Human and animal heads were no doubt common enough in the place of a scroll; but they belong to the carving, cabinet-decoration, over-purfling period, when tone was second to ornament. As the great tone period approached, carving for the sake of carving was abandoned; ornament was kept simple, subordinate, but full of finish and avowedly the mark of sign-manual. The exquisite, yet unpretending and simple, scrolls of Amati and Stradiuarius arose along with the rise of violin tone. But why such finish, such evident intention to be noticed, such distinct cachet and appeal to the eye? I think this is the natural explanation. As the art of violin-playing improved violinists took to holding their fiddles well up, and to playing without notes; the head was thus the first thing which caught the eye; whereas before there is every reason to believe that the old viol players held their instruments down, like bad orchestra players now, with violin scroll or head almost between their knees, and *unseen*. That head might, indeed, be a finely-carved human head; but, if so, it could only be seen as an ornament when the violin was hanging up; it could only be seen, if at all, upside down when the violin was being played. Look at all old violins; they are rubbed by the beard on *both* sides. Now we never place the chin on the off-side—always on the inside; but if a man has to crowd in dim churches over flickering oil lamps and scrape old chaunts, he will get slovenly, his violin-head will droop between his knees, and his chin will most naturally slip over the tail-piece and lie on the off-side, whilst his ear reposes on the tail-piece, and the top of his violin has a tendency to disappear over his left shoulder!

Compare this old slovenly method—inimical to tone, to style, to execution, and to grace—which buried the scroll—with the noble, upright pose of Joachim or Neruda, where the scroll is constantly thrown up, as if itself addressing the audience, and instead of looking upside-down or ungraceful, as would a human or animal head in that position, comes out towards you like the prow of an ancient galley, and impresses upon the eye with every motion of the player's wrist, its fine *verve* and individual character.

Gaspar di Salo may almost be said to have invented violin tone. Mr. Tyssen Amherst's unique early Gaspar violin, with its long, pointed *f*-like black letter sound holes, although of the high model abandoned in later life, is surprising in tone, considering its build, which is generally supposed to favour a smothered and tubby sound. Although the first and fourth strings are rather rough, the whole is very sonorous and fresh, and the D and A strings very rich and pure.

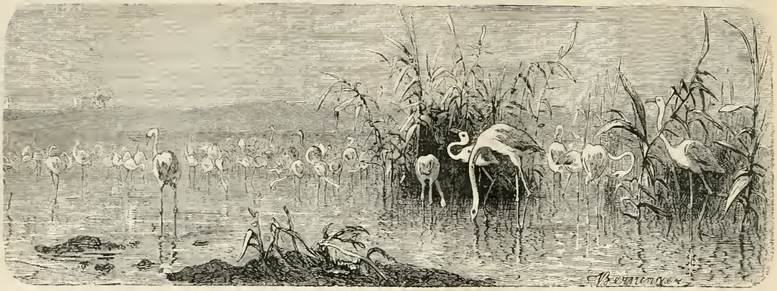
We must not look for the finish of the Amati's at this early period. The build of this early Gaspar is round and full, both in back and belly, and the chisel has gone wrong more than once in the back grooving, whilst the purfling is not good. Probably one and the same cunning workman has repaired the purfling in places, patched the head, and positively mosaiced the worn-out screw-box, and, alas! carried a brown varnish over several parts of the instrument, through which the rich golden tints of Gaspar still peep, and almost dazzle the eye. Still, whoever has put on the new neck has worshipped at the shrine of old Gaspar; he has made his purfling a little too good, left a little too much of his glue and his brown varnish; but his patched head is such a masterpiece, such care and labour to keep every line of Gaspar—except on one side of the screw-box, where about two inches of line is new—but the join so good as only to be seen under a microscope.

All this, when one lives with a fiddle one gets to notice and to love, whilst the uninitiated, standing by in bewilderment, may well feel tempted to order the violin and the connoisseur off to the nearest lunatic asylum.

Maggini (Giovanni Paolo), 1590—1640, of Brescia, followed Gaspar, but carried farther the art of rich, clear tone. It is the glory of the Brescians to have hit upon this secret, lost as soon as found, that for tone—good round tone—the belly and back must be brought down flatter upon ribs of diminished height.

Maggini's violins, though lacking in some of the quaint grace of Gaspar (especially his double-basses), approach the perfected Cremona model of the later rather than the earlier days; his scroll is grooved and finished; his sound holes are still the long black letter SS; the varnish rich brown or yellow. He is often confounded with Barak Norman, or, still worse, with any obscure German imitator who has chosen to a little over-purfle and inlay his back. The Brescians Mariani, Venturini, Budiani, Mateo Bente, cannot further be alluded to here; in time they will all be treasured more as antiquities than as tone masters.

(*To be continued.*)



By El-Bahira.

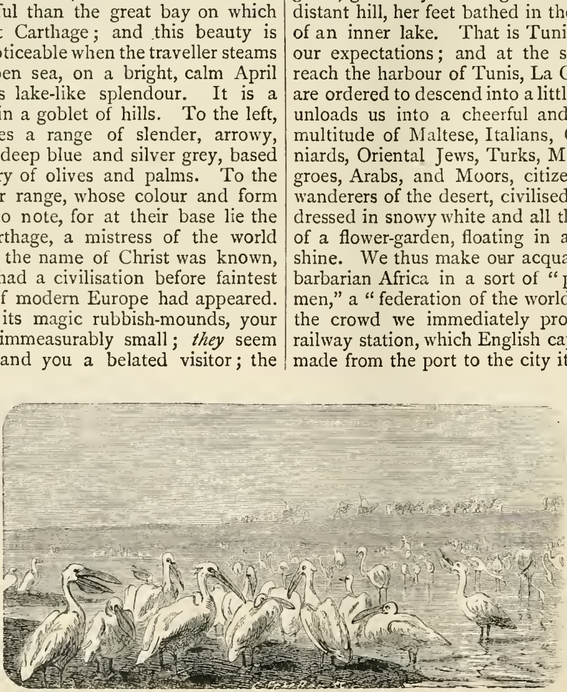
TUNIS.

By RALLI STENNING.

FIRST PAPER.

AMONG the many circling shores of the Mediterranean, there is none more entirely beautiful than the great bay on which rose ancient Carthage; and this beauty is peculiarly noticeable when the traveller steams from the open sea, on a bright, calm April day, into its lake-like splendour. It is a huge pearl in a goblet of hills. To the left, eastward, lies a range of slender, arrowy, lofty peaks, deep blue and silver grey, based with greenery of olives and palms. To the right a lower range, whose colour and form you forget to note, for at their base lie the ruins of Carthage, a mistress of the world long before the name of Christ was known, and which had a civilisation before faintest indication of modern Europe had appeared. In view of its magic rubbish-mounds, your heart feels immeasurably small; *they* seem the world, and you a belated visitor; the mental transformation is complete and wonderful.

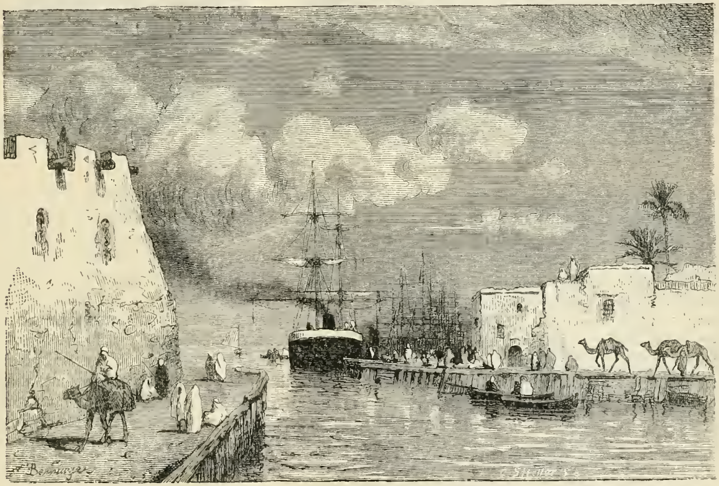
We steam on, and suddenly from the deck of the ship we see a fair, white city, crowned with battlements girdled with green, gracefully reclining on the slopes of a distant hill, her feet bathed in the blue waters of an inner lake. That is Tunis, the city of our expectations; and at the same time we reach the harbour of Tunis, La Golette. We are ordered to descend into a little skiff, which unloads us into a cheerful and picturesque multitude of Maltese, Italians, Greeks, Spaniards, Oriental Jews, Turks, Mulattoes, Negroes, Arabs, and Moors, citizens and wild wanderers of the desert, civilised and savage, dressed in snowy white and all the vivid hues of a flower-garden, floating in a sea of sunshine. We thus make our acquaintance with barbarian Africa in a sort of "parliament of men," a "federation of the world." Through the crowd we immediately proceed to the railway station, which English capitalists have made from the port to the city itself.



For the first time in your life, a railway seems out of place; you are struck more forcibly than you can express with the absurdity of it. Just as you are beginning to feel the mystery and wonders of the new world, to have to get a ticket and take your seat in an English train is simply atrocious. To make your first personal acquaintance with the world of the Sinbads and Aladdins—glorious dreams of one's boyhood—from the windows of a railway carriage is a never-to-be-forgotten calamity. But it is inevitable.

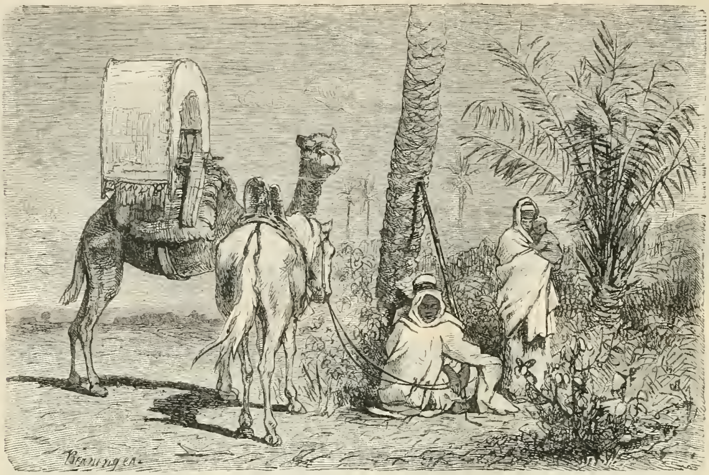
We are away along the line, and there are flamingoes! pink flamingoes with their long, graceful legs; and white, bag-beaked pelicans too; and we are in a railway carriage! We have a vague misgiving that this having a ticket and riding in a train will draw attention—people will stare at us; it is like riding a camel down Cheapside, so we walk outside on to a convenient platform attached to the carriage—perhaps sympathizingly—and keep our faces turned where they cannot be seen.

The waters of the lake we are skirting, El-Bahira, we are told cover pillared palaces of gold. Whatever may lie below it, the lake itself lies on the debatable ground between fluid and solid, being the city cesspool of a hundred thousand people, a situation it has filled from time immemorial. A little steamer used to ply from the port to the city, but whether owing to increasing impediments to its motion, from the early old age and ricketiness into which such incongruities speedily fall in Oriental waters, or to the competition of its equally incongruous rival on the shore, it has ceased. Much has been said and written on the decline and fall of nations. Has there been enough under the head of Sewerage? Don't we want a sanitary Gibbon? I am interested in the question, for I should not like these old-world places to die out. Now, a few days' sail from hurry-skurry European cities and you are in a world where men dream awake and the very word hurry is unknown. It seems as if that narrow strip of sea you have left behind was a gulf in space and time, and you are in the primeval period of a sister planet. Your most familiar habits are ignored, and the foundations of experience are changed.



La Golette, the harbour of Tunis.

And what sights! Grazing in the meadows on the shore are herds of camels. Yonder, winding its slow way down the slope of that low hill, is a caravan of these beasts and their drivers, steeped in all the wonderful colours of the South. As we steam along, one sight after another bursts upon us, then vanishes.



Scene from the Railway Carriage.

Now a few ragged Arabs halt on the side of the slope to look dreamily at our train; then a mounted Moor spurs his horse, and seems to challenge our engine with his steed. Presently we find ourselves within speaking distance of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, the very originals surely of the pictures which illustrated the Bible of one's childhood; we swing past them quenching their thirst at a spring. Then we pass as close by another caravan stretching along the path near to the line, and get a full view. The dress, the look, the walk is all a magical revelation. The peculiar feeling with which one first beholds these old-world spectacles is never repeated, and never forgotten. We glide along the curved way, between the lake and the land, by country broken with slopes, and green with wild olives, palms, broom, and aloes, with here and there signs of habitation—houses or tents and water-tanks by the camel paths—yet over the whole is an air of solitude, almost of solemnity. After about half an hour, suddenly turning an abrupt curve, we find ourselves at the promenade of Tunis near the Marine Gate, and alight with considerable disappointment at the sight of the tree-bordered road which leads from it to the gate, deepened by the number of modern-costumed, commonplace Europeans that are promenading along it, and one exclaims, "Is this Tunis?" At the gate, one is reassured; the disappointing features are gone.

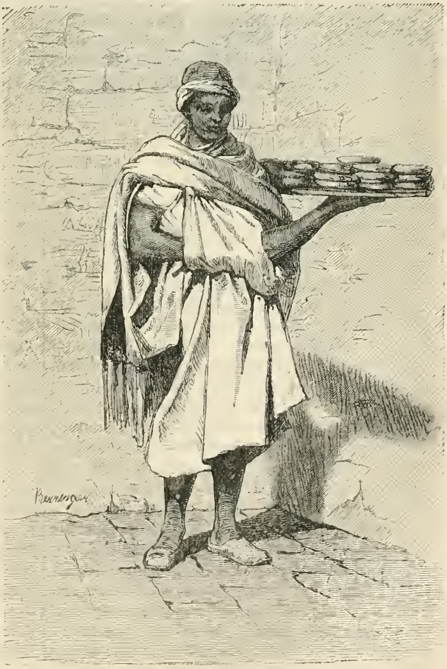
A wide Moorish horseshoe arch is over our heads, and beyond are the fantastic perspectives of a true Moorish city. The gate is guarded by some ragged rascals called soldiers; one of them is mending clothes, and the other ought to be, for his shirt-laps don't look military. A man on horseback is coming out of the city escorted by about forty footmen, a governor of a province or some subordinate officer of the Bey returning in state. The governor himself is a dignified, amiable, contented-looking young man, with short jet beard lying on his snow-white mantle; his head is covered with a white pointed hood standing upright like a Dominican friar's, his bare feet in ample yellow slippers, and his horse is a splendid creature; but his escort! It is worth the voyage to see them. It is inconceivable how so small a number are contrived to represent all ages, heights, shapes, costumes of every imaginable combination of form and colour, at every stage of decay—faded and brilliant, principally faded; whole and ragged, principally ragged—erect, bent, old, middle-aged, juvenile; black, chocolate, coffee, and copper-coloured; long and short, fat and thin, with rusty muskets, with bayonets and without; turbaned, capped, bare-headed; grave and solemn as white-bearded patriarchs, and as ferocious as the man among the tombs—each carrying his weapon according to his own original idea of convenience or effect.

Surely Falstaff would have been proud to have gone through Coventry with his ragged, shirtless troop, after seeing such a comical crew as the body-guard of this Tunisian official.

We are glad—our love of the Moors notwithstanding—to find our way to civilised quarters in the (for the sight-seeing part of our time) despised European Hotel. Past the Marine Gate, our guide turns sharp to the left, leads us through one of the few streets of the capital assigned to Europeans, where we catch confused and hasty glimpses of Italian and French post-offices, consulates, a steam-boat agency, a photographic studio, a European coffee-house, and half-a-dozen similarly uninteresting things. When we enter our room in the hotel the sun has just gone down. From our window there is a charming spectacle of flat roofs, white domes and minarets, here and there touched with pinky light. A sluggish breeze fitfully rustles among the leaves of palms and bananas surrounding the hotel, and lazily plays among the awnings which still hang along the balconies, on which visitors to the hotel sit waiting for the dinner-gong; while the natives may be seen basking in the cool brief twilight on the low flat-roofed houses, among which rise here and there in solitary grace a palm-tree, and, alone in its proportions, the massive outline of the city mosque. On the minarets of the mosque a mysterious lamp is lighted; a dim figure with uplifted hand, as from a great pulpit, calls to the four quarters of the heavens. Dreamy silence, mystic twilight, and air of miserable melancholy—such are the first impressions on setting eyes on this immense city. The sonorous sound at length awakes us from our reverie, and conducts us to the dinner-table, where the sense of discomfort at being amongst strangers is modified by finding the company all wear dress like our own, and sit at table and eat with knives and forks like Christians — French Algerians forming the principal guests. With pleasant chat and a palatable dinner of wild boar, gazelle, snipe, and quail, delicious vegetables, especially green peas, dates, and oriental confectionery—fortunately the only Tunisian dish at the table—we close the day, and prepare by an early bed for the fatigues of to-morrow's explorings.

* * * * *

On reaching the court-yard of the hotel, the proprietor delivers us over to the hands of a Tunisian guide awaiting us, who, knowing our wish, leads us away through a greenery, where broad-leaved slender trees are thick with fruit bunches, into the narrow streets of the oldest native quarters of the city; and here we know not whether we are most struck with the hitherto unused resources of pity, wonder, disgust, amazement, admiration and bewilderment it awoke in us, or the awful, brilliant, dismal spectacle itself. The first impression is a confused mixture of plague-stricken wretches, ruins of a siege, blown-up fortress, lunatic asylums, flooded homes for lost dogs, disused cities, dust-yards, low-water by rivers, explosions, deluges, earthquakes. However did such things come to be? Labyrinths of twisting alleys, winding courts, unroofed passages, between long, bare, white, windowless, cracked, propped, tumbling walls, through which low, arched openings lead into dark, dismal interiors. Here and there houses seem to



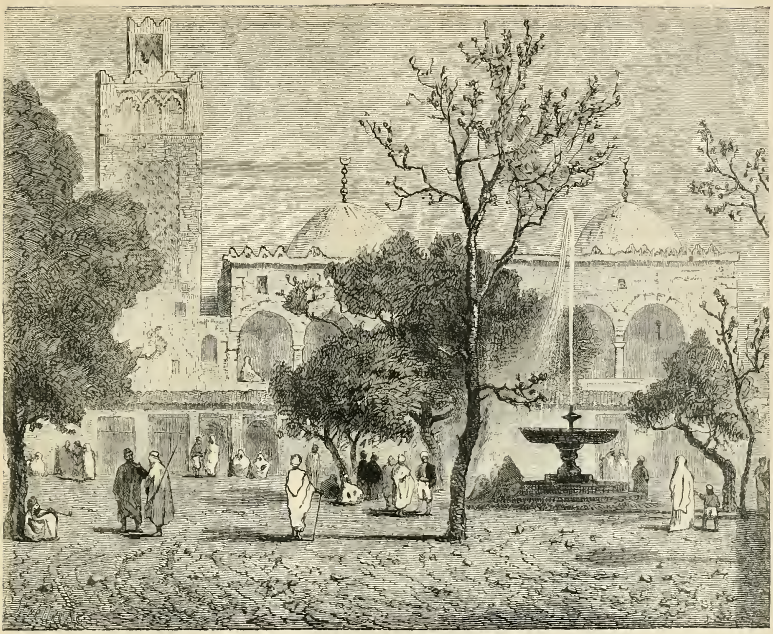
A Cake-Seller.

have been by some terrible accident thrown one upon another, and left to lie there. These long, windowless, roofless piles—roofless, at least, to our way of thinking—are like the walls of gardens or prisons. We have no sooner entered, than we begin to find uncertain footing—a night shower has softened the mud and garbage with which the ground is covered. There is a faint, sickening odour; some cesspool has overflowed, and landed its floating filth. It is vilely greasy; we have to pick our way. Often, all you can see is a narrow strip of grey ground, white wall, and blue sky. To the eye, filth never seemed so little filthy, and yet the smell at times is terrible; and here and there some putrid carcase looks loathsome. For long distances you meet nobody, see nobody. No women stand arms akimbo at the doors, nursing their last-born, or watching the antics of the boys and girls. Women are all carefully concealed within; and as for children, school-boards, the attractions of the shore, the rigid discipline of home-life, or some other mysterious power clears the streets of them. May be, their own filth, narrowness, and general unsuitability for fun is their invincible protection. Anyway, there are no young rascals here. The place is a peaceful sepulchre; it might be a city of the dead. No trade, no shop, no waggon, no laugh, no sound; all lifeless, silent, sad. There, an only half-dead man stands aside to let us pass, and stares at our vigour. Yonder, a white-sheeted form noiselessly flits from its vault; and here, as we pass, another suddenly starts on its threshold, turns back hurriedly, folds the cloths about its face and hides itself in the gloom: everywhere is the same weird, spectral air.

We come out into the wider streets of the city, wide enough for quite three people to walk easily abreast. One or two such thoroughfares run up their tortuous course from the wall by the shore of El-Bahira to Bab-es-Sadun by the Casbah, which crowns the gentle slope on which Tunis is spread. People are to be seen steadily going to the lower part of the town, where are the bazaars, the foreign quarters, the railway, and the more extensive and modern parts.

The structure of these wider streets does not present any marked difference to the narrow we have just left, and even here the people may be easily counted. Now we meet a swathed and muffled woman carrying to market her bread; then an open-faced negress water-carrier with her huge copper jar upon her head; a leering horseshoe-mouthed gentleman riding a prancing white horse; a half-naked Arab on an ass; a group of boys in little pointed hoods, white sacks and girdles, may be school companions; a string of lanky Bedouins just arrived from the desert idling along, their guns slung in their own specially jaunty way, mendicants, saints, courriers, soldiers on mules, on camels, on foot. Yonder comes the caravan of a rich merchant arriving from Kef; the people stand aside in the niches and gateways to let it pass; boys shout and push, the heralds clear a way and the caravan moves slowly on. All eyes are upon it. First come two wild-looking, turbaned, mantled out-riders, armed with muskets; then a sleek and ample person, with white flowing beard and glossy copper-coloured skin, with the carriage of a high-born gentleman, in large white muslin turban and ample graceful snow-white *caic*, the very embodiment of dignified simplicity, riding his richly caparisoned mule. After him a string of women also on mules, completely veiled, their dresses chiefly white, touched here and there with vivid rose and gold. Behind these again black men- and women-servants, with bald-headed babies and lively chattering children on asses; and after all, a troop of camels carrying tents, mattresses, cushions, utensils, &c., guarded by lines of armed dependants, and finally more armed servants leading the children's tame gazelle and carrying the cage of a pet canary. Some of the boys and servants stare, frown, and growl at us, and seem to be hurling pent-up curses at the Nazarene, the first they have ever seen. When it has passed we get into the road again, stifled with heat, dust, and flies. We proceed: people become more numerous and sounds of work are heard, the click of a loom, a cobbler's hammer, a joiner's saw; everywhere there is the same long twisting passage by high bare walls, blind alleys, arched courts, niches, recesses, ruins, rubbish, and amid the most dismal desolation an arabesque arch, resting on its slender spiral pillars, which would turn the brain of an enthusiastic archæologist.

Coming by what may be called a mistake up one of these unguarded archways in a deserted alley, we had a confused glance of a splendid court of bright greenery, walls white as snow, playing fountains, rich mosaics, marble pavements—a sight to fill the head for life with delicious dreams. It is a type of a first-class Moorish house; many of the dwellings which lie behind these prison walls are built on the same general plan—a central court surrounded with long, narrow, window-



The Court of the Mosque.

lessrooms opening on to a balcony of Moorish horseshoe archways by a wide door, which serves in the day for both air and light and is closed at night by a curtain. One side of the court is for the servants, one for the women and children, and one for the master, the other being reserved for receptions and friends. The courtyard of the wealthier class is laid in chased marbles, with mosaic basins and fountains, which play surrounded by graceful greenery, under whose shade meals are often taken; in the heaven-open courts, the grander parties are held. These rooms are furnished with never-failing taste, and the gala attire of the family is marvellous alike for simplicity and pomp and grace of colour. The poorest and richest dwellings are of the same general plan. We make our way up the main street to the Casbah, the citadel, perched at the top of the irregularly ascending slope, planted there to defend and protect the city. It is a cluster of ancient dens encircled by castellated walls falling into ruins. Here officialism and some picturesque military, horse and foot, hold their own, and long may they be secure in its grand antiquity. A couple of Woolwich infants would turn the whole thing into a cloud of dust in half an hour; and, as men are prone to judge by either what things will fetch or what they will stand, this venerable pile may be cleared away by the so-called improving spirit, but the oak which has swung its mighty arms in heaven's thousand storms, shattered, hollow, tottering, which will stand little and fetch less, is a rapture. It breathes those sad and peaceful benedictions which cannot be spoken by either powder or gold. Shield it, support it, touch it gently. I for one say, let the nation that dares to shatter these slowly falling ruins of a great past be anathema; the poetry of history meets us here and the sublime distils like music. We raise our hats to those sadly comical defenders of Tunis, and turn round. From this spot the eye takes in the whole extent and form of Tunis, which is, "roughly," the shape of a Bernouse cloak held at the neck, spread out widely on the ground at its sweeping hem, and gradually sloped up to the hand of the holder, where we stand at the citadel. In the sunlight its snowy whiteness is dazzling; here and there imprisoned bananas and palm-trees rise in mounds and fountains of green, vieing in form and height with white domes and minarets; and beyond all lie the waters of the shipless lake and the hills and mountains on the other side, all steeped in the magic colouring of the South, the vast mystery of light and form which moves the imagination as a fairy tale in early childhood.

The guide awakes us from our delicious reverie by inquiring whether the time has not arrived we fixed for return to our hotel. So we turn our back on the venerable battlements, and abandon the idea of seeing the Dar-el-Bey and retrace our steps. As we proceed a glance down a side street arouses the greatest curiosity. Smoke, smoke! We metaphorically clap our hands at the familiar sight, and turn aside with a mixed feeling of hailing a strange spectacle and an old friend. For a moment we actually speculate as to whether the smoke proceeds from a burning house, a bonfire, or a sacrifice, and then burst into a hearty laugh when we arrive at a group of half-naked youngsters gazing with woful, supplicating eyes on a bald-skulled, bearded Arab posing for a bite at a savoury yellow cake dripping with oil, which he is just carefully lifting to his mouth. The group is at the entrance of a low, long, brick-built cavern, in which half-a-dozen naked men are making paste and shaping it into pancakes, biscuits, buns, &c. At the end of the cavern burns the baker's open, chimneyless fire, the smoke seemingly liking the neighbourhood of the cakes, and being unwilling to come out; but the crowd of fumes behind, making way for themselves, push their forerunners into the street, where they still hang about, as if strangers and unwilling to venture abroad in a place of such dazzling whiteness. This is a bakery; it is to that Arab "the public," where he leaves his camel "at the door," and calls for his refresher.

We plunge on through more labyrinths and gloomy courts and silent lanes, which, by some strange fate, land us in a spacious courtyard, where there are greenery and a fountain, at which some men—black, brown, white, and yellow—crouch at their ablutions, encircled by snowy walls, arches, pillars, balconies, gates, cupolas, and one lofty tower lifts itself into the clear blue sky, studded with light arcades—a spectacle of fantastic, voluptuous beauty. But before we can take in more than a flash of the scene the men at the fountain suddenly erect themselves, stiffen, whirr, hiss, growl, and at length howl like mad men, accompanying these demonstrations with gestures of clawing, clutching, stamping. They advance; we fly; they pelt us with stones and curses. We pass the gate again into the street, and the vociferating crew return to their pious washings. The guide had given us a glimpse of the court of the city mosque; the revelation was wonderful, but more of the Moor than of the mosque. We had no idea the lackadaisical, lounging, dreaming Moor could become so intense. Ordinarily he seems to be in a deep and dozy reverie; he looks like a somnambulist enfolded in his bed sheet. We had awaked a new order of sentiment; his habit was broken. Tingling with the curse of a Nazarene, he had another manner of life.

(*To be continued.*)

DOMESTIC AUTOMATA.

IN a famous passage Aristotle predicts an age so advanced in scientific achievement as to offer the spectacle of machinery replacing altogether the agency of man; in fact he predicts an age of domestic automata. Could the shadow of the great Greek philosopher visit certain English interiors of the present day, he would inevitably come to the conclusion that such a state of things had been brought about, and he would most likely be lost in admiration at the ingenuity therein displayed. The rigid black figure standing behind the chair of master or mistress at dinner-time, not a trace of animation in his physiognomy, not a muscle moving except when some mechanical office is required of him, however nicely fashioned to imitate a human being, must without a doubt be an automaton, a figure moved by wires. The machine has evidently been wound up to perform a fixed number of actions, and so admirable is the mechanism of every part, so skilful the putting together of the whole and the management of the springs, that the illusion is perfect.

What, however, would be Aristotle's astonishment to witness the transformation that takes place as soon as the automaton is fairly out of his master's sight? He would find to his disgust that instead of advanced civilisation turning machines into men, a reverse process is the result, by which men, for the convenience of the upper ranks of society, are turned into machines. But it is not necessary to invoke the shade of an Aristotle for a naïve expression of opinion on this phase of English life and manners. French visitors to our shores are as much taken aback by what they find here as any ancient philosopher suddenly recalled to life would be; and they are sorely puzzled by a contradiction for which they were little prepared. In a country like England, the very essence of whose national life is freedom and independence of character, French observers naturally look for the happiest relations existing between masters and servants. They cannot comprehend a state of things as much opposed to their every-day experience as it is to good feeling, common sense, and expediency. The French mind, moreover, is eminently *fin*, and with natural perspicacity realises the results of such an anomaly.

For what, indeed, are the consequences of thus turning human beings into domestic automata? The rigid figure in black, to whom the children of the house are not permitted to say "good morning," whose slightest interest in his master's affairs would be resented as a grave impertinence, whose entire relation, indeed, to him consists of a certain sum of money received and a certain amount of mechanical duties performed, what manner of man is he? In the eyes of most employers, so long as the automaton works well, the rest signifies not a straw; but if the springs are apt to get out of order or require oiling too often, another is immediately procured in its place. Whether or no he fulfils his social duties as citizen, husband, and father, whether he educates his children and provides for his old age, are matters with which his owner for the time being has nothing to do. Fastidious in the extreme as to the performance of the minutest office required of the man drilled into the semblance of a machine, he often shows a complete indifference to the moral being who performs them; and when the contract ends, there is neither gratitude on one side nor respect on the other. Such things are not in the bond! The sentiment of a good-natured master on parting with an efficient servant would most likely be, that whatever his faults in the way of cupidity, addiction to perquisites, over-eating and drinking, they have been compensated by his efficiency; whilst the servant would probably regret that whilst the sun was shining he did not make hay a little faster, in other words squander or appropriate a little more. The incredible wastefulness and lavish expenditure of rich English households was never so much bemoaned as now, when evil days have come alike to the owners and the cultivators of the soil. But it never seems to occur to heads of houses that they have only themselves to blame for such a state of things, and that were the sumptuary scale lowered and the relations of masters and servants put on a different footing, housekeeping might cease to be the ruinous affair they now find it. Why is it that in France we do not hear the same complaints? Because in the first place, luxury, as we understand it, is hardly understood there at all; and secondly, because the existence of domestic automata would not be tolerated there for a moment. A genial, sociable, and as Gibbon aptly describes the French nation, "an affectionate people," must have sympathy under any condition of life. It is all very well for political agitators to talk of the jealousy and distrust existing between the French *bourgeoisie* and working classes. Class distinctions and class dislikes, as witnessed among ourselves, do not exist, and cannot by the very nature of things exist, in France. Nor class abuses either. A French *châtelaine* does not forfeit her dignity by descending to the kitchen and taking an interest in what goes on there; her husband is not affronted at encountering on the first of September, armed like himself with a *permis de chasse*, the father of Madame's maid, and, may be, the very footman who retired from his service and bought a bit of land a year before! These things come as a matter of course, and the results are what might be expected. The kitchen is not a little world of parasites left to itself, and the servant, instead of being a mere machine in his master's eyes, is a human being. Moreover, as little wastefulness goes on up-stairs, the career of domestic service is not demoralising as with us. And last, though not least, the easy friendliness existing between employer and employed naturally engenders good feeling; of course there are not wanting exceptions to the rule, but of one thing we may feel quite sure: were we English on the one hand, and our domestic automata on the other, to write down an exact uncompromising opinion of each other, such an expression of feeling would be stronger than anything of the kind to be elicited from the same classes, we would even say from any two classes, in France.

M. BETHAM-EDWARDS.

SINGING.

SINGING from the mountain spring,
As it gurgles over;
Through the heather and the ling,
Through the grass and clover;
Singing, laughing all the day;
Laughing, singing all the way.

Singing through the leafy dells,
Where the shadows linger,
And the wild flowers ring their bells
To the merry singer;
Rippling, laughing all the while;
Singing, rippling all a-smile.

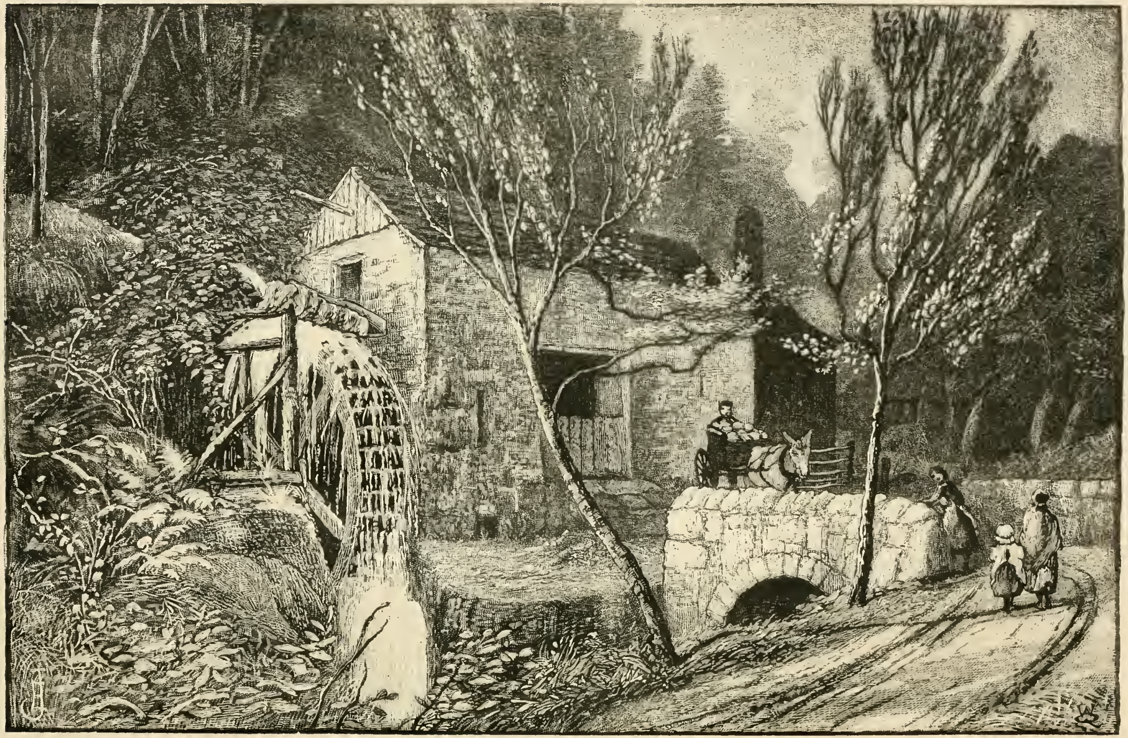
Singing round the mossy stone,
'Neath the hazel bushes;
Singing when it's all alone,
Stealing through the rushes,
Happy as the day is long,
Never speaking but in song.

Singing at the morning's dawn,
When the day is breaking;
Singing when the light's withdrawn,
And the stars are waking;
Watching, singing through the night;
Singing, waiting for the light.

Singing in the April days,
When the clouds are weeping;
Singing through the summer haze,
When the men are reaping;
Singing through the autumn's chill,
Through the winter singing still.

So, my soul, wake up the song,
Yield not to repining;
Clouds can never linger long—
See their silver lining!
Sing on, sing on, all the way;
Sing on till the break of day!

HENRY BURTON.



" Singing, laughing, all the day;
Laughing, singing all the way."

Page 392.

HOW TO READ BOOKS.

A Talk with Children.

By JOHN DENNIS.

HAVE you ever thought of the great pleasure that is to be gained from reading? Have you ever tried to imagine what life would be to you if there were no books in the world, or if you could not read? Every child knows, I hope, the joy of having a true friend, whose company is dear to him, who can be interested in what he is interested, no matter whether it be work or play. Now a book is not quite like a friend. The author can talk to us as he pleases; he can make us sorrowful or glad; he can make us cry or laugh; he can give us knowledge and he can make us think; but we cannot talk back to him, we cannot tell him what we feel, and he cannot sympathize with us as a friend can. On the other hand, friends may change; they may go far away; they may cease to care about the things we care for. Books cannot change, though our interest in them may; and if they are great and good books—for there are bad books, just as there are false friends—it is impossible to know them too well or read them too often.

I dare say you have heard people speak of a taste for reading. Some children read greedily any book that comes in their way. A biography, a volume of travels, a poem, a history, even a cookery-book will attract their attention, and be read from the first page to the last. I even knew a boy who found inexhaustible pleasure in the study of *Bradshaw's Railway Guide.* Such little people have, no doubt, a taste for reading. But this taste, to be of much good, needs to be cultivated. A child may have what is called a natural ear for music; but this will never make him a good musician. He must be taught his notes, and learn a great deal besides, before his ear for music will prove of much service. Just so does the young book-reader need training in order that he may read wisely. Now I shall try and tell you, as well as I can in a few pages, how to read, and the good that is to be gained from reading; but there is something to be said first. You must learn—

How to use Books.

Books deserve to be treated with care. Think of the labour it has cost to produce them! The author's head-work is the hardest labour of all; but the paper-maker, the printer, the binder, the publisher, and sometimes the artist, have each to use brains and hands in the making of a book. If it be a good book, which our poet Milton calls "the precious life-blood of a master spirit," no toil is too great to expend upon it. If the words are beautiful, so also should be the form, and many of our publishers take delight in bringing out editions of famous poets and prose writers that it is a luxury to handle and to read. Now, not only books like these, but every book we read, should be used in a careful manner. We are gentle towards everything we love, and people who love books will be sure to treat them gently. Here are four rules to remember—1. Never turn down the leaves of a book. 2. Never play with the leaves so that they become dog-eared. 3. Never read a book with dirty or inky fingers. 4. Never place a book upon the table face downwards, lest you should crack the binding. A book that has been well read will no doubt show signs of use; but if it have been read with proper care, it will not show signs of neglect.

Suitable Books.

Young children with a craving for books cannot always gratify their special tastes, but must be content with what they find in the family bookcase. Pious people who really want to do children good will sometimes give them tracts or little books which teach them what a wicked world they live in, and how—which is, indeed, quite true—pain and sorrow and death are evils common to all men. A happy, healthy child, who has been taught to love his heavenly Father, who enjoys the sunshine and the flowers and feels his life in every limb, may read books of this kind, and for a moment be made unhappy by them; but he looks up to see his mother's smile, or he runs out into the fields and hears the birds singing, and the belief that he has been born into a happy world is once more strong within him. The tracts, you see, make no impression, because they are not fitting food for a joyous child; and just so, books that will do you good service must be books you can partially understand and appreciate. I say partially, because it is not necessary you should understand all a book teaches in order to gain delight from it, and wisdom also. It is a great pity when a boy or girl who really likes reading is forced to read dull books, or books that are unsuitable. And it is a terrible pity when all the literature open to boys and girls is of a trivial, feeble sort, or worse still, of a corrupting character. Happily good books for the young are numerous, and there are few children, whether in country or town, that have not access to some well-selected parish library.

The Bible.

And here, perhaps, I may remind you that there is one book good for all ages and for all circumstances in life. The first book an English child will learn to read is the Bible—that is to say, The Book which ranks above all other books as containing the Word of God. It would be easy to fill these pages with good words about the Bible ; but that is not my object now. All I want to say is that, apart from the great purpose with which it has been given to us, this book, or rather these books, for the Bible consists of many volumes composed in different ages by historians, prophets, poets, and apostles—this book, I say, is the most interesting that has ever been written. There is, no doubt, much in it hard to be understood ; but there is much more which a child can understand and enjoy. The beautiful Old-Testament stories of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, of Samuel and David, of Elijah and Daniel, are told in our translation of the Bible in the most beautiful English that was ever written. Then in Job, the Book of Psalms, and the prophecies of Isaiah, we have the devout thoughts of good men expressed in the highest strain of poetry; and, passing on from these, we come to the simple gospel story—the story of glad tidings—with our Lord's parables and precepts, His gracious deeds and divine words, followed by the Acts of the Apostles and the letters they wrote to the first Christian disciples. Our English Bible is not only the first book that should be read by the child, because it tells him what no other book can, but because it is the key to so many other good books—that is to say, it opens them and makes them plain. Nobody who has read this wonderful book carefully, and who loves the wise and beautiful lessons it contains, will like to read what is coarse and evil. He will have a taste for something better.

Two Words explained.

You will all have seen the word "Literature," but probably you would find it difficult to tell me what it means. I must try and explain the term as well as I can. First of all, I will tell you what it is not. Books have been written upon every subject in which men are interested. The architect, the engineer, the lawyer, the doctor consult books that will help them in their professions; but law books, and medical books, and books on architecture—books written for a special class—are not literature. On the other hand, books written in verse or prose that awaken thought, that give solace and delight, and lift us above the narrow round of our daily life—books that make us happier, wiser, even merrier—are books that deserve to be called literature. Our poets, our historians, our essayists, our novelists, the travellers who describe what they have seen in different parts of the world, the critics who write about books and show us their faults and beauties, have all contributed to build up what we call our national literature, by which we mean the literature produced by Englishmen. Every great people has produced a noble literature, and this is, indeed, one of the chief signs of its greatness. We read the literature of the Jews in the books which form our Bible; ancient Greece produced a literature unequalled in Europe to this day for beauty of language and wealth of thought ; Rome, that once ruled the world, did so first by the sword, then by her laws, and then by the poets and historians who have made the Latin language so famous. Modern nations, too—such as Germany, France, and Italy—can each boast a national literature ; but not one of these countries has a literature equal to that which is open to readers of the English language. Here, then, is a vast store-house full to overflowing of precious treasures, and the wealth piled up may so puzzle the youth who looks in at the door, that he will perhaps hesitate to enter. What can he do ? he may ask; how can he best use the good gifts that wise and great Englishmen have left for his service? In reply to this question I must explain to you another word, and that word is Culture. You know the difference between land in its natural state and land that has been drained and manured, that has felt the ploughshare and the harrow; you know, too, the difference between the flowers of our woods and fields and the flowers that grow in a well-cared-for garden. Some sort of difference like this may be seen between people whose minds have been allowed to run wild and people whose minds are carefully cultivated. The contrast, however, is not quite complete, because nature however wild, and flowers however untended, are always beautiful; but there is no beauty in a mind that, like the garden of the sluggard, contains nothing save wild briars, thistles, and thorns. In order, then, to read books so as to get good out of them, the mind needs culture, which is not mere knowledge, although that is very needful, but the power of seeing what is good and wise in a book, and rejecting what is feeble and false. This power cannot be acquired off-hand like a lesson. Some people, although they may read a great deal, never gain this gift, never know how to use their reading wisely. They have a confused notion of many things, but they know nothing thoroughly, partly because they have never had the training so necessary in early life, and partly because they read books in a sleepy, stupid way, content to be amused, and not wishing to learn. Reading, you will see, may be the idlest of pastimes, a pursuit followed from mere indolence and emptiness of mind. I am writing, however, for boys and girls who want to know how to read, and for them a few hints shall be given that may prove generally useful.

Reading with a Purpose.

Some of the children who read these pages will have visited the British Museum, but few probably have entered the Reading Room with its splendid dome and vast shelves of books. Those who may have done so will have been told that the books they see are but few in comparison with the number contained in that immense library. Now it is evident that if a man were to read in that room every day and all day through a long life, the books he read would be insignificant in number when compared with the volumes stored up in the Museum. What then does the student do, who wants to make good use of that great library? He selects a subject, and chooses books that will tell him what he wants to know on that subject. And just in the same way the boy or girl who loves reading, and wishes to gain from it something more than mere amusement, must choose some subject—that is to say, he must read with a purpose. Mind I do not say that amusement is not sometimes a sufficient reason for taking up a book. We cannot be always wise, and a capital story-book—a book for example like "Alice in Wonderland," or "Cast up by the Sea," is as good a recreation for a child on a rainy day as a game at cricket or rounders when the sun is shining. As you grow up you will, I hope, read a number of stories, and among others, the stories written by Sir Walter Scott, which are so pure, so wise, so beautiful, that young people, and old people too, will be happier and better for reading them. The boy or girl who does not love a good tale will not often be found to care for books of any kind.

But if reading for amusement is an easy and pleasant thing to do in leisure moments, reading with a purpose requires resolution and courage. Without these virtues neither boy nor man will do much good in life, and therefore it is well to remember, even in early years, that nothing of lasting value can be acquired without labour. There is no doubt plenty of reading that needs no thought, but then it does no good, and only serves, as people say, to kill time—a horrible expression when you come to think about it. To get good from a book you must feel a thorough interest in it. A boy who keeps pigeons and is fond of them will read with great eagerness any book that tells him about those birds; and you may be sure that when he reaches the end of that book he will have learnt all it has to teach him. And the reason is plain. The boy is interested in his subject, he wants to gain knowledge, and this desire makes it pleasant to acquire it. So you see he has been reading with a purpose.

A Plan for Reading.

The young reader who is beginning to understand the importance of reading is apt to waste the time which he is really wishing to improve. Now it is impossible to give him all the advice that might be of use to him in this difficulty, but I will give him one hint that may be serviceable, and one which an intelligent boy or girl can follow to some extent alone, and may follow easily with the help of a master.

I will suppose that the student has already some knowledge of English history, and especially of that history from the time of the Reformation, when a new era began in these islands. Whatever is really noble in English literature (with the exception of the poetry of Chaucer, who ranks among our greatest poets and lived in the fourteenth century) dates from the latter part of the sixteenth century, so that speaking roughly we may say that all the famous books England has given to the world have been given within three hundred years. Suppose then that we make our starting point the reign of Queen Elizabeth. If the chief events of that interesting reign are known to the young reader, he will have learnt from it, or rather this knowledge will come with riper age, that though our ancestors had many faults in those days (different, but not perhaps worse faults than we exhibit now), they had also splendid virtues, courage, self-denial, the love of enterprise, the love of country, faith in themselves and in God. The books people write are an index to character, and the books written during the reigns of Queen Elizabeth and James I. show the character of that age. Therefore you will see that the actions of that time as described by the historian, and the words of that time, uttered in literary form by poets and other writers, serve to illustrate each other. Study carefully then the history of Elizabeth's reign, and that of her successor, store up in your memory the principal dates and events, and then when these are familiar read some of the best books, or selections from the best books, written during that period, and learn the most important facts in the authors' lives. This advice is not of course intended for very young children, but boys and girls of twelve years old and upwards should not find it difficult to follow. They might read some of Shakespeare's plays, some beautiful passages from Spenser's "Fairie Queene," and many of the lovely songs and lyrics written in that golden age of English poetry; and they might read, and could not fail to read with pleasure, the lives of the brave soldiers, sailors, and travellers who helped to make that age so famous—the lives, for instance, of Drake and Frobisher, of Sir Philip Sidney and of Sir Walter Raleigh, which have all been written, and written extremely well, by modern writers. It was the age of adventure, and the daring deeds of English seamen were as famous then as they have been in later years. Read what those men did, and you will say that they were men of whom Wolfe and Nelson and Collingwood might well have been proud. Read about the Elizabethan heroes in the first place, and then if you read the life of Lord Nelson, so beautifully told by Southey, or the life of the good and brave Collingwood, or the lives of Wellington, Lawrence, and Havelock, whose brave doings should be known to every English child, you will learn how the spirit that animated the men who fought and laboured for England three hundred years ago has inspired also the splendid deeds achieved in our own century. Thus you see that books will not only tell you what has been done by famous Englishmen in days gone by, but may also call forth one of the noblest of virtues—Patriotism, or the love of country. And no man who loves England, no child who has learnt to be proud of his English birthright, will do aught that can disgrace the English name. The more you know of this dear island—"this precious stone set in the silver sea"—the better will you love it, and this knowledge, remember, is to be chiefly gained by books. You will understand now I think how close is the connection between the history of a country and its literature—between the heroes, martyrs, and statesmen, who have fought, bled, and laboured for their country's welfare, and the poets and historians who have sung their praises or recorded their acts.

One or two words more must be added here. You will see that the plan of reading suggested may be followed through any reign or any portion of a reign, but though system in reading is good, it is not necessary to follow it too strictly. Sometimes it may be best to read the book that comes easiest to hand, and a good book, remember, may be read and read and read again, and each time with greater benefit. What child ever grew tired of "Robinson Crusoe" or the "Pilgrim's Progress?" what man that loves reading can grow weary of Shakespeare or of Scott? The number of books and cheap magazines printed in our day may tempt a young reader to be indolent, and to pass from one to another as a butterfly from flower to flower without mastering any. A few books well chosen and well read will be better than many books glanced at carelessly. A sensible man, Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton, advised his son not to take up any book without reading it to the end. The advice may have been good for Buxton's son, but it is not good in all cases, and might disgust some young readers altogether. For different minds not only is different food needed, but it must be taken in a different way. Variety is more necessary in some cases than in others, but all minds—young minds as well as old—need discipline; and if it be enough for the student to taste certain books, it is only when other books are patiently studied and inwardly digested.

How to Remember What is Read.

I have said that we do not easily forget what we read on a subject that greatly interests us. A man who is told that some one has left him a large sum of money is sure not to forget that news. A boy who has the promise of a cricket-bat will not forget that promise. And so you see there is a connection between a strong interest and a good memory. It is generally true that a man who loves poetry remembers poetry; that the man with a strong curiosity to learn the facts of history remembers those facts; and it may be safely said that the child whose interest is thoroughly aroused in any subject is certain to recollect what he reads about it. There are many things it is necessary to know which cannot attract a child. These must be learnt by heart; and as the memory, like every other faculty, grows stronger by exercise, it is well that it should be thus used in early life. Useful facts, such as dates, if stored in the memory while young, will be fresh for use in after days, and in all future reading they will be found of service. There are other ways in which the memory may be strengthened; and no doubt the young reader will agree with me that if not more useful, these ways are more agreeable than the dull storing up of figures. Suppose, for instance, that after reading a charming tale you shut the volume and try to tell the story to your brothers and sisters. This may, no doubt, be difficult at first; but the labour will soon become a pleasure, and the effort to recall the tale will so fix it in your mind that many a long year afterwards it will be still remembered. This is one hint to the boy or girl bent upon self-improvement; and I need scarcely add that the endeavour to write down in simple language an account ot what has been read is another way of strengthening the memory. Indeed, it is something more, and may be a lesson in English composition, which is, you know, the art of writing English.

Reading Aloud.

The art of reading aloud should be practised by every reader. A book read in a clear voice, with proper emphasis and feeling, seems quite different from the same book read in a sing-song drawl. The noblest words ever written are likely to fall upon deaf ears when read as task work and without animation. The mind of the reader does not come into contact with the mind of the writer; and so the thoughts uttered, however beautiful and worthy, make little if any impression on those who hear them. Every child will have noticed this in church. One clergyman has read the words of Bible or Prayer-book so as to compel him to listen; another has read the same words so as to send him to sleep. To read well you must understand and feel what you are reading, and the more alive with meaning the words are to you the better will you utter them. Thus a good reader not only makes his hearers understand the book he reads, but proves by his clearness of utterance and modulation of tone that he understands it well himself.

A good voice is what we call a gift of nature, and the charm of its sweetest tones cannot be acquired; but the voice is so flexible an organ that, however naturally defective, it can be trained and improved, and every young person may learn the art of elocution, or of distinct and forcible utterance, which is essential to good reading. Poetry and rhythmical prose, that is to say, prose that moves in a kind of harmonious measure, should be read aloud, and if possible in the open air. Let the boy or girl begin by a clear and energetic recitation of such stirring verses as Drayton's "Agincourt," Scott's "Flodden Field," Campbell's "Hohenlinden," Macaulay's "Lays," and Tennyson's "Charge of the Light Brigade." From these he might pass on to descriptive and pathetic poetry—to the incomparable "Elegy" of Gray, to Goldsmith's "Traveller" and "Deserted Village," to Wordsworth's loveliest lyrics, and to the many noble passages in Shakespeare which are fitted for recitation. And, lastly, let him turn to the sublime and unapproachable harmony of Milton, whose majestic verse, although perhaps but dimly understood, will fill the ear and gladden the heart with its enchanting music and superb beauty of form. Every word in the works of a great poet has a special meaning, and so you will see how necessary it is that every word should receive due attention from the reader. In reading prose, it is possible to slur over words, to clip them, and to treat them with something like contempt, but in reading verse this is not so easy to do, and therefore it will be well to study the art of reading aloud through the help of our great poets. And, in order to succeed in this accomplishment, it is advisable —I had almost said necessary—to commit poetry to memory. Thus only will it become a part, as it were, of your mental property, and only by this familiarity with poetical words and imagery will you be able to read poetry as it deserves to be read. It is not necessary to do more than mention the conspicuous faults of bad readers. Some read as if they were crying, although the subject may be the merriest in the world; some whine and some drawl; some assume an artificial sort of voice, altogether unlike the voice in which they talk to a friend; some lay an emphasis on the wrong words; some mumble their words so indistinctly, and read in such a monotonous tone, that it is impossible to listen to them with patience. Remember, then, in reading aloud, to avoid all tiresome effort. Be natural; speak with clearness; understand and feel what you read; and you can hardly fail to read well.

And now, before I end this "talk," let me remind you that it is possible to be a slave even to books. Books cannot be loved too well, but they must be loved wisely. Some young people live in a kind of book-world, and forget the living world around them; and older people become sometimes so absorbed in the imaginary griefs of characters in novels as to disregard the real troubles of their friends and neighbours. This is not making a good use of books. Then, if books so occupy you that you do not care about the beautiful world in which you are living, it is a sign that you are not using them to good purpose. The mountains and woods, the sky and ocean, the birds and flowers have a thousand voices; but it is possible to close our ears against them, and to despise that Book of Nature which is open to every one and has a lesson for all. Yet remember that other books are great and pure and noble in proportion as they make us see more clearly and enjoy more thankfully the glories displayed in this infinitely wonderful Book, of which David speaks so well in the nineteenth Psalm and in the one hundred and fourth Psalm. Many and many a lesson must be learned about this world which books cannot convey, and the proof of what a man knows and can do is not always to be tested by his book-knowledge. It is possible to write many books or to read them without growing in wisdom, just as it is possible to travel in foreign countries and to learn no more than if you had remained at home.

I hope that what has been said will be enough to teach many a young reader that one of the most substantial enjoyments of life is to be found in books. With such companions no one need be idle or dull. Let them be used thoughtfully and lovingly, and you will find that they grow dearer every day.

SIR WALTER SCOTT AND HIS MOTHER.

IT was in the spring of 1758 that the daughter of a distinguished professor of medicine in the University of Edinburgh changed her maiden name of Rutherford for her married name of Scott, having the happiness to unite her lot with one who was not only a scrupulously honourable man, but who, from his youth up, had led a singularly blameless life. Well does Coventry Patmore sing—

> "Who is the happy husband? He
> Who, scanning his unwedded life,
> Thanks Heaven with a conscience free,
> 'Twas faithful to his future wife."

Such a husband as this was the father of Sir Walter Scott—a Writer to the Signet (or lawyer) in large practice in Edinburgh. He had never been led from the right way; and when the less virtuously inclined among the companions of his early life in Edinburgh found that they could not corrupt him, they ceased after a little while to laugh at him, and learned to honour him and to confide in him—"which is certainly," says he who makes the record on the authority of Mrs. Scott herself, "a great inducement to young men in the outset of life to act a similar part." It does not appear that old Walter Scott sought for beauty of person in his bride, though no doubt the face he loved was more beautiful to him than that of the bonniest belle in Scotland; but beauty of mind and disposition she certainly had. Of her father it is told that, when in practice as a physician, he never gave a prescription without silently invoking on it the blessing of Heaven, and the piety which dictated the custom had been inherited by his daughter. Her education also had been an excellent one—giving, besides a good general grounding, an acquaintance with literature, and not neglecting "the more homely duties of the needle and the accompt-book." Her manners, moreover (an important and too often neglected factor in a mother's influence over her children), were finished and elegant, though intolerably stiff in some respects when compared with the manners and habits of to-day. The maidens of 1881 can hardly realise, for instance, the asperity of the training of their embryo great-grandmothers, who were always made to sit in so Spartanly upright a posture that Mrs. Scott, in her seventy-ninth year, boasted that she had never allowed her shoulders to touch the back of her chair!

As young Walter was one of many children he could not of course monopolise his mother's attention; but probably she recognised the promise of his future greatness (unlike the mother of the Duke of Wellington, who thought Arthur the family dunce) and gave him a special care; for, speaking of his early boyhood, he tells us: "I found much consolation in the partiality of my mother." And he goes on to say that she joined to a light and happy temper of mind a strong turn to study poetry and works of imagination. Like the mothers of the Ettrick shepherd and of Burns, she repeated to her son the traditionary ballads she knew by heart; and, so soon as he was sufficiently advanced, his leisure hours were usually spent in reading Pope's translation of Homer aloud to her, which, with the exception of a few ballads and some of Allan Ramsay's songs, was the first poetry he made acquaintance with. It must often have been with anxiety, and sometimes not without a struggle, that his mother—solicitous about every trifle which affected the training of her child—decided on the books which she was to place in his hands. She wished him to develop his intellectual faculties, but not at the expense of his spiritual; and romantic frivolity and mental dissipation on the one hand, and a too severe repression—dangerous in its after reaction—on the other, were the Scylla and Charybdis between which she had to steer. The ascetic Puritanism of her training and surroundings would naturally have led her to the narrower and more restrictive view, in which her husband, austerer yet, would have heartily concurred; but her broad sense, quickened by the marvellous insight that comes from maternal love, led her to adopt the broader, and, we may safely add, with Sir Walter's career and character before us, the better course. Her courage was, however, tempered with a wise discretion; and when he read to her she was wont, he says, to make him "pause upon those passages which expressed generous and worthy sentiments"—a most happy method of education, and a most effective one in the case of an impressionable boy. A little later, when he passed from the educational care of his mother to that of a tutor, his relations to literature changed, as the following passage from his autobiography will show: "My tutor thought it almost a sin to open a profane play or poem; and my mother had no longer the opportunity to hear me read poetry as formerly. I found, however, in her dressing-room, where I slept at one time, some odd volumes of Shakespeare; nor can I easily forget the rapture with which I sate up in my shirt reading them by the light of a fire in her apartment, until the bustle of the family rising from supper warned me that it was time to creep back to my bed, where I was supposed to have been safely deposited since nine o'clock." This is a suggestive, as well as a frank, story. Supposing for a moment that instead of Shakespeare, the room had contained some of the volumes of verse and romance which, though denying alike the natural and the supernatural virtues, are to be found in many a Christian home, how easily might he have suffered a contamination of mind. It has been proudly said of Sir Walter as an author that he never forgot the sanctities of domestic love and social duty in all that he wrote; and considering how much he did write, and how vast has been the influence of his work on mankind, we can hardly over-estimate the importance of the fact. Yet it might have been all wrecked by one little parental imprudence in this matter of books. And what excuse is there, after all, for running the terrible risk? Authors who are not fit to be read by the sons and daughters are rarely read without injury by the fathers and mothers; and it would be better by far, Savonarola-like, to make a bonfire of all the literature of folly, wickedness, and infidelity, than run the risk of injuring a child simply for the sake of having a few volumes more on one's shelves. In the balance of Heaven there is no parity between a complete library and a lost soul. But this story has another lesson. It indicates once more the injury which may be done to character by undue limitations. Under the ill-considered restrictions of his tutor, which ran counter to the good sense of his mother, whose wisdom was justified by the event, Walter Scott might easily have fallen into tricks of concealment and forfeited his candour—that candour which developed into the noble probity which marked his conduct to the last. Without candour there cannot be truth, and, as he himself has said, there can be no other virtue without truth. Fortunately for him, by the wise sanction his mother had given to his perusal of imaginative writings, she had robbed them of a mystery unhealthy in itself; and he came through these stolen readings substantially unharmed, because he knew that his fault was only the lighter one of sitting up when he was supposed to be lying down.

Luckily this tutor's stern rule did not last long; and when a severe illness attacked the youth (then advanced to be a student at Edinburgh College) and brought him under his mother's charge once more, the bed on which he lay was piled with a constant succession of works of imagination, and he was allowed to find consolation in poetry and romance, those fountains which flow for ever for the ardent and the young. It was in relation to Mrs. Scott's control of her son's reading that he wrote with gratitude late in life, "My mother had good natural taste and great feeling." And, after her death, in a letter to a friend, he paid her this tribute: "She had a mind peculiarly well stored. If

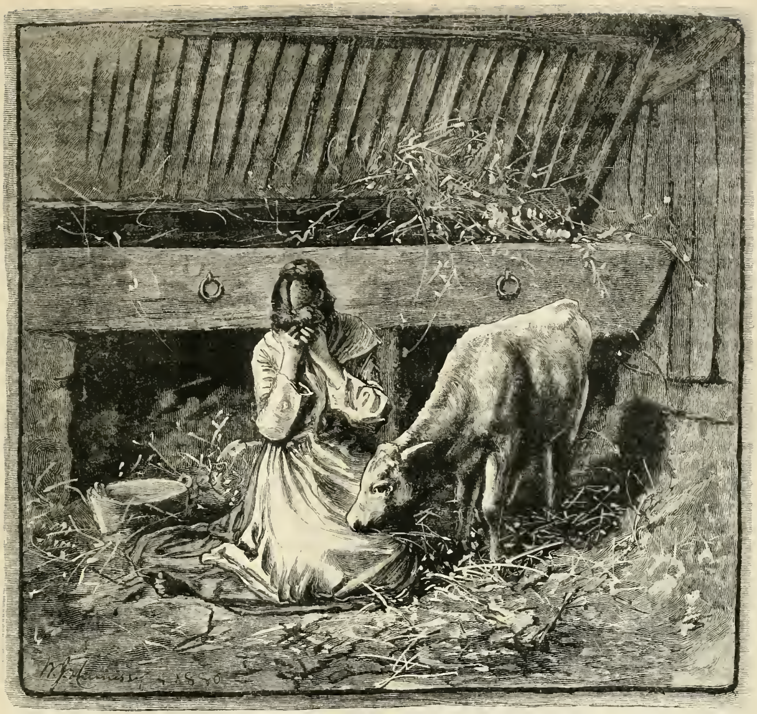
I have been able to do anything in the way of painting the past times, it is very much from the studies with which she presented me. She was a strict economist, which, she said, enabled her to be liberal; out of her little income of about £300 a year she bestowed at least a third in charities; yet I could never prevail on her to accept of any assistance." Her charity, as well as her love for genealogy and her aptitude for story-telling, was transmitted to her son. It found expression in him, not only in material gifts to the poor, but in a conscientious care and consideration for the feelings of others. This trait is beautifully exhibited by many of the facts recorded by Lockhart in his famous memoir, and also by a little incident, not included there, which I have heard Sir Henry Taylor tell, and which, besides illustrating the subject, deserves for its own sake a place in print. The great and now venerable author of "Philip Van Artevelde" dined at Abbotsford only a year or two before the close of its owner's life. Sir Walter had then lost his old vivacity, though not his simple dignity; but for one moment during the course of the evening he rose into animation, and it happened thus. There was a talk among the party of an excursion which was to be made on the following day, and during the discussion of the plans Miss Scott mentioned that two elderly maiden ladies living in the neighbourhood were to be of the number, and hinted that their company would be a bore. The chivalrous kindliness of her father's heart was instantly aroused. "I cannot call that good-breeding," he said in an earnest and dignified tone—a rebuke which echoed the old-fashioned teaching on the duties of true politeness he had heard from his mother half a century before.

We would gladly know more than we do of Mrs. Scott's attitude towards her son when first his *penchant* for authorship was shown. That she smiled on his early evidences of talent, and fostered them, we may well imagine; and the tenderness with which she regarded his early compositions is indicated by the fact that a copy of verses, written in a boyish scrawl, was carefully preserved by her, and found, after her death, folded in a paper on which was inscribed, "My Walter's first lines, 1782." That she gloried in his successes when they came we gather; for when speaking late in life to Dr. Davy about his brother Sir Humphry's distinction, Sir Walter, doubtless drawing on his own home memories, remarked, "I hope, Dr. Davy, that your mother lived to see it; there must have been great pleasure in that to her." But with whatever zeal Mrs. Scott may have unfolded Sir Walter's mind by her training, by her praise, by her motherly enthusiasm, it is certain that, from first to last, she loved his soul and sought its interest, in and above all. Her final present to him before she died was not a Shakespeare or a Milton, but an old Bible—the book she loved best, and for her sake Sir Walter loved it too.

Happy was Mrs. Scott in having a son who in all things reciprocated the affection of his mother. With the first five-guinea fee he earned at the bar he bought a present for her—a silver taper-stand, which stood on her mantel-piece many a year; when he became enamoured of Miss Carpenter he filially wrote to consult his mother about the attachment, and to beg her blessing upon it; when, in 1819, she died at an advanced age, he was in attendance at her side, and, full of occupations though he was, we find him busying himself to obtain for her body a beautifully situated grave. Thirteen years later he also rested from his labours. During the last hours of his lingering life he desired to be read to from the New Testament, and when his memory for secular poetry had entirely failed him, the words and the import of the sacred volume were still in his recollection, as were also some of the hymns of his childhood, which his grandson, aged six years, repeated to him. "Lockhart," he said to his son-in-law, "I have but a minute to speak to you. My dear, be a good man, be virtuous, be religious, be a good man. Nothing else will give you any comfort when you come to lie here."

So passed the great author of "Waverley" away. And when, in due course, his executors came to search for his testament, and lifted up his desk, "we found," says one of them, "arranged in careful order a series of little objects, which had obviously been so placed there that his eye might rest on them every morning before he began his tasks." There were the old-fashioned boxes that had garnished his mother's toilet-table when he, a sickly child, slept in her dressing-room; the silver taper-stand which the young advocate bought for her with his first fee; a row of small packets inscribed by her hand, and containing the hair of such of her children as had died before her; and more odds and ends of a like sort—pathetic tokens of a love which bound together for a little while here on earth, and binds together for evermore in heaven, Christian mother and son.

JOHN OLDCASTLE.



" There to wonder and weep, with a four-footed inobtrusive favourite."

DICK NETHERBY.

By L. B. WALFORD,

AUTHOR OF "TROUBLESOME DAUGHTERS," "PAULINE," ETC.

CHAPTER V.—A RETROSPECT.

LET us now go back a little.

On the first arrival of John Netherby's successor at the Home Farm, when the first sound of the McClintocks' wheels coming from the Port had been caught by Marion's listening ear, as she waited at a convenient corner, curiosity being strong within her bosom, she had given the reins to her spleen without restraint. Envy, malice, and all ill-feelings had struggled together for an outlet. She felt herself poor, despised, neglected all at once. She told herself, with stinging tears in her small bright eyes, what she had now to expect. What she would receive at the hands of these fine stuck-up gentry, who for certain would be full of airs and above their neighbours, was plain enough to her mind; and, having heard that Robin McClintock was a great man and highly esteemed in the country he came from, she felt that he would consider he had condescended, even as she had once so considered, in coming to such a dull, old-fashioned spot as Castle Aird.

Old-fashioned? Ay, it was that. But she, Marion Netherby, albeit she had dwelt there for the past three-and-twenty years—she was not old-fashioned. They should speedily find out that. It only rested with herself to open their eyes, and opened they should be without delay. They should hear her speak. They should behold her dress. They should find that on this desert shore was, at least, one civilised and enlightened human being.

How amazed then was Marion, on going down to make her first call at the farm, arrayed in her new black gown and cloak, handkerchief in hand and gentility in every step—how astonished and perturbed was she to find that all her preparations, all her time, pains, and trouble had been as completely thrown away as though she had prepared to strut and flaunt before the white owls which hooted on the fence behind the woodland cottage in the twilight.

She had washed and ironed her best broad-hemmed handkerchief, mended her kid gloves, and spent a full hour in arranging, as she said, her toilet; and she was met at the door by worthy Dame McClintock herself, wiping her hands on her apron, and looking as though she had never worn a cuff on her sleeve, or a brooch on her collar in her life.

"'Deed, an' she was a sicht to see," quoth the farmer's wife afterwards, referring to her visitor. "'Deed, the sicht o' her prancin' up to the door, an' tippin'[1] up to her chair, wi' yon nipkin flichterin'[2] here an' flichterin' there, garred me lauch sae I kenned na whaur to pit mysel'. Sae dressed-up mim-mou'd[3] a mistress ne'er sat i' my muckle chair afore; an' 'twere na for her doon-come, an' that the puir thing is but a feckless body, an's like to hae a hingin' lug at us for coming to her auld place, she'd no' sit there anither time. Losh me! I'd no' be ill-gated at ony ane, but to see yon woman come wauchlin'[4] ben, wi' her upset chin an' yammarin'[5] tongue, an' me in a kauch[6] o' wark, an' Meg kirnin', an' a' the hooss wrang side up'maist,—it was mair than I could weel thole, an' ye wadna hae likit it yersel', gude-man. 'Deed, an' I think yon Marion Netherby 's little better than a natural."

The farmer had, it will be gathered, protested against the apparent inhospitality of his wife's comments. In his big comfortable way he would have had every feeble thing that crossed his path tolerated, and it had seemed to him that the relict of his predecessor had met with but a scant welcome on the threshold of her own former abode. He had not seen Marion. He had been with his men in the fields, and, like many another husband who has not been called upon to play the host, he found it easy to exclaim, "My certie, gude-wife, ye mun hae keepit yersel' unco abeigh!"[7] in accents which showed that manners less lofty would have pleased him better.

Afterwards Rob changed his note. He paid the dame a visit, and was scared by what he saw and heard. Subsequent interviews only served to deepen the impression of disgust whilst dispelling all illusions, until at length it came to this, that the very sound of Marion's shrill voice anywhere about affected his temper, or, in his own phrase, "gied him saeged[1] teeth."

But he had no fault to find with the young keeper. Dick neither "set himself up" in his ways, nor "niffy-naffied"[2] with his tongue. He was, the manager owned, a fine strip of a fellow, a sharp youngster, and a lad who would rise in his business. He might not have been fit for the post his father had held. "Troth, no. Tell ye what, freens"—here Rob would smack his lips—"tell ye what, the haill place, land an' stock, lads an' lasses, was in a hurly-burly the like o' whilk I ne'er saw a' my days, whan I cam' to Castle Aird. It's ill lichtlin'[3] deed fowks, an' we kenna wha' may be the neist, but I mun say, gif my tongue were to be bitten oot for it, that frae a' I hear o' yon John Netherby, he mun hae been nae mair gude at the heed o' a place like this than a rotten potato stalk. A pieferin[4] useless crater. Atweel," with compunction, "maybe I'm wrang; but his ways will no be my ways ony gait. Ailin'? Nae doot the man was ailin'. Ailin' an' deein' forbye. But, Losh me! gif I had ae fut i' the grave, I wad kick a peat to its richt stance wi' the ither."

After which he would, in remorse for the outbreak, redouble his hearty clap on the shoulders of the dead man's son. Dick had the run of the house. The very sight of his face and sound of his footfall quieted the conscience of the kindly, prosperous McClintock, and henceforth for every real or fancied neglect of Mrs. Netherby, he did a pleasant penance when showing hospitality to her flesh and blood in the person of her boy.

This had gone on some time before an inkling of what lay beneath penetrated Rob's hard head; but at length a day came when he thus addressed his wife. "Ahem—mistress, a word wi' ye, please." She had been hurrying away on household cares intent. "A word wi' ye," quoth the farmer slowly, "anent yon lang-legged chiel, wha's awa the noo. I'm thinkin' he's been here the nicht, an' he was here yestreen, an' he was here——"

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(1) Mincing, or tripping. (2) Handkerchief fluttering. (3) Affected in speech. (4) Tottering. (5) Whimpering. (6) Bustle. (7) Distant.

(1) Set on edge. (2) Troublesome about trifles. (3) Slighting. (4) Trifling.

“Monday, Tuesday, an’ Wednesday,” nodded Mrs. McClintock, smiling. “Aweel?”

“Monday, Tuesday, an’ Wednesday, forbye Thursday an’ Friday,” said Rob, shaking his head, and looking hard at her. “It’s ower aften—ower aften, yon.”

“Aweel, gude man,” rejoined the dame composedly, “it was yersel’ wha bade him come.”

“Bade him come? Ay, faith, ’twas mysel’ bade him come. But did I bid him come mornin’, noon, an’ nicht? Did I bid him come when I’m oot amang the neeps, an’ nane but womenfowks at hame? There’s gude mids in a’ things, an’ gif I say, ‘Gang ben the hooss an’ see the mistress’ ae day i’ the week, is that to say I’m to fin’ him fyachlin aboot[1] ilka day an’ a’ day lang? Na, na! Na, na, I say. There’s been ower muckle o’ this a’ready, there mun be nae mair.”

The tone still more than the words made the gude-wife open her eyes.

“An’ what for no’?” she began weakly.

“What for no’? I’ll sune tell ye what for no’?” rejoined Rob, with emphasis. (“Deed, an’ I think the woman’s bleer-e’ed, no’ to hae seen it for hersel’”—in parenthesis.) “Hark ye to me then, mistress. D’ye think Dick Netherby comes roond an’ roond for you or for me? Cares he a hait[2] for a twa-hand crack wi’ the tane or the tither o’ us? Is na it aye ‘Meg, Meg’?” clapping his hands on his knees, and confronting the revelation boldly.

Nor had the manager’s penetration stopped short even here.

“Ay, ay,” he went on presently, and something like a sigh escaped with the words. “Ay, ay; it’s the auld story ower again. But,” and his brow darkened, and his hand closed, “it’s no a story I like to hear—it’s no the honest heart-to-heart tale Dick Netherby wad fain mak’ it oot. He canna cheat me. It’s no for what she *is*, but for what she *has*, or is like to hae, that yon slippery tongued callant comes speerin’ after the manager’s dochter. Noo ye hae my mind o’t. Puir bit lassie! It’s a sair thing for a woman no to be bonnie—an’ maistly when the lads begin to fin’ it oot.”

“’Deed, Meg’s as bonnie as ither fowks,” rejoined his wife tartly. “Bonnie indeed!” throwing up her nose. “I wadna gie a snip o’ thread for ane o’ your smirking sonsiefaced tawpies,[3] that gang up and down castin’ their e’en this way an’ that; I’m for nane o’ them! Gude faces are the best faces, say I.”

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[1] Hanging about. [2] Whit. [3] Fools of girls.

“Like eneugh, gude-wife,” said Rob drily, “hoosome’er, I misdoot the lads arena commonly o’ your opinion.”

“Lads!” quoth Mrs. McClintock, with a fine touch of scorn. “Lads! Wha cares what opinion they are o’? Set them up for judges! What are the lads to me, or to Meg? I’m wantin’ nae lads whilly-whawin[1] roond my dochter, I ken that. Nae mair does she. They may gang their ways for either o’ us.”

“Dick Netherby amang them?”

“I ken naethin’ aboot Dick Netherby,” replied the dame demurely. “Dick Netherby is a quiet, weel-doin’, ceevil-spoken young man, an’ there is na a wheesht against him that e’er cam’ my way. No that it matters—no that it matters,” she added hastily. “He comes an’ he goes—but it’s naethin’ to me—he comes an’ he goes ——”

—“Wi’ a purpose, my auld leddy. Ay, ye may blink yer e’en, but I’m no sae daft but what I ken a thing or twa yet. Uphaud your dochter an ye wull, Mysie,” he added more gently, “I’m no blamin’ ye, but if it be the wull o’ Providence that she should be ill-faured[2]——”

“I think the man’s demented,” cried his wife, losing all patience. “Ill-faured, quo’ he? ’Deed, an’ gif her ain fayther has his fling at my puir bairn, it’s like the lave will follow,” softening to a whimper. “Wha”—sobbing—“wha e’er minted[3] that Meg was ill-faured till noo?”

But Rob stood firm. “I maun say my say,” he maintained doggedly. “Ill-faured or weel-faured, Dick Netherby wad ne’er hae luikit oor way but for the lassie’s siller.”

“An’ shame on you for thinkin’ sae.” Mrs. McClintock whisked her apron from her eyes. “Shame on you, I say, for a fayther, wha first wad let doon your ain ae bairn, an’ neist cast a stane at her sweetheart!”

“What does her sweetheart want wi’ my siller?”

“Your siller—*your* siller,” cried she, panting, “your siller, indeed!” not knowing what else to say.

“The wun’ is i’ that airt, is it?” said Rob quietly. “My certie, but he has played his pliskies[4] weel. Faith, I had nae thocht that Maister Dick had been blawin’ i’ the mistress’ lug, as weel as i’ that o’ the miss. I’m thinkin’ he has coorted baith the twa o’ ye,” he added.

Of course Dick had, and of course the parent who had been thus won over indignantly repelled the charge. “Courted her, forsooth! It was a cryin' shame to speak o' siccan a thing! Because Dick looked in i' the byegaun, an' whiles maybe had a hare or a rabbit in his han'—'deed an' Rob liked naethin' sae weel as a roast maukin[1] wi' a taste o' currant jelly," &c., &c.

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[1] Wheedling. [2] Ugly. [3] Insinuated. [4] Tricks.

Rob heard her out. "It's a' true, vera true, an' weel thocht o', gude-wife," he observed at length. "A quiet, douce-tempered lad is gude company, an' roast maukin is na bad eatin'; but am I to sell my dochter for a mess o' pottage, think you, woman? Is Meg to gang in exchange for a wheen four-footed animals? I'll get ye your table filled cheaper than that. Send Mrs. Netherby a pig o' butter, or a cut o' cheese, an' that's free trade, an' a's said an' dune. What I'm at the noo's anither matter. I wad fain warn ye——"

Warn her? Mrs. McClintock turned round on the spot and declared audaciously that she had seen from the first what was coming, and needed no warning. She knew, of course she knew, what was to be expected. And what had Rob, pray, to say against it? Dick might be no great things, but he was a scholar, and his father had been overseer, and his mother——

"The less o' her the better," asserted Rob grimly. "The less upo' that heed the better. Hearken to me, mistress: it's no' his fayther, nor yet his mither, I'm thinkin' o'. Faur be it frae me to cast up the shortcomin's o' his kinsfolk to ony ane, but it's the lad himsel' wha's rotten, rotten to the core. Gif I seed Dick Netherby straicht an' true, fair weather or foul, wi's heart an' saul seekin' oor Meg, for her ain dear sake an' nae ither, he suld hae her—ay, he suld hae her," bringing down his fist on the table with a heavy bang. "An' he suld hae my blessin' wi' her, forbye a' that moil and toil, savin' an' strivin', the swat o' my broo, an' the wark o' my hands has wrought thegither for her portion; but whan I see—mark you, I'm no' sayin' 'gif' I see, but 'whan' I see—a lad coortin' a lass, wi's e'e on her pocket, an' ne'er a thocht nor a look for hersel',—haud your wheesht then, for that's the Lord's truth as I am here to speak it—whan I see a fair-farrend, whuddin'[2] youngster coming that gait ower me an' my bairn, I'm blessed if he gets plack or bawbee o' mine an' he had the tongue o' the auld serpent himsel'!"

CHAPTER VI.—A TERRIBLE APPARITION.

SUCH being the farmer's avowed decision, and it having been arrived at shortly after the Halloween party, it will astonish no one to hear that a less cordial greeting than had of late fallen to Marion was accorded her on her next visit to the farm. Mrs. Snip-Snap, as she was designated there behind her back, took an early opportunity of going down to pay her respects, and sniff out all she could, and she had pleasing anticipations in so doing.

Of late she had found herself uncommonly comfortable when enthroned in the "muckle chair," which had replaced her own more genteel couch by the kitchen fire. She had always been ashamed of sitting in her kitchen (a point on which John, however, would not give way), and had done her best to parlourify the room by introducing a sofa and other elegancies. She had never received a visitor without an apology, and had taken pains early in the day to inform Mrs. McClintock of the numerous reasons why such a vulgarity had been submitted to; but Mrs. McClintock had answered in her simple way, "Gudesakes, mistress, wha wad fash wi' their best room ilka day?" and had never dreamed of inducting madam into it. She had been ushered into the kitchen forthwith, had been plumped down into the farmer's own huge, strong, common, cumbersome arm-chair, and had found, to tell the truth, that it yielded such a sense of luxurious repose after her walk, that she had made her way by instinct to the same corner on every subsequent occasion.

Betwixt herself and Mrs. McClintock, Marion felt with pride that there never was, never could be, any sympathy. The feeling was reciprocal. How then came it about that instead of complaining as at first of her wearisome neighbour, instead of fretting beneath the burden of her society, the worthy wife of Rob McClintock not only pressed for a repetition of the widow's calls, but said nothing in disparagement of her or of them in subsequent conversation with her husband? It might have been supposed that having been chidden for previous lukewarmness, she would have hastened to inform him of the present amends so amply made. It might have been thought that nothing would have given him more pleasure than such ready obedience to his wishes. How was it then that when the poor little palefaced, black-robed widow was no longer held at arm's length, no one thought of informing Rob, and that without the interchange of a syllable Meg and her mother alike understood to hold their tongues?

Woman's wit was their prompter. For it had come to this, that Marion Netherby might come as often and sit as long as she chose

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(1) Hare. (2) Good-looking, lying.

in the ingle neuk, might ramble at her leisure over favourite topics, might sip her tea, or munch her cake as slowly and daintily as she pleased, Mrs. McClintock's endurance was proof against it all. This poor feeble creature, this "fule-like thing" had a son, and that son was about to wipe out in the eyes of the world the stain which attached to worthy homely Meg. No other suitor had ever appeared. The wealthy and suitable turned their eyes elsewhere; the inferior herd were daunted; Dick Netherby alone had fearlessly scaled the breach, and carried the citadel. Dick had cared for nothing. He had nodded his curly head in approval when first the scheme was mooted, and had set to work, half in jest and half in earnest, on the instant, and many unseen and undreamed of influences were on his side.

Meg's maidenhood, somewhat protracted as it had been, had been the one secret source of anxiety, the one ever-pricking thorn of good Mrs. McClintock's otherwise serene and placid life. Meg was now eight-and-twenty. "It was an unco'-like age—an' nae word o' a man!" People hinted that the anxious parent, as others in other spheres have done before her, had "looked at the riders, while the walkers passed by;" but if so, it is certain that she would have hailed a rider on the humblest donkey before she came to the Home Farm.

With the change of quarters hope again had awakened within the maternal bosom. Among fresh faces and in a fresh position the lassie would get a new start as it were,—and at all events not a soul at Castle Aird knew her age. Dick's own had been casually inquired of him, and the answer had produced a somewhat blank expression on the inquirer's beaming countenance, since Mrs. McClintock held to the orthodox idea that a man should be further advanced in years than his mate,—but she said not a word aloud. Internally, indeed, she told herself anew that twenty-one "was an unco'-like age," finding it as hard that Dick should be so young as that Meg should be so old, but the unpalatable morsel was swallowed somehow, and all went well thereafter. Dick was assiduous and successful, but to give the lad his due he did not deserve all the base imputation with which he was charged by the irate Rob. He had, as Mrs. McClintock allowed, been civil, and hares and rabbits had been plentiful; but he had not deliberately befooled Meg's simple parent. Somehow he honestly liked the kind dame, and practised no deception when hanging over her ironing-board. He liked her and her pleasant genial ways, as much as the warm bannock he got from her hand at parting. He would slip his arm round her broad shoulders and take his sly kiss with a genuine appreciation of the smooth wholesome cheek, which was never withdrawn too coyly, and the proper matronly push, and the tittering "Gae 'wa wi' ye, then," which followed, had no sound other than a cheerful encouraging one in his ears.

With Meg indeed he was playing a part—and a shameful one it was, but Meg's mother had a *bonâ-fide* piece of the boy's heart.

Both mother and daughter, then, were for Dick through thick and thin.

Mrs. Netherby had no difficulty in guessing why the blushing, smiling girl should hover round her chair the whole time of her stay, offering little services of love and respect. It was no mystery—nor was there pretence of one—why Marion met with such earnest and undivided attention, when Marion's son was the subject of her discourse. The mother's garrulity might run to any lengths so long as that name was the thread whereon it hung; and did she by chance or design drop that thread for a moment, the clumsiest pretext on the part of her auditor would bring it to the front again.

Meg thought it no harm, poor girl, to exhibit the bunches of scarlet rowans and purple heather placed in the window-sill by the young keeper's hands, and carefully tended there by hers. She saw no reason to be ashamed before the mother of her handsome sweetheart, if eye and voice betrayed he had been welcome. No, indeed, why should she?

There was, it will be thus seen, a tacit understanding on the subject; and it was accordingly only natural that Marion should step down to the farm with a light step, confident of welcome, on the very day, as it happened, after the conversation took place which was recorded in the last chapter.

Fain would Mrs. McClintock now have closed the door; but, alas! she had no headache, no pretext for resting, no boudoir in which to take refuge, none of the elegant excuses of refined life. Upon the impulse of the moment she did indeed fly out among her hens, making believe to feed them vehemently from a platter in her hand, albeit the vessel contained little that was savoury or succulent; but a moment's reflection showed the futility of such an arrangement, and brought her back to the door, striving valourously for her wonted smile and cheery greeting.

"It's you, mistress, is it? Ay, ay, an' welcome. Ye'll be forfochten[1] wi' the hill. Come ben the hooss. Meg's doon by. She'll be—hame—the noo."

It was a failure; she could not do it. She was wondering all the time what she should say; what Marion would say; and what, worst of all, her husband would say should he come in, as he was not unlikely to do that afternoon, and find the luckless visitor within. Her very soul quaked with apprehension as she wiped her hands slowly, lengthily, upon the roller towel in the back kitchen. She forgot to stand in front of the widow, talking and welcoming as was her wont, the while her apron was adjusted and her sleeves let down. She forgot to pull forward the big arm-chair. In her perturbation, indeed, she seemed busier than ever; but it was a meaningless, objectless fuss which succeeded Mrs. Netherby's arrival; a clattering and a putting away of dishes that were in nobody's way; a scolding of the cat who was harmlessly perambulating the dresser—a creation altogether of what she would herself have termed a "peyvee"—a useless, unnecessary bustle, which was meant effectually to prevent any settled conversation.

Such was, in truth, the good woman's aim, and beyond it she could not go. No wonder. Only the night before she had been, as we know, ruthlessly dropped upon by her inconsiderate husband, terrified by the extent of his discoveries, cut to the heart by his unpaternal clearness of vision, and utterly cast down and annihilated by his ultimatum. She had had to go through all this; and, with her breast all heaving with such emotions, had kept them sternly to herself, resolved that until time and thought had shown her in what way the news had best be broken to Meg, nothing of it should transpire through inadvertency; and then, no sooner had she cleared the house of her poor lassie—for Meg had in truth retreated to a corner of the byre, her own peculiar domain, there to wonder and weep in company with a four-footed inobtrusive favourite—no sooner was she freed from the scrutiny of the simple girl, whose eyes seemed already to have a shade of suspicion lurking within them, than down must needs come the very last person in all the world she wished to see. Try as she might, she could not treat Marion as of yore.

True, she sat down, and she tried to speak, but the words stuck in her parched throat. She faced her visitor, and her eyes passed beyond, and went roving down the road which led to the front door. She made believe to listen, and her ears were on the stretch for sounds from without.

Every noise seemed to startle them, and startled indeed she was, startled and breathless and uneasy beyond what Mrs. Netherby had ever seen anybody who had, as she reflected, no proper reason for being so, when it was only the lusty call of the master wanting some one to hold his horse, which made them both turn their heads, and only the woman's own husband, who thereafter appeared in the doorway, making Dame Mysie spring to her feet, and exhibit a pair of cheeks red like damask roses.

CHAPTER VII.—"AM I DAFT?"

"GUDE day t'ye, mistress," said Rob briefly.

Chance had not brought him thither; he had not broken in upon the widow's visit by a lucky accident; he had been riding round the country, and had taken his way by the keeper's lodge, with an eye to the grassy paths for his horse's feet, when it had dawned upon him that he would have no objection to falling in with Marion or her son, should they be about the doors; something might be made of such an opportunity.

Accordingly he had lingered by the way, and looked to right and left; he had even halted at the cottage door, and had ground himself up to halloo with something of decent heartiness, "Are ye wi'in, mistress?" but had met with no response.

For a few seconds he had waited pondering, then his eye had noted the closed door and window—which all at once he felt were locked; his ear had taken in the full meaning of the silence, and of the undisturbed repose which reigned throughout the small domain; his brow had flushed with a start of apprehension, and all was plain.

"She's doon by, or my name's no Rob McClintock!" Such had been the conviction of the moment, and although it was a natural and apparently simple one, it was pregnant with mischief to a mind already on the alert. "She's doon by, confoond her!"

He bit his lip, his thick under lip, savagely; but it was a momentary passion which acted thus as a spur, and almost immediately afterwards the dark wiry eyebrows, which had drawn together, bristling in a frown of vexation and disgust, lifted enough

(1) Exhausted.

to show a pair of light grey eyes beneath, twinkling with saturnine humour.

"Twa can play at that game, Marion. Aiblins ye have forgotten that, my braw woman. There's mair than you can haud their way to the farm the day. Hey-up, Jenny lass! Gang forrard — forrard, auld yaud[1]; we'll tak' the hooss i' the flank, and catch the twa o' them reid-hand. Ay, thae women, thae women!"

Somehow his wife had felt it in her bones that he would thus appear. It was the certainty of beholding such an apparition which had caused her to quake and tremble for the previous half-hour. She had a wholesome fear of Rob; he was, she would have told you, the best of fathers and husbands, "a canny man, and muckle thocht o'; but there was just ae thing aboot him, whiles he wad na be guided by naebody."

"Gin Rob taks a whimsie in's heed," she would declare, "he'll haud his ain gait—an' Balaam's ass hersel' wad na turn him, let alane me. It's nae use; words are nae use wi' oor gude-man, ance he's aff doon the road he's taen the notion to."

If Rob had come to fight now, not all the nods, frowns, and winks Mistress Mysie could make across the floor would turn him from his purpose. "Losh, no!" he would himself have declared. "Thinks she that I'm to be wheesht, and my mou' gaggit by a wheen Punch and Judy faces! The man's the heed o' the wife, an' gif a man lets his wife craw atap o' his midden, he is na fit to haud a besom-handle. 'Speak the truth, an' shame the deil,' say I, i' spite o' wives, women, an' warlocks."

"Gude day t'ye, mistress."

The words came quickly, heavily, like thunder-drops before an impending storm.

"Good day," replied Mrs. Netherby, rising, in her politeness and anxiety to be on good terms with Dick's future father-in-law. "I did not expect this pleasure, Mr. McClintock."

"Like eneugh, no," responded Rob.

"Are you not early home to-day?"

"Ower early, it wad seem, Mistress Netherby. I'm an interruption to your cracks, I doot. You an' my wife's sae thick the noo, ye canna fin' time for a' ye hae to say to ilk ither."

"Yes, indeed—I'm sure—it's a pleasure to me, I will say, to have *one* neighbour I can speak to. It's but lonesome at the cottage, Mr. McClintock. One never hears a voice from morn to night sometimes, and to be sure I was but little used to a dull life once," with a sigh.

"A dull life! Ahem! A dull life, say ye?" muttered the manager. Then in a louder and somewhat menacing tone, "An' what for needs your life be dull, mistress? Hae ye no your son, your bonnie Dick? What better company can ye want?"

"'Tis but little I see of him, Mr. McClintock, I assure you. He——"

—"Ye need na assure me; I ken weel eneugh. He canna be in twa places at ance, an' it's no like he can baith be by his ain ingleneuk an' mine. It's your turn here the noo, mistress; it's his i' the forenichts.[1] Aye the tane o' the tither is upo' the groond. I'm thinkin' ye're like the wee man an' woman i' the wather-glass, sune as t'ane gangs in, t'ither comes oot," laughing ironically.

("Losh me!" whispered Mrs. McClintock under her breath.)

"Dick has no time until evening," began Dick's mother, with an evident sense of apology being due, though she could not have precisely told for what. The half of the farmer's coarse speech had been unintelligible; and, indeed, she had merely gathered that in some fashion or other the young man had been found remiss.

"Time? wha has time?" replied Rob. "I'm no compleenin', mistress,"—himself somewhat astray. "Faith, we hae a' to do our wark, an' whan the wark's dune, hame's the place. D'ye tak' me noo? Nae offence, Mrs. Netherby, but talk o' your bein' lonesome—what for suld that lang-leggit loon o' yours be aye aff here, an' you sitting your lane up yonder?"

"Why, to be sure, it's very true," responded Marion, smiling. "But sure, Mr. McClintock, you would not have a fine young man like my son tied to his mother's apron-string?"

("Apron-string!" ejaculated Mrs. McClintock aside. "Apron-string, quo' she? *I* ne'er saw the apron!")

"I kenna aboot that," Rob was saying aloud. "I kenna aboot apron-strings an' thae duds. A' I ken is, I'm no minded to hae your son fyachlin roon here nae mair. Ye mun tell Dick frae me that he mun whustle his way to his ain fireside when he comes hame fra the hill, an' no be keepin' the lassies company i' the byre at the milkin', wi'oot he's bidden. Bid him bide at hame, mistress, an' ye'll no' feel the lonesomeness; an' what's mair, ye'll maybe keep your freens here into the bargain."

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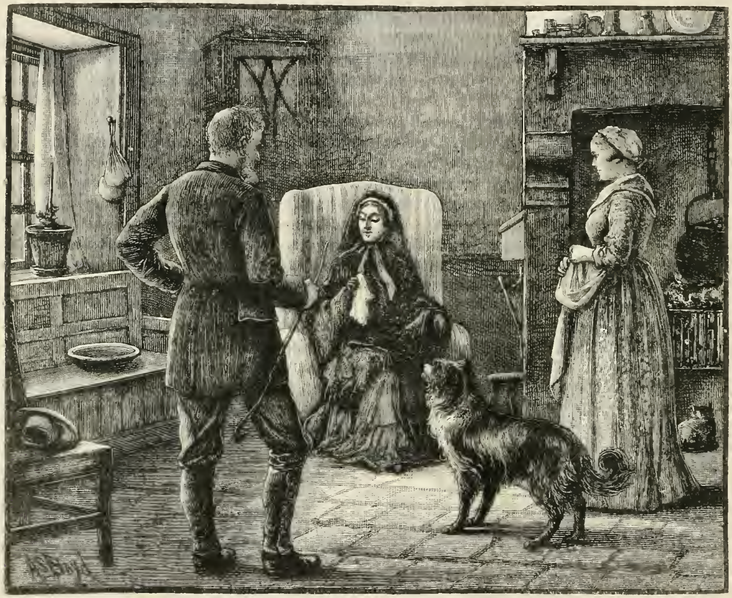
(1) Mare.

(1) Between twilight and bedtime.

(“Losh me!” cried his wife again to herself.)

“I'm sure I am very sorry,” said poor Marion, with a red face, and not without a touch of dignity in her accents. “I'm sure I never thought—I little expected that my son went where he was not wanted. When I had to do without him at home, and me a poor lone widow with no one else to look to”—a tear starting—“it was all the pleasure I had left to think he was kindly welcomed everywhere.”

“Welcomed? Wha said he wasna welcomed?” Rob moved uneasily. “Welcomed? He's welcome enough sae faur as welcome goes. He's welcome to bite an' sup. It ne'er was cas'n up to me or mine that onybody wha cam' by oor door—high or low, laird or gaberlunzie—wasna free to enter. Welcome?”—the word had stung him to the quick. “Hasna Dick had his welcome scores o' times? and see what's come o't! He's a deal mair welcome than yersel',” he growled beneath his collar.



“Dear me!” cried Marion, brightening—the last words had escaped her—“dear me, why then, Mr. McClintock, for sure I have mistaken your meaning. If it is of me you are kindly thinking, pray don't let me be in anybody's way.”

Rob laughed.

(“'Sakes, haud your tongue, woman, canna ye?” His wife groaned internally at the persistent folly of her visitor. “Haud your tongue, an' dinna drive the man clean wud[1]. An she had the sense of a peesweet she wad open her mou' nae mair, and rin awa 'ore anither word is said. Oo, she's at it again!” giving up all hopes.)

“Pray what is it you complain of?” inquired the widow.

She soon learned. She had made one lucky hit, and she was fool enough to try another. In using the word “welcome” she had almost silenced, and had certainly disconcerted, her adversary, and, could she but have pressed the matter no further, Dick might have come and gone at the Farm as he had done before. But with many a “dear” and

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(1) Mad.

"sure," with many an elegant toss of her head and flourish of her handkerchief, Marion proceeded.

Rob grew silent. It was the dumb lowering of the head before the charge.

("Ay, ye'll ha'e it noo!" commented Mrs. McClintock, in passive despair. Then she wiped her brow and lips, and sat with her hands before her, expectant.)

"Neebor," said Rob quietly, "I thocht my meanin' had been gae an' plain, but sin' ye fin' na it sae——"

"No, indeed; that was just it," Mrs. Netherby assured him. It was difficult enough for her to comprehend the peculiar Scottish jargon, for all the years she had been compelled to endure it, and it was not her fault that—but would he explain himself?

"I'll explain mysel'," replied Rob, very gently. "You an' me hae baith been warm——"

"Why, then," cried Marion joyfully, "say no more, and let bygones be bygones. I'm sure I'm ready to forget——"

"Na, ye munna do that," said Rob emphatically. "Forgettin' will no do. What I say mun be *remembered*, no forgotten. Ye thocht I had a craw to pluck wi' the keeper for gi'en us his company sae aften upo' my ain accoont, did ye? Na, na; I like the lad. I hae nae fau't to fin' wi' him, but the ane. Noo, mistress, hark ye to me," his tone suddenly changing. "Gae hame to Dick; tell Dick frae me, wi' my respecks, that I'm no the auld bodle[1] he tak's me for. He's a fine young man—ceevil, quiet—I'm no unfriendly; but what the deil"—suddenly—"does he think I canna tell the meanin' o't a'? Am I blind? am I deaf? am I daft? Am I to mak' him a curschy an' thank him for the honour he proposes to do my dochter? It's Meg he thinks to gie a drink o' the Dodgill Reepan[2] to, is't? My certie! he's no blate,[3] that Dick o' yours!"

"I—I—I—really—really," gasped poor Marion, choking and stammering beneath the overwhelming truth. "I—don't understand——"

—"Ye understan' eneugh for the purpose, I'se warrant," said Rob grimly. He had had his say out, and the final explosion had now cleared the air. "Dinna be frichted but what your son will understan' tae. Haste ye, noo, an' do your wark, mistress; for the sooner ye gar Dick understan', the better 'twill be for him an' for me, an' for a'body—an' the better freens we may yet be i' time to come."

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(1) A small coin. (2) An herb, believed to have great potency in love affairs. (3) Bashful.

REMINISCENCES OF THE HIGH CHURCH REVIVAL.

By JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE, M.A.

LETTER V.—THE LIVES OF THE SAINTS.

MY DEAR ——

I said in my last letter that at the time at which Newman withdrew from Oxford to Littlemore there was nothing to lead us generally to suppose that he meditated secession. Tract XC., in spite of the outcry, had not been condemned by any legally constituted court. No existing law had been broken by it, and there was no likelihood of fresh Parliamentary legislation. He had in fact won the battle. He had established his principle. If he chose to hold and teach his Catholic doctrines as a member of the Church of England, it was clear that he would not be driven out of it. If he had meant to leave the Church of England Tract XC. would have been gratuitous and an impertinence.

Thus, when it was announced that he was to bring out a series of biographies of distinguished English saints, the proposal seemed to fall in with the theory of the continuity of the mediæval and the existing English Church. The great names upon the Calendar belonged not to Rome, but to us; it was part of our national history, and when I was myself asked to assist, the proposal pleased and flattered me. I suppose now that the object was to recommend asceticism, and perhaps to show that the power of working miracles had been continued in the Church until its unity was broken. But no such intention was communicated to us. We were free to write as we pleased, each on our own responsibility. For myself I went to work with the assumption which I thought myself entitled to make, that men who had been canonised had been probably good men, and at least remarkable men. It was an opportunity for throwing myself into mediæval literature, and studying in contemporary writings what human life had really been like in this island, in an age of which the visible memorials remained in churches and cathedrals and monastic ruins.

I do not regret my undertaking, though I little guessed the wilderness of perplexities into which I was throwing myself. I knew that I was entering a strange scene, but anticipation is not sensation, nor had anything which I had hitherto read prepared me completely for what I should find. The order of nature, whether always unbroken or not, is generally uniform. In the lives of the Christian saints the order of nature seems only to have existed to give holy men an opportunity of showing their superiority to material conditions. The evidence is commonly respectable. The biographer may be a personal friend, or at least the friend of a friend, yet not "Jack the Giant-Killer" or the "Arabian Nights" introduces one more entirely into a supernatural world. When a miracle occurs, the unbeliever is astonished; the believer, who records the story, sees no more than he expects. He looks only to the object, and if the motive is sufficient, the more marvellous the event the more likely it is to have occurred, and the less it requires proof or critical examination. If a sceptic dares to doubt, it is only that he may be the more utterly confounded. The accounts are given gravely, as if they were of real facts, without grace, without imagination, without any of the ornamental work of acknowledged invention—the sublime and ridiculous mixed together indiscriminately, with the ridiculous largely predominating. Was it possible that such stuff could be true? or even intended to be taken for truth? Was it not rather mere edifying reading for the monks' refectories; the puerile absurdities thrown in to amuse innocently their dreary hours? Was it not as idle to look for historical truth in the lives of the saints, as in "Amadis de Gaul" or "Orlando Furioso"?

It seemed so, and yet it seemed not so. For the great saints (or for the small saints where they had founded religious houses) there were special commemorative services, in which their most grotesque performances were not forgotten. It was not easy to believe that men specially called religious, and who considered truth to be one of the duties which religion prescribed, could thus deliberately consecrate what they knew, and would admit, to be lies. There is a class of composition which is not history, and is not conscious fiction—it was produced in old times; it is produced in our times; it will be produced wherever and as long as human society exists—something which honestly believes itself to be fact, and is created, nevertheless, by the imagination. The stories of the Edda were not felt to be false when they were sung in old Danish halls. The genuine myth is not invented—is not written, but grows. It begins from a small seed, and unfolds into form as it passes from lip to lip. It is then assigned by tradition to a particular person. "The story I tell you came from So-and-So," says some one, wishing to give it credibility. "He was on the spot and saw or heard it." "So-and-So" may never have heard of it; but the story may still survive and carry his name along with it as a further legend. Now, and always, remarkable persons become mythical. Anecdotes are told of them, almost always inaccurate; words are assigned to them which they never spoke. Smaller luminaries are robbed to swell the greatness of the central orb. We, in these days of equality, disbelieve in exceptional heroes, as the Middle Ages believed in them. Disbelief shows itself in scandal. There is a pleasure in finding that an eminent man is but a mortal after all, and proof of weakness can be discovered if it is wanted. Great qualities, on the other hand, are magnetic, and every report, good or evil, true or false, about persons possessed of them is likely to stick. Hero-worship and saint-worship are honourable forms of a universal tendency; but it is idle to expect from worshippers an accurate investigation into fact. Evidently the stories which I was studying were legends, though in sober prose—legends which were never examined into, because it would have been a sin to doubt them. There was one sceptic even among the apostles; but St. Thomas was held up as an example to be shunned. According to the doctrines of the Church the spirit of belief was angelic, the spirit of doubt was devilish; and thus in devout ages, and in the devout atmosphere of convents and monasteries, the volume of spiritual wonders grew unchecked. To balance evidence and compare the degrees of it is mere waste of time. The evidence of such witnesses is worth nothing, unless they can be produced and cross-examined. The child when he has first seen a conjuror, the disciple who has been at a spiritualist's séance, cannot report faithfully what has passed immediately under his eyes. To have seen something which he cannot understand delights him, and he describes it with the unconscious omissions and exaggerations which make a natural explanation impossible. So it was with the hagiologist; he tells his story in good faith. Perhaps we have the authentic narrative of an eye-witness; yet the only fact of which we can feel assured is that he believed, or professed to believe, that the subject of it worked miracles. He has a conviction, to begin with, that holy men had powers of this kind, and therefore it was a matter of course that these powers should have shown themselves. Character is no protection. We may assume that Anselm, for instance, would report nothing which he did not suppose to be true; but piety, which is a security for good faith, is none against credulity; or perhaps, if we could have asked Anselm, we should have found that his very notion of truth was not our notion; that he meant by truth, truth of idea, rather than literal truth of fact. Intellect, again, is no protection; among the saints' biographers are found the greatest names in the Church. Athanasius wrote a life of St. Anthony; Bede wrote a life of St. Cuthbert. It is not too much to say that both these distinguished men, and the thousand smaller men who followed in their tracks, were *possessed*, and that things which were not, appeared to them as things that were. So it is in our own time. Cardinal Newman tells us that he cannot resist the evidence for the liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius. That is, any number of witnesses can be brought to declare that they have seen it. If the smallest civil action in an English court of justice turned on the liquefying of blood under similar circumstances, and a thousand witnesses swore that they had seen it, the evidence would go for nothing, unless the substance called blood had been examined and analyzed by competent chemists, and the process repeated in the presence of trained observers. Ordinary spectators see phenomena every day, which to them are equally inexplicable, at Maskelyne and Cooke's. Miracles, authenticated by the same kind of testimony, and the same degree of it, are worked at Lourdes and at Knock, and at saints' shrines, and at mesmeric doctors' reception-rooms. The testimony of credulous and ignorant people in such cases is worth simply nothing, and the multiplication of nothing remains nothing still. As to St. Januarius, it is noticeable that a miracle, closely resembling that which Cardinal Newman believes, used to be worked in the same Neapolitan territory in the Roman times. Horace, describing the various stations at which he stopped on his way from Rome to Brindisi, says—

> "Dehinc Gnatia Lymphis
> Iratis extructa dedit risusque jocosque,
> Dum flammâ sine thura liquescere limine sacro
> Persuadere cupit. Credat Judæus Apella
> Non ego—namque Deos didici securum agere ævum
> Nec siquid miri faciat Natura Deos id
> Tristes ex alto cœli dimittere tecto."

Cardinal Newman, with the Jew Apella, would have believed in the supernatural liquefaction of the incense. Horace would "laugh and jest" at St. Januarius. It is not a matter of proof but of temperament. Why should we allow our convictions on the most serious of subjects to be influenced by evidence which we should not dare to admit if we were deciding a common civil or criminal case?

For an intending biographer this was a serious discovery. I could not repeat what I found written, for the faith was wanting. A spiritualist many years after assured me that I could work a miracle myself if I had but faith. Could I but have faith in the Great Nothing all things would be possible for me—but, alas! I had none. So with the lives of the saints. St. Patrick I found once lighted a fire with icicles, changed a Welsh marauder into a wolf, and floated to Ireland upon an altar stone. I thought it nonsense. I found it eventually uncertain whether Patricius was not a title, and whether any single apostle of that name had so much as existed. After a short experiment I had to retreat out of my occupation, and let the series go on without me. But the excursion among the Will-o'-the-wisps of the spiritual morasses did not leave me as it found me. I was compelled to see that in certain conditions of mind the distinction between objective and subjective truth has no existence. An impression is created that it is fit, right, or likely that certain things should take place, and the outward fact is assumed to correspond with that impression. When a man feels no doubt, he makes no inquiry, for he sees no occasion for it; yet his conviction is as complete as the most searching investigation could have made it. His own feeling that something is true is to him complete evidence that it is true. True it may be; and yet not true in the sense which he attaches to the word. There are several kinds of truth. There is the truth of pure mathematics, which is perfect as long as it concerns lines or figures which exist only as abstractions. There is the truth of a drama like Hamlet, which is literally invention, yet is a true picture of men and women. There is the truth of a fable. There is the truth of an edifying moral tale. There is the truth of a legend which has sprung up involuntarily out of the hearts of a number of people, and therefore represents something in their own minds. Finally, there is the dull truth of plain, experienced fact, which has to be painfully sifted out by comparison of evidence, by observation, and, when possible, by experiment, and is held at last, after all care has been taken, by those who know what truth of fact means, with but graduated certainty, and as liable at all times to revision and correction. The distinction, commonplace as it seems, was forgotten by the hagiologists. It is forgotten, for that matter, by most historians. All men, when their feelings are interested, believe what they wish to believe, or what their preconceptions represent to them as internally probable. Theologians avow that other methods besides examination of evidences are required to establish the truths of faith. The truths of faith must be held with absolute certitude. The truths of science, the most assured of them, are held only as high probabilities; and the evidence has therefore to be supplemented by emotion, imagination, and speculative reasoning introduced from adjoining provinces. Cardinal Newman describes in his "Grammar of Assent" the process by which probabilities are converted into certainties; with the help of it he can justify his own belief in the miracle at Naples. He can create antecedent likelihoods which dispense with completeness of proof, or remove antecedent unlikelihoods which call for fuller and more minute proofs. It is the theory on which, unconsciously held, the crop of legends in the Catholic Church has grown for century after century, and is growing now luxuriant as ever. It is the theory on which our Lady is believed to be showing herself in France, in Ireland, or more recently to the Anglican monks at Llantony. It is not a theory by which any truth was ever discovered that can be tested, and sifted, and verified by experiment, or applied to the practical service of mankind.

And this leads me to say a very few words on a subject to which I alluded in an earlier letter; the question that rose fifteen years ago between Cardinal Newman and Charles Kingsley. Mr. Kingsley, writing impetuously as he often did, said that the Catholic clergy did not place truth among the highest virtues, and he added that Father Newman acknowledged it. Father Newman asked him when he had acknowledged it, and a controversy followed in which Kingsley, instead of admitting, as he ought to have done, that he had spoken unadvisedly, and in too sweeping terms, defended himself, and defended himself unsuccessfully. Kingsley, in truth, entirely misunderstood Newman's character. Newman's whole life had been a struggle for truth. He had neglected his own interests; he had never thought of them at all. He had brought to bear a most powerful and subtle intellect to support the convictions of a conscience which was superstitiously sensitive. His single object had been to discover what were the real relations between man and his Maker, and to shape his own conduct by the conclusions at which he arrived. To represent such a person as careless of truth was neither generous nor even reasonable. But Newman as little understood his adversary. He was not called on, perhaps, to look far into a subject which did not concern him. He had been attacked, as he thought, wantonly. He struck back; and he struck most effectively. Kingsley, however, had passed through his own struggles. He, too, had been affected at a distance by the agitations of the Tractarian controversy. He, like many others, had read what Newman had written about ecclesiastical miracles. The foundations of his own faith had been disturbed. He was a man of science; he knew what evidence was. He believed that Newman's methods of reasoning confounded his perceptions of truth, disregarding principles which alone led to conclusions that could be trusted in other subjects, and which, therefore, he could alone trust in religion. His feelings had been, perhaps, embittered by the intrusion of religious discord into families in which he was interested, traceable all of it to the Oxford movement. He himself had determined to try every fact which was offered for his belief by the strict rules of inductive science and courts of justice; and every other method appeared to him to be treason to his intellect, and to reduce truth, where truth of fact was before everything essential, to the truth of fable, or fiction, or emotional opinion. This was at the bottom of his mind, however unguardedly he expressed himself. He was an orthodox Protestant. The outward evidence for the Gospel history was strong in itself. It was supplemented by the effect which Christianity had produced in the world by the position which it had assumed, and the renovation which it had produced in the human heart and character. It was supplemented in himself by personal experience. He has told me of answers which he had received to his prayers. But this, as he was well aware, was evidence to himself alone. He stood, practically, on the broad ground that religion, that the fear of God, was alone able to make alive the nobler part of man's nature. This was plain matter of outward experience which the whole history of the world could verify. To him, when he was placed as a clergyman in the Church of England, the fear of God was bound up with the form of religion established in his own country. He knew as well as any one that human errors were continually forcing themselves into the popular creeds. There had been changes in the past, there might be changes in the future; meanwhile, he held fast himself by the English Church as it had been purified by the Reformers in the sixteenth century. In his opinion, to take up again the traditions and beliefs which had been then abandoned, was to return like the dog to his vomit—a thing impossible to do sincerely, a thing impious to attempt to do in wilfulness or fancy, and certain to avenge itself by a contemptuous rejection of all religion whatever. The Puritans had whitewashed the churches, broken the windows in which the miracles of the saints had shone in glorious colours, replaced the pictures on the walls with plain texts from Scripture. They would have no lies either taught or suggested in God's house, whatever might be done elsewhere. The Catholic reaction, with its decorations, its choral services, its celebrations, its vestments, its wardrobe of devotional machinery, was similarly detestable to Kingsley. If the creed was true, no tone of voice could be too plain and simple in repeating facts of such infinite importance. To leave it to be chanted by a parcel of boys in surplices could but suggest at last that it was not true, as facts are true; but was on the level of song or legend like a ballad of Robin Hood. Newman's influence had begun the wild dance, and Kingsley had always thought of him with a kind of resentment.

But enough of this. I return to the lives of the saints and their effect upon myself. The conclusion which I had drawn was that ecclesiastical biographers had composed their stories with the freedom of epic poets, and that religious truths resembled rather the truths of poetry than the truths of history. I had been taught by Newman that there was no distinction in kind between the saints' miracles and the miracles in the Bible. The restoration of the dead man to life by touching Elisha's bones, corresponded to the cures performed by relics. The changing the water into wine, the coin in the fish's mouth, the devils in the swine, the calming of the storm on the lake, the walking on the sea, were stories which if we met anywhere but where they were, we should call legends; while the power of the saints, like that of apostles and prophets, was exerted chiefly in healing the sick and raising the dead to life.

The parallel had been forced upon us to gain credibility for the marvels of ecclesiastical history; but it was natural, it was inevitable that the alternative possibility should now suggest itself, that all supernatural stories were legendary wherever we found them. Hume's argument, we had been already told, was intellectually correct. It was more likely, as a mere question of human probability, that men should deceive or be deceived, than that the continuity of nature should have been disturbed. Faith, we had been also told, was to come to the assistance of reason, and reverse the conclusion; but faith was not made more easy when the burden which it was to carry was enlarged by these voluminous additions. The authenticity and inspiration of the Gospels had been assumed till quite recent times as a fact as certain as our own existence. To question either had been forbidden by the law of the land, and biblical criticism had been as impotent as the investigations into the pretensions of holy persons whom the Church had predetermined to canonise. So long as the belief remained unshaken, any answer sufficed for objections. But the case was now altered. Great German scholars had come to a widely different conclusion. Very able men of unblemished character here at home and elsewhere, were doubting about it; and this could no longer be concealed.

To frighten us off, their personal character had been libelled. I had been brought up to believe that not even a Dissenter could be a really good man, and that unbelievers were profligates seeking only an excuse for indulging their wicked passions. Such arguments are spectres formidable while they produce fear, but provoking reaction and even indignation when the ghost is found to be but a stuffed figure streaked with phosphorus. It is a very serious thing when a man is brought to recognise that truths, which he has been taught to look upon as indisputable, are not regarded as truths at all by persons competent to form an independent opinion. Such questions need not have been raised in this country. The Oxford revivalists had provoked the storm, but had no spell which would allay it. They did not try to allay it. They used it for their own cause. Those whom I had known best were now far on their way to Rome. "Either us or nothing," they said. "You see where reason leads you. You see what has come of the Reformation. If you do not believe in the Church Catholic and Apostolic, you have no right to believe in God—and the Church Catholic is the Church of Rome."

So my friends argued. I could not myself admit the alternative. Difficulties there might be, but they told as heavily against Catholics as against Protestants. If the historical foundations of Christianity were shaken, the Church of Rome was in as much danger as the Church of England or the Church of Scotland. It was in more danger, from the additional load of incredibilities which the Protestants had flung from them.

As a matter of experience Catholic countries had bred more infidels than Protestant countries. Voltaire and the Encyclopædists had been pupils of the Jesuits. Vergniaud and Barbaroux, Danton and Robespierre, had been taught as children to pray to the Virgin and the saints. Charles Kingsley had solid ground under his feet compared with the gilded clouds on which the Catholic enthusiasts imagined that they were floating into security.

Newman himself never talked in this wild way. He was too conscious of his own obligation to his early teaching. Protestantism did, as a fact, sustain the belief in Christianity, whether its reasonings were sound or unsound; and he was too wise, too seriously in earnest, to press the logic of alternatives. He was glad that people should believe anyhow, and he had never fallen into the scornful note in which Evangelicals had been scoffed at. But what he said and what he wrote tended practically to the same end. He was surrendering himself to an idea, and was borne along by it as if he was riding on a nightmare. Soon after we heard that he had himself gone over. He had gone, it seems to me (after reading all that he has said about it in the "Apologia,") as men go when under a destiny, not because their intellect has been convinced by evidence and argument, but because they are impelled by some internal disposition which they suspect while they deny it. His friends might have taken the plunge with a light heart. They had been living in an enchanted circle of thoughts and formulas, and their minds for long had never strayed beyond them. Newman's intellect was keen and clear as ever. He at least knew what he was doing. Well might he say when the resolution was once taken, "What am I not doing, if it is all a dream!"

My eldest brother had left to us younger ones, as a characteristic instruction, that if we ever saw Newman and Keble disagree, we might think for ourselves. The event which my brother had thought as impossible as that a double star should fly asunder in space, had actually occurred. We had been floated out into mid-ocean upon the Anglo-Catholic raft, buoyed up by airy bubbles of ecclesiastical sentiment. The bubbles had burst, the raft was splintered, and we—I mean my other brother and myself—were left, like Ulysses, struggling in the waves.

I need not trouble you with our particular fortunes. I shall have to write you one more letter, and I shall tell you then the little which need be said of my own experiences. It was thought that when Newman went he would create a secession like that of the Free Kirk in Scotland. This was a mistake. With him, either before or immediately after, a few men did go of known ability. Hope Scott, Frederick Faber, Ward of the "Ideal," the two Wilberforces, Robert and Henry, and two or three others. The rest, inconsiderable in numbers, were Newman's personal disciples, undistinguished save by piety of life. The seed has grown since, and is still growing, chiefly in families of the better classes, as they are called, among people who have money enough to live upon and nothing to do. Among them the effect has been very wide, and to appearances not salutary. Wives have quarrelled with their husbands, and husbands with wives; the son has been set against the father, and the father against the son; thousands of households have been made miserable by young people dissatisfied with their spiritual condition, and throwing themselves upon Catholic priests because they require, as they fancy, something deeper and truer "than was enough for the last century." Great lords and ladies, weary of the emptiness of their lives, have gone to the Church of Rome for a new sensation. Conversion has become fashionable. With the help of Ireland the Catholics have simultaneously become a power in Parliament. Cardinals and Monsignors are to be seen in London drawing-rooms. Convents and monasteries are multiplying. A Catholic tide is still flowing, and no one yet can say how far it may rise. It has affected at present the idle and the ignorant, and has left untouched the industrious and intelligent; but the influence on society has been very considerable.

More remarkable, and infinitely more mischievous, has been the general influence of the Tractarian movement on the Church of England. It was thought at first that Newman's secession had destroyed the party which he had called into being. The shepherd was smitten and the sheep were scattered. The Evangelicals could say that they had been right from the first. Catholic principles led to Rome; they had no place in a Protestant Church. But for the clergy sacerdotalism had a fatal attraction: it gave them professional consequence; they thought that they could keep their wives and their livings and yet recover and wield again their old spiritual authority. They rallied from their confusion; they brightened up their churches; they revolutionized their rituals. In learning they were more than a match for their Low Church antagonists. The courts of law were appealed to in vain. The more the history of the Reformation was studied, the more plain became the original intention that Catholics who would abjure the Pope should be comprehended under the Anglican formulas. The Low Church had had their innings; the High Church have now their turn. Had we to live again through the problems of 1829, we should no longer speak of Catholic emancipation but of Roman Catholic. The change in the meaning of the word marks the change in popular opinion. Externally the Ritualists have won the battle. They too have their absolutions and their masses, and their monks and nuns and miracles and the rest; and it has been decided that they may keep them. But what a price has the victory cost? The nation has ceased to care what the clergy say or do. The Church of England, as part of the constitution of the country, has ceased to exist. Political Latitudinarianism goes on upon its way. The barriers of privilege fall before it. The third estate of the realm can no more stay the stream of change than a rush can stay the current of a river. As the Church has become "Catholic," the honoured name of Protestant has passed to the Nonconformist. The laity stand aloof, indifferent and contemptuous. The thinking part of it has now a seriousness of its own and a philosophy of its own which has also grown and is growing. The old order of things might have remained indefinitely had it been left undisturbed; but the controversy has undermined its traditions. Questions have been provoked which now must have a real answer. The clergy magnify their office, but the more they make of themselves the less is their intellectual influence. The great body of the English people, which is Protestant to the heart, will never allow their pretensions; and while they are discussing among themselves the nature of their supernatural commission, they are driving science and criticism to ask if there is anything in the world supernatural at all. The storm will die away, agitation is wearisome, and we may subside into a dull acquiescence even with the travestie of ecclesiasticism which is now in possession of the field. But the active mind of the country will less and less concern itself with a system which it despises. A ritualist English Church will be as powerless over the lives of the people as the Roman augurs over the Rome of Cicero and Cæsar; and centuries will pass before religion and common sense will again work together, with the practical harmony which existed between them in the days of Whately and Arnold, and Hare and Sedgwick.

This is the substance of what I have to say to you, and here I might end; but something is still left which will require another letter.

J. A. FROUDE.

THE STARS,

And how to find them.

By the Rev. C. PRITCHARD, M.A., F.R.S.,
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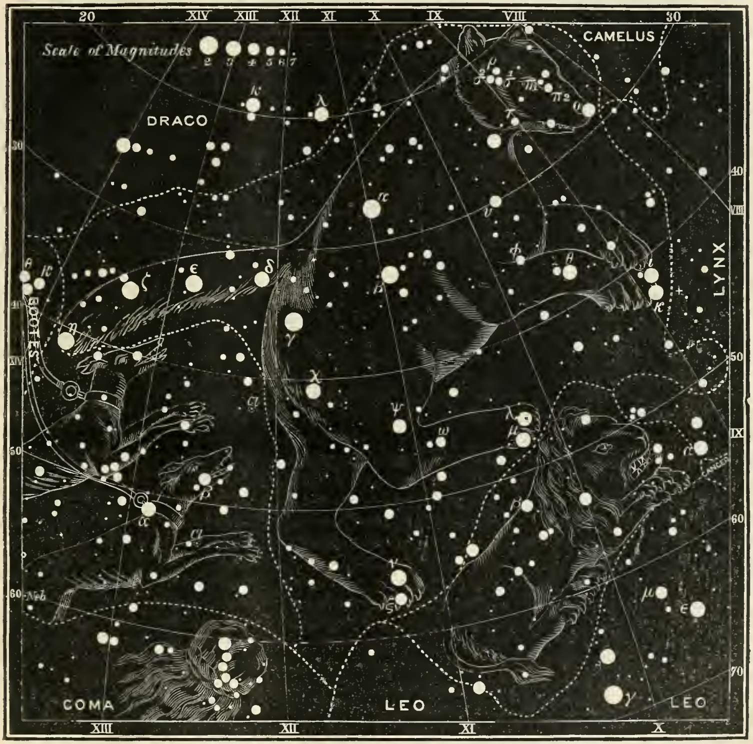
THIRD PAPER.

FOR the full appreciation of this present article, I must assume that I am standing at the reader's side, some fine evening early in June, and about 9 P.M. If later than that, the stars will all have proceeded onwards in their course towards the west. I shall assume also that he is in possession of the "Star Chart," provided in the April number of GOOD WORDS; and it will be of material aid to him, if he has procured from the publishers the little movable horizon, with which he may follow the risings and settings of the stars, at all hours and seasons of the year. He will set the middle of this horizon card over the words June 1, 9 P.M., and then if he follow the directions given, he will on the chart see an accurate representation of all the stars then visible in the heavens. And now, regardless both of the chart and this horizon, let the reader look due south. Midway between the horizon and overhead (the zenith), but at 9 P.M. a little to the east, he will see the bright star Arcturus, and the entire constellation of Boötes, of which it is the Lucida; the principal stars of which, in fact all that he is likely to see in a slight amount of twilight, are depicted and allineated on the chart (C). Right overhead, he will observe the four stars in the tail of the Great Bear, and all the other stars in that superb constellation, tending towards the northwest. I have with great care delineated them all in the illustration given opposite. On darker nights, it would be advantageous to the star-gazer (and who that has eyes and affections is not, more or less, a star-gazer?) to compare what he actually sees with what is set down in the chart. And to assist him at first, let him take an opera-glass, of however ordinary a character; it will teach him what to look for and where; and then, laying it aside, he will soon discern points of light, little stars, which, unaided by that instrument, he had been unable to see before. Particularly, let him look at the second star (ζ) (reckoned from the end), in the tail of the Great Bear. The Arabian astronomers—who, by the way, were the first to translate Ptolemy's astronomy, the Almagest, from the original Greek—named it Mizar; nestling close to it is a smaller star named Alcor, of the fifth magnitude. Can the reader see both of these stars with his naked eye? Most probably he will have no difficulty in this case. If not, let him take his opera-glass and try again. Then if he has such an instrument at hand, let him take an ordinary telescope (spy-glass), and duly focussing it so as to bring the stars to clear bright points, let him direct it to Mizar, and he will find this star itself attended by a smaller companion, far away from Alcor, and which companion no human eye can discern unaided, owing to its closeness to the larger star. If the reader has succeeded, and with perseverance he can scarcely fail, then he will have seen, with instruments of an every-day capacity, a *double star*. In that word "double star" there lies involved a whole world of meaning, of history, and of suggestion. The reader's attention will again be called to the subject, towards the conclusion of this article. Before quitting the constellation of Ursa Major, it will be well if the reader will trace out the three pairs of stars in three of the paws of the Bear, viz. (ι, κ); (λ, μ); (ν, ξ); they are very distinctly visible in the heavens. One of them (ξ) is an exceedingly interesting *double* star; by no means separable into its two components even when aided by any ordinary spy-glass, the component stars nestling too closely together to be easily and distinctly separated, even by telescopic means; but by the aid of suitable apparatus, I have myself seen the smaller star move almost entirely round the larger, and I have computed the form of its orbit, and supplied the means of giving an ephemeris, by which its position relatively to the larger star may be foretold at any moment. The orbit is completed in about sixty years. Here then we have one star moving round another star, just in the same way as the earth revolves round the sun. Only in this case, the smaller star is so enormously large, that it has not yet cooled down, but is still hot enough to shine by its own light, as no doubt our earth once so shone and our moon too, in the primeval condition of things. Presently we shall see how a knowledge of the motions of these double stars leads to a knowledge also of the weight of some of them.

It will be well for our star-gazer, the companion at my side, to observe how the constellation Leo Minor lies crouching as it were under the two hind claws (γ, μ) (ν, ξ) of the Bear. Ptolemy and his predecessors did not partition out this part of the heavens into a separate member; but this constellation (Leo Minor) was formed by Hevel in the seventeenth century, from outlying stars in the adjacent constellations of Ursa Major and Leo Major. The group of stars therein is not conspicuous.

But to return to Arcturus, the bright star in the constellation Boötes (the Herdsman). It can at any time easily be found in the heavens, because a line drawn from ζ through the last star in the tail of the Great Bear, passes very near to this conspicuous object. See Chart C. A little to the west of the Herdsman may be seen his dogs (Canes Venatici), which we may assume to be driving on the Bear. This constellation was likewise introduced by Hevel, who called the more northerly hound by the name "Asterion," and the southern "Chara," or "Darling." History or adulation, through Halley, the second of our Astronomers Royal, assigned to the principal star in this sub-constellation the name of Cor Caroli, in memory of the return of our King Charles II. Underneath these dogs will be seen the small constellation Coma Berenices. It is among ancient tales recorded, that Berenice, the wife of one of the Ptolemies, was famous for her beautiful tresses, and that on an occasion of great danger to her husband, she dedicated her hair to Venus, if only her husband returned in safety. The hair was deposited in due course, and in due course it was stolen, thereupon it was consigned to immortality among the constellations.



URSA MAJOR, CANES AND LEO MINOR.

To the astronomer it is a matter of great interest that near to or among this little knot of stars is the northern pole of the Milky-way; that is, its position bears the same relation to our entire system of stars which the present pole star bears to the equatorial line on the heavens; for it may be well here to remark, that if the star-gazer will follow the course of the Milky-way by means of a rod passing through his eye, he will find the motion of the rod to lie always in one plane, thereby proving that the spectator himself lies within this aggregation (galaxy) of stars. This pole is marked in Chart C by the letters G. P. (Galactic Pole). If the eye be carried downwards, right through Boötes, but tending slightly towards the west, it will alight on Spica, the glorious star in the constellation Virgo, close to the ecliptic, where the sun passes in the middle of October. In the same allineation carried still further downwards will be found the four stars of Corvus, the Raven, a group of stars singularly conspicuous from their equality, their contiguity, and the quadrilateral figure in which they are arranged. These stars will have set by nine o'clock in the evening towards the middle of the month, as will be seen on moving the "*horizon card*" along the "base line." To the east of Boötes

> "Shines that diamond crown, which Bacchus made
> For faithful Ariadne, when betrayed
> By ingrate Theseus:" ARATUS.

a beautiful wreath of lights not easily passed over in even a cursory glance along the heavens, and depicted in the illustration given opposite. This crown was a *wreath* of flowers, and not that sort of mediæval crown generally depicted on our globes and star charts. Farther still to the east is the constellation Hercules, all the stars of which extensive group, visible to the naked eye, have been accurately projected in the illustration given opposite. What is very singular is the inverted figure of the great hero of the classical myth. In all ancient globes, at least in all known to the Greeks, the figure is drawn with his head downwards, and he is represented on his knees. This figure was not originally known by the name of Hercules, but by "*the man upon his knees*" (ὅ ἐν γόνασιν).

In modern figures he is generally depicted with a club in his right hand, and occasionally in his left hand are the triple snakes of Cerberus; in these figures he is represented as if he were about to strike the Lyre; though one would imagine he would regard that instrument as one rather tending to soothe him in his ceaseless toils, than to excite his anger. It is said that the famous philosopher Eratosthenes was the first to assign this strange portraiture to Hercules. Aratus thus pathetically describes him:—

> "A Labouring Man next rises to our sight:
> But what his task—or who this honoured wight—
> No Poet tells. Upon his knee he bends,
> And hence his name Engonasin descends."

I shall soon hazard a conjecture which possibly may be suggestive of some solution to this strange posture of the "Labouring Man."

Before quitting the constellation Hercules, which contains several telescopic objects of the greatest beauty and significant suggestion, it may be desirable to notice the star λ, marked in the illustration, on the hero's left arm. Sir William Herschel discovered that the solar system *must be* moving towards this point, because he found that the stars both to the right and left of it had, in the course of ages, appeared to move *outwards;* just as objects appear to a spectator in a railway train to move *outwards* from the direction in which the train is moving. This great discovery by the elder Herschel has been subsequently confirmed by other astronomers.

The star-gazer at my side will have no difficulty in picking out the lovely little constellation of the Lyre, lying to the east of Hercules. In the illustration I have restored to the Lyre the original tortoise form of the classical poets.

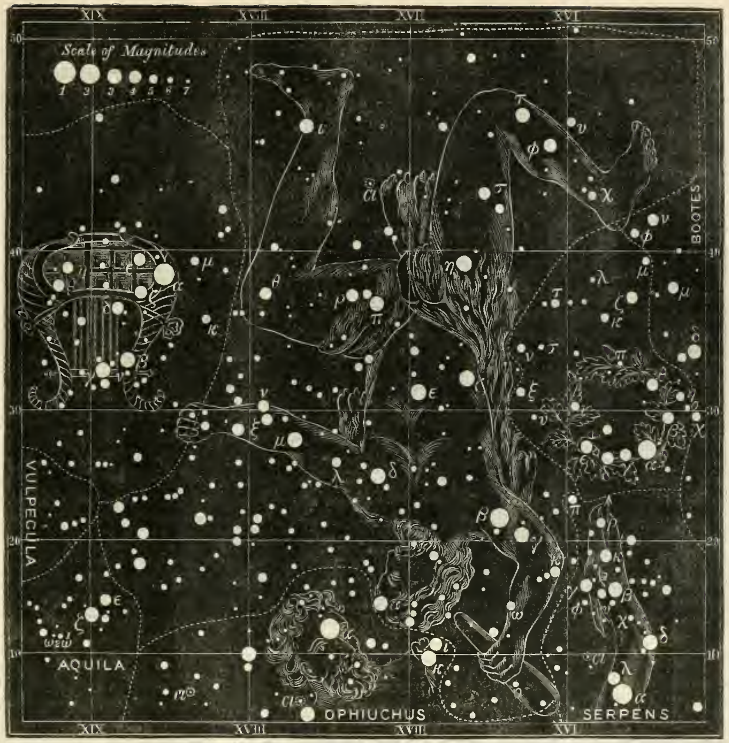
> "When the mute shell, by cords elastic bound,
> Made vocal warbled forth harmonious sound,
> Jove snatch'd from earth the care-dispelling Lyre—
> The Gods themselves sweet melody admire—
> Before the Labouring Man its place in heaven,
> To smooth toil's rugged brow sweet music given."
> ARATUS.

Its Lucida, (α) Vega, is among the very brightest of the stars, and is one of the few whose distance from us and from the sun is approximately known. That distance is something about a hundred millions of millions of miles! a number and a distance utterly evading our conceptions, and yet certainly and distinctly ascertainable by astronomical methods.

Now let my companion try his eyes once more. Close to Vega, a little to the left, there is the star (ϵ), of the fourth magnitude, marked on the chart. Very keen eyes can see that this star (ϵ) in reality consists of two stars, each of nearly the same magnitude. Dr. Heis, quoted in these articles, says of these stars, "Stellæ claro aëre sejunctæ videntur." If the reader cannot distinguish them let him try the effect of the opera-glass. But if he be in possession of a moderately good telescope (it need not have an aperture much beyond two inches), then he will discern each of these stars to be itself double and resembling an arrangement of lovely pearls, and if he live long enough, that is, through many centuries, he might possibly discern, as some astronomers think, the movement of the four suns round the common centre of gravity, revolving after the same law as that by which our own motion round our sun is regulated. Such are the marvels disclosed to the human mind by the diligent use of the means and gifts assigned to it by the eternal Father of all.

At this period of the year, and at this hour of the evening, near to the horizon there stretches out the constellation of Cygnus; its chief stars present the rude form of a kite, not easily overlooked; and, when visible, it becomes an excellent finger-post and sky-mark for the finding of other stars. For instance, a line from (α) Cygni, at the top of the kite, drawn through Vega (α Lyræ on the chart), passes through the middle of Hercules, and of Corona, and at last lights nearly on Arcturus.

Finally, about ten o'clock, at the beginning



LYRA, HERCULES AND CORONA

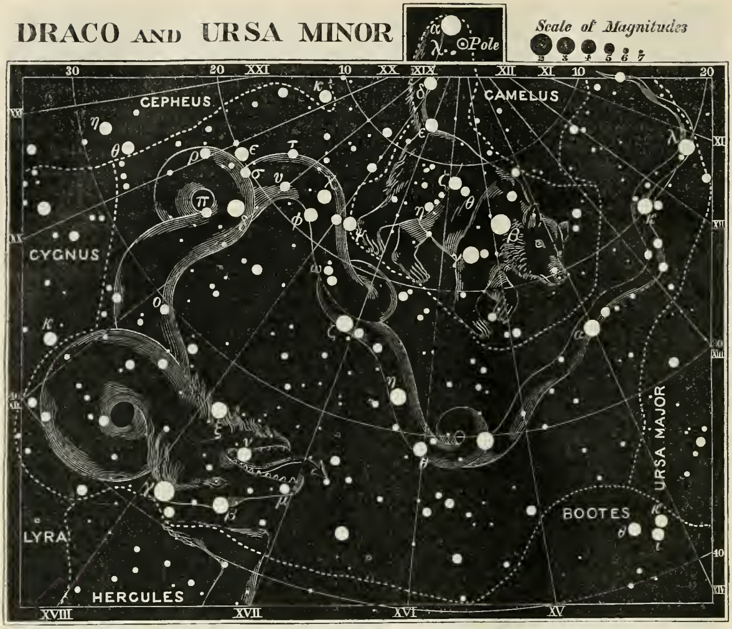
of June, and earlier as the days proceed, the constellation Aquila will be seen rising, of which the three chief stars will remind the star-gazer of Orion's "diamond-studded belt." A line through them passes through *α* Lyræ. The little constellation also of the Dolphin, conspicuous from the lozenge form of its four chief stars, may now also be observed at its rising. All which phenomena will be rendered very apparent by the use of the before-mentioned movable horizon.

Nearly overhead, though a little to the east, and beyond Hercules, lies the head of Draco, with the foot of the Theban hero all but planted thereon.

> "He lifts his suppliant arms, and dares to rest
> His right foot on the scaly Dragon's crest."
>
> Aratus.

The Dragon winds his course, as is well seen in the chart at once, all but completely round the Little Bear, and the reader, if he be so disposed, may, by means of that chart, trace out the starry folds of this venomous creature in the sky. But what I desire to point out is, an evident intention on the part of some remotely ancient astronomers in arranging certain constellations *contiguously* in the heavens. I have already drawn the reader's attention to the fact that the six constellations which refer to the mythic tale of Andromeda, all lie in nearly the same meridian from the pole to the horizon, and are consequently all visible together. This is of itself remarkable, and suggestive of intention, and it becomes still more so, when it is observed that the head of Draco, Hercules, the Serpent Bearer (Ophiuchus), and Scorpio, also lie in a similar close association, and again from the pole to the horizon, and thus form an assemblage of starry compartments

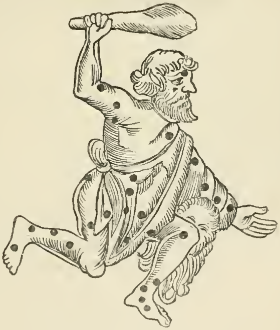
DRACO AND URSA MINOR



visible together. The figure of Hercules must therefore have been inverted, if his "heel was to crush the Serpent's head." We have here then, at least, an indistinct allusion to some ancient tale, related either to the worship of, or to the victory over, the Serpent. Some lively imaginations refer the whole matter to the events in the Garden of Paradise; it may be a safer course to express no opinion, but the facts remain.

But little space now remains for the fulfilment of the promise made to the reader, that before we parted from our pleasant survey of the heavens I would *weigh* a star. It is well known that Kepler, early in the seventeenth century, discovered, from the observations made with Tycho Brahe's instruments, that the squares of the times of the revolution of the planets round the sun, are proportional to the cubes of their distances from that huge central body. Newton, very shortly after this discovery, demonstrated that this remarkable relation arose from the fact of the universal attraction of matter to matter, or at all events of all matter within our cognisance. But he extended Kepler's law still further, and he showed that if different planets revolved round different suns, having different masses, or weights, then the masses of the systems must be proportional to the cubes of the distances of their respective planets, divided by the square of the times of their revolution round their primaries. That is to say, if it can be shown that one star (A) revolves round another star (B) in ten years, and at a distance of ten times that of the earth from the sun; then dividing the cube of 10, viz. 1000, by the square of 10, viz. 100, the result 10 indicates that the mass of the stars A and B together, is ten times the mass, or weight, of the sun and earth together. Now, if the reader will look in the map A of the April number of GOOD WORDS, or in the illustration given in the May number, he will easily find a star (η) in Cassiopeia, of the fourth magnitude. If he possesses a telescope of moderate power, and directs it to this remarkable star, he will see a spectacle not easily forgotten. The telescope discloses the fact that (η) is not a single star, but a combination of two unequal stars, the larger of them being of the fourth magnitude, and the smaller of the seventh. The large star is of a pale, but distinct, yellow colour, and the smaller is a lovely and decided purple. These colours indicate in these burning lights the presence of material elements, similar to that of which our earth is composed. This, of itself, is no doubt a wonderful result of the application of human industry and thought. But further still I have myself computed, as other astronomers have done before me, the period of revolution of the little purple star round the larger, and amber star, and I find it to be about two hundred years. Moreover, other astronomers have computed the distance between these two stars at about sixty times the distance of the earth from the sun, *i.e.* about twice the distance of the planet Neptune from the latter body. If then we cube 60, we get 216,000, and if we square 200 we get 40,000, and dividing the former by the latter, we get about 5, indicating that the mass of the two stars, constituting (η) Cassiopeia, is, roughly speaking, about five times the mass of our sun and earth together. Pursuing a similar method it turns out that the mass of the star 70 Ophiuchi (see the Chart C) is about three times that of our sun. So also (α) Centauri (see Chart B) is about twice the weight of our sun. I am not aware that the case with regard to other double stars has yet been concluded, but enough is known to render it probable that the stars in general all conform, both in similarity of matter and in approximate similarity of magnitude, to those of our own sun.

Yet a few words more, and for the present we conclude these surveys of the stars. Originally, Hipparchus and Ptolemy described the figures of the old forty-eight Constellations as seen on a globe in front of them; they virtually, that is, looked at the backs of the figures they intended to describe. There has come down to us a marble globe, called the *Farnese Globe*, dug out of the *débris* of ancient Rome: this globe is carried by Atlas, and on it are preserved, with but little mutilation, figures of the Ancient Constellations, but without stars. The figures, when not nude, are dressed in a Roman costume; but in other respects they conform to the outlines of Ptolemy's descriptions. This globe may be the work of some artist of the first century, and the delineations thereon have been engraved in Spence's "Polymetis." After this we have an early manuscript of the translation of Aratus by Cicero, and here the figures are clad in a Saxon garb; and still later another manuscript, with figures dressed in a Roman costume. I have inspected both these manuscripts in the British Museum. Long after this, there are some beautiful constellation figures devised by Hevel of Dantzic, in the seventeenth century; even these figures, the artist employed by our first Astronomer Royal endeavoured to improve, in Flamsteed's "Atlas of the Stars:" they are more or less fancifully draped, and they have furnished the modern ideas for most modern star charts. I append, for the curiosity of the readers of GOOD WORDS, another design of Hercules, or the "Labouring Man," or the "Man upon his knees," designed by Albert Dürer. The constellation figures given in the text of these articles are, more or less, restorations of the figures found on the ancient Farnese globe, now preserved in the Royal Museum at Naples.



Hercules, by Albert Dürer.

LILY.

WHAT! a child of three years' growth!
Nature then hath known no sloth
In a work so fairly done
By thrice rounding of the sun.
Lo! what wisely usèd power
Can accomplish hour by hour!
Every lineament is drawn
With the genius of the dawn;
Every living curve is bright
With a dazzling morning light;
Every dimple is a pool
Of ethereal vintage full,
Whence a man might quaff and be
King of more than kingdoms three.
Look, her crown of golden curls
Makes her queen of all the girls:

And that light within her eye
Might arouse old chivalry
From the dreams of ancient time
To adventure deeds sublime.

Lovely Lily—Lily dawnlike,
Nimble Lily—Lily fawnlike,
Tripping with a foot as airy
As the foot of fabled fairy,
Come, enchant me! with thy lips
Thrill me in divine eclipse,
That my common soul may be
Snatched from earth to heaven by thee!
Bless thee, child! now skip away,
Change green April to white May
With the sorcery of thine eye:
Wake the star-blooms in the sky
With thy laughter. With thy smile
Banish pain from heavy toil,
That some weary man may say—
"Bless the hour and bless the day
That I found the way to grace
In thy heaven-suggesting face!"

Can it be, but three years old!
Why, methinks thou art as bold
As a fearless boy of ten!
Thou canst look on bearded men
With a most unwinking eye;
Knowledge hath not made thee shy.
Queenlike, with a gemlike hand,
Merely twinkle thy command,
Men invincible to might
Will obey thee with delight.
'Tis no wonder: the high dower
Beauty hath is sovereign power.
Dearest Lily, happy we
Who are liegemen unto thee:
Gentlest of all queens thou art,
Seeking only from the heart
What a spotless heart can pay
In the tender light of day.

WILLIAM FREELAND.

MELCHIZEDEK.

By JAMES BROWN, D.D.

WE shall be able best to understand the significance of the story of Melchizedek if we do not separate it from its surroundings, but try to realise the successive incidents in the narrative of which it is a part. Those of most authority among the men who have given themselves to the critical examination of these ancient records, are agreed that that narrative is one of the oldest pieces of extant writing. Even those of them who are least ready to recognise the early chapters of the Hebrew annals as historical, acknowledge that here, at least, we touch the solid ground of history. Chedorlaomer is undoubtedly an historical character, whether or not he is to be identified with a warrior whose name, somewhat closely resembling his, has been spelled out on ancient monuments. Through all the long period of their existence it was the policy of the monarchies which had their seat in the region of the Euphrates and Tigris, to extend their power southward and westward, and to subdue all that lay between them and the great rival kingdom of the Pharaohs. Palestine lay on the highway between the Euphrates and the Nile. Its hills and valleys afforded a refreshing resting-place between the eastern and western wildernesses, which the army or the caravan had to cross in passing from Chaldea to Egypt. The possession of it was, therefore, eagerly coveted by the Oriental despotisms. In the narrative with which we are dealing we have the first recorded of a succession of conquests in Palestine, extending over many centuries, achieved by one or other of these powers. Elam, which then had the supremacy, had succeeded in subduing, and holding as tributary for twelve years, the petty chiefdoms which divided among them the then richest part of Palestine—the well-watered plain of Jordan. In the thirteenth year the allied sheikhs resolved to throw off the yoke of their distant suzerain, and to withhold the wonted tribute. But Chedorlaomer, calling to his aid the chiefs of the future Babylon and of another famous Chaldean city, along with the leader of a predatory band composed of representatives of various tribes, marched westward to punish and re-subdue the rebels. It seems to have been the habit of Eastern warriors to go as in a circle round the special objects of their attack, thus cutting off all possible succour before closing in upon them. Sennacherib acted thus when he sought to destroy Jerusalem. On the same principle, the Elamite warrior and his confederates first ravaged the mountain range which bounds the Jordan valley on the east, then swept down southward on the Horites, or cave-dwellers, who had begun thus early their excavations in the hills of Edom, which afterwards developed into the rock-hewn palaces and temples of Petra.

Passing westward, they next attacked the desert tribes; and, turning northward, fell on the country afterwards infested by the robbers of Amalek, till, descending by Engedi, they reached the cities of the plain. The allied sheikhs came out to meet them, but were miserably defeated. Effeminate dwellers in a sultry plain who were demoralised by vice could be no match for eastern warriors flushed by the conquest of hardy mountain and desert tribes. Some fell and others fled. Their cities were sacked, and the conquerors, laden with booty and leading a train of captives, set their faces homeward, and marched up the valley towards the sources of the Jordan.

The narrative, thus hastily paraphrased, gives us a vivid glimpse into the history of alternate conquest and defeat, which in these dim centuries was transacting itself in the lands which lie around the cradle of our race. Probably it would not have been found in the sacred record but for the fact that the conquerors "took Lot, Abram's brother's son, who dwelt in Sodom, and his goods, and departed." In choosing the world Lot had separated himself from the godly seed—from the race inspired by the spirit of faith and the spirit of sacrifice, whose literature, nay, whose very annals have been preserved as a revelation of God to the world. But he had not yet gone so far apart that he was entirely lost sight of. God does not let men thus separate themselves from His people without striving with them. In His Providence He shows them the hollowness of their chosen portion, that haply they may repent of having elected to walk in the sight of their eyes, and in the desire of their hearts, and may yet seek the better part. He dealt thus with righteous Lot. He did not permit him to settle down undisturbed among the rich pastures he had chosen. Loving him, He chastened him. He would, if it were yet possible, bring His servant to a truly wealthy place—to an undefiled inheritance, and therefore He proved him and tried him as silver is tried. He brought him into the net; He laid affliction upon his loins; He caused men to ride over his head; He led him through fire and through water.

In the trial of Lot there was trial also of Abram. A fugitive from the desolated valley climbed the barren hills which bound it on the west, and found his way to the encampment where the patriarch was dwelling peacefully among the friendly Amorites. He brought him tidings of the disaster which had overtaken his nephew. Abram, as was his wont, showed his faith by his works. It was enough for him that "his brother was taken captive." He had that brotherliness which is one of the surest evidences of a truly justifying faith. A man of another spirit—a "worldly" man—would have argued, "I gave him his choice, and he took the best; if it has turned out the worst, that is no fault of mine. Am I to be disturbed in my enjoyment of the inferior portion he left me that I may go to help him? He has made his bed, and he may lie on it. I must look to my flocks and herds, which with difficulty find adequate pasture on these comparatively barren heights, instead of going in reckless pursuit of men mightier than I." Thus did not Abram. He believed in God, whom he had not seen, and therefore he loved his brother, whom he had seen; and he did not love in word, neither in tongue, but in deed and in truth. He armed his household slaves and pursued the conquerors to the sources of the Jordan, where he found them resting in false security. Surprised in the night, they fell an easy prey to his small and comparatively undisciplined band. Thus in the personal history of the patriarch we have an illustration of the principle which underlies all the history of his seed, gleams out in the stories of Gideon and David, and finds its highest exemplification when a few Galilean fishermen, by the foolishness of preaching, turned the world upside down—the principle that God can save by few as by many; that it is not by might, nor by power, but by the Spirit of the Lord that the mightiest deeds are done. That divine Spirit of purity, of love, of righteousness, can make the weak strong and the timid brave. Inspired by that Spirit, Abram took the prey from the mighty and delivered the captive.

Somewhere on his journey home, in a valley claimed by Samaritans as being under the shadow of Mount Gerizim, and by Jews as being near Jerusalem, Abram was met, first by the King of Sodom, who came to claim his rescued subjects, and then by one whose name stands forth for ever in Jewish and Christian literature as an enduring type of true priesthood.

We know nothing of Melchizedek except what we learn from the name he bore, from the name of his city, from the deed he is represented as doing, and from the few simple words which are recorded as having been spoken by him. Amid the increasing lawlessness of an evil time this Canaanite chief seems to have recognised the righteous law of God, and to have so regulated his conduct and ruled his tribe in obedience to that law, as to have won for himself the name of Melchizedek, or King of Righteousness. Amid the bloody conflicts which were continually waged between rival chiefs, through pride of power or lust of possession, he drew no sword against his brother's life; and the spectacle of a non-fighting sheikh being then unwonted, his little city was designated Salem, or Peace. Thus the eternal harmony between righteousness and peace, which was in due time to be revealed in the highest life, was in some measure exemplified in Melchizedek, King of Salem.

But though he was not involved in their wickedness, and refused to join in their wars, he did not stand apart from his neighbours in selfish isolation. His village was near one of the great highways of the land, and when any were passing that way who were wounded and weary, he would go forth with bread and wine to bless them. When they were hungry he fed them; when they were thirsty he gave them drink, speaking to them words of brotherly kindness in the name of the Lord. He thus came to be recognised as a priest of the Most High God. All which is essential in priesthood is found in every righteous, peaceful, and brotherly life. By the presence of such lives among us we are lifted into fellowship with the Unseen, and are made to breathe a serener air. Though no words of benediction may be spoken, we are conscious of a blessing which steals from such lives into ours. Their influence is unquestionably higher than that of any priesthood which, to adopt the phrase employed in the Epistle to the Hebrews, is made after the law of a carnal commandment. Of the men who really exercised true priestly power in Israel only two or three, such as Phinehas, the son of Eleazar, and Joshua, the son of Jozedek, were of the priestly line or wore official robes. It was Moses rather than Aaron who was the true high priest in the wilderness. To him the people confessed their sins; it was he who stood between the living and the dead till the plague was stayed, and it was the sight of his uplifted hands which made the warriors strong for battle. Samuel, and not Eli, was the true high priest of his time. Gad, the humble seer, and not Abiathar, was David's spiritual guide when he was in darkness. And Elijah, the nomad from Gilead, clad in the garments of the Bedouin, was the priestliest soul in all the Israel of his day. It is because Melchizedek thus attained to priestly influence, through no sacerdotal descent and by no official consecration, but by the simple power of his righteous, peaceful, and brotherly life, that a Hebrew psalmist and a Christian apostle unite in recognising the true type or similitude of the priesthood of Christ, not in the sons of Aaron, who ministered in the pompous ceremonial of the Jewish temple, but in this sheikh of a Canaanite village, about whom we know little more than that he did justly, and loved mercy, and walked humbly with his God.

So repugnant is this glorifying of a simple unofficial life to those who worship officialism, and in their judgments make more of the raiment than of the life, that men have clung tenaciously to the idea of something superhuman, or at least preternatural, in one who is worthy to be spoken of as a type of Christ. He must surely be some hero in disguise, or some visitant from the celestial sphere! One tradition makes him Enoch, the seventh from Adam; another Shem, the son of Noah; another, an angel in human form; and another, yet more extraordinary, the Son of God Himself. And all this in face of the fact that He of whose priesthood his is said to be a similitude, came not of the priestly line, was anointed with no curiously compounded oil, and wore no consecrated garments; but, clad in peasant's garb, wrought in a Galilean workshop, and then wandered about, a houseless preacher, taking the infirmities and bearing the sicknesses of men, till at length He died the death of a felon-slave on an accursed tree. It is a lowly, unofficial life which the ages have worshipped as Divine. When the holy Church throughout all the world doth say or sing, "Thou art the King of glory, O Christ, Thou art the everlasting Son of the Father," she confesses that the highest ideal of life is the life of righteousness and peace which comes not to be ministered unto but to minister, and to give itself a ransom for many—the life which being holy, harmless, undefiled, and separate from sinners, yet refuses not to bear the burdens of sinful men, nor shrinks from the bitter cross. He who has perfectly realised this ideal becomes the High Priest for humanity, through whom God is brought near to us and we are brought near to God, who satisfies the hunger and thirst of human souls, who gathers up the fragments of our broken and unworthy lives, and consecrates them into a service and a sacrifice acceptable unto God.

In the record of the meeting between Abram and Melchizedek, we find an illustration of the twofold function of true priesthood. Melchizedek blessed Abram in the name of God, and he blessed God in the name of Abram. When he came forth to bless Abram in the name of God he came not empty-handed. He was not of those who say to the wounded and the weary, Depart in peace, be ye nourished and gladdened, notwithstanding give them not those things which are needful for the body. He made sacrifice that those whom he blessed might receive pledge of the blessing which his lips pronounced, that, eating the bread and drinking the wine which love had furnished, they might realise in their hearts the loving-kindness and tender mercy of the Most High God, the possessor of heaven and earth. But Melchizedek came forth also that he might present to God the offering of Abram's praise for the victory he had won, that he might claim the patriarch and his service as a living sacrifice. He said, as in Abram's name, "Blessed be the Most High God, which hath delivered thine enemies into thy hand." On this side, as on the other, words were not enough. He accepted the tithe of the spoils, in token that he who had won these spoils held them but as a steward, and was ready to devote himself, and all that he had, to God. In exercising this twofold function of his priesthood, Melchizedek does not stand apart, but is representative of every truly priestly life. All who are anointed by the Divine Spirit will seek through self-sacrifice and brotherly kindness to bring the Divine blessing into the hearts of men, and thus to redeem their lives from selfishness and sin, and to consecrate them to the service of God.

It is because there is thus nothing artificial in Melchizedek's priesthood, nothing which does not essentially belong to every priestly life, that it is recognised as the truest type—not a mere "shadow" like the legal types, but a veritable "image" or "similitude" of the highest priesthood—the priesthood of Him "who is made not after the law of a carnal commandment, but after the power of an endless life." He who is a priest for ever after the order of Melchizedek came to bless us in the name of the Lord. Through His great sacrifice He has brought the fulness of the Divine love into our hearts and lives. God must be brought near to us before we can be brought near to Him. He must bless us before we can bless Him. So Christ brings God near to us in His words by which He has revealed the Father; but, like Melchizedek, He has not loved in word, neither in tongue, but in deed and in truth; He has made sacrifice for us. Melchizedek made sacrifice of bread and wine. Christ has sacrificed Himself. He has given His body to be broken, and His blood to be poured out, that we might eat the bread and drink the wine of His atonement. It is in this sacrifice that God comes near to us, and draws us near to Him. Thus, in a very real sense, Melchizedek's bread and wine were an adumbration of Christ's broken body and shed blood. It was the element of self-forgetting love which gave to both their worth as mediums through which God's love was brought into human hearts and infused into human lives. Our Lord's sacrifice is appropriately commemorated by the very symbols by which it was foreshadowed. Bread and wine have been chosen as His memorials for the same reason as that for which Melchizedek chose them as gifts to wounded and weary men. Bread strengtheneth and wine maketh glad the heart. They are therefore the perpetual symbols of the love which not only bringeth salvation, but the joy of salvation—the love of Him who has come not only that we might have life, but that we might have it more abundantly.

Christ thus brings God near to us; but the end of his coming is to bring us near to God. He reveals to us the mercies of God, and lets those mercies flow through His sacrifice into our hearts and lives, to the intent that we may present our bodies as living sacrifices holy and acceptable to God. For their sakes, He says, I sanctify myself, or consecrate myself to sacrifice, that they also may be sanctified, or consecrated to sacrifice, through the truth. The spirit of Melchizedek was at once communicated to Abram, so that he gave to him from whom he had received. In like manner the sacrifice of Christ inspires us with Christ's spirit. His love constraineth us to live not unto ourselves, but unto Him who loved us and gave Himself for us.

If we are thus inspired we shall manifest an unselfish spirit in all our doings, and in all our relations. How sublime was the unselfishness of Abram in his dealings with the King of Sodom! He would keep nothing to himself. He would not lose the reward of the unworldly soul by grasping at that which, though it might fall to him by the custom of the time, was not his in equity. How inconsistent we are if, professing faith in the sacrifice of Christ and celebrating its glory, we manifest in the transactions of our common life a mean and grasping spirit, which cares more for treasure on earth, down even to a thread or a shoe-latchet, than for the treasure in heaven of a noble and unselfish love!

THE HORSE AND HIS OWNER.

By the Rev. J. G. WOOD, M.A.

PART I.

A PARABLE for the Times.

There are two lines of railway, exactly similar in every respect, and each having precisely the same work to do. Each of the managers goes to the same maker for an engine, and purchases an engine made on the same model as that of the rival line.

Having procured their engines, the next business is to engage drivers for them, and they are fortunate enough to secure two men, both scrupulously honest and sober, both equally willing, and both equally anxious to do their best for their masters and their engines. They both know that their business is to get as much work out of the engine as it is capable of doing, to make it last as long as possible, and to work it with the least cost to the owner, and each of them tries his best to carry out his instructions.

They are thoroughly acquainted with the code of signals, and they both know that by pulling a handle one way the steam is turned on and the engine moves faster, while pulling the other way shuts off the steam and eventually causes the machine to stop. They also know that by means of one lever the engine can be made to go backwards instead of forwards, and that by means of another a "brake" can be applied to the wheels so as to retard their movements. Add to this that they both know how to supply fuel and water, and both of them are equal up to this point.

Here, however, the equality ceases. One of them has taken the trouble to study the construction of his engine, while the other only knows what the effect of certain levers and handles is, without inquiring into their mode of action; and really believing that a knowledge of the structure is needless as long as the driver knows how to start, stop, check, and back the engine, and how to supply it with fuel and water.

Let us now see these men at work, calling the former A and the latter B.

A has taken pains to learn all about the construction of the machine which he drives. He knows the object of every screw, rivet, crank, rod, and valve. He knows the course taken by the steam as it passes from the boiler into the chimney, and thence into the air, and can tell what work it does at each point of its travel, from the moment in which it is generated in the boiler to that in which it is discharged through the funnel. If the various parts of the engine were flung in a heap on the ground he could recognise every disjointed portion, and though, for want of the requisite appliances, he could not put all the parts together again, he would know their proper places in the engine, and the object which they fulfil in its working.

He will, therefore, be careful, in driving the engine, that while no one part shall be forced to do more than its proper share of labour, none of them shall be permitted to escape their work, and that each shall do its duty in its own place.

He knows why the axles and their bearings are made of different metals, and why they should be kept regularly oiled and shielded from dust. Especially is he on his guard against needless friction; and the slightest tremor or rattle, though not perceptible to others, gives him warning that a screw has worked itself loose and needs tightening, or that one of the bearings is not quite true, and so the axle is pressing harder on one side than the other, and wasting the power of the engine. Lest he should forget the precise structure of those parts which are hidden from sight, he takes care to possess a set of working drawings of his engine, where even the smallest rivet is drawn to scale.

Both the men know that the fire must be kept fed with fuel, but the difference between the men lies in the fact that A, knowing the internal as well as the external structure of the engine which he is driving, and to which he acts the part of brains, while it furnishes the power, supplies the fuel at the right intervals and in the right quantity, so that every ounce of it shall be applied to its proper use. Certainly, some trouble would be saved to him by filling the furnace at once, and waiting until the fuel had burned itself away; but, knowing that in such cases a large proportion of the fuel, especially that which occupies the centre of the heap, is not consumed at all, but is merely blown through the chimney in the form of smoke, he administers it frequently in small quantities, and so insures that the whole of it shall be consumed and give out the whole of the heat which can be produced by it.

Similarly with water. He watches the

gauge with minutest care, and supplies the water, as he did the fuel, exactly when it is needed.

He is chary of using the brake, knowing that however carefully it is applied it causes a strain on the machinery and a great waste of power. True, when he has to stop at a station the use of the brake makes the operation easier; but, in order to save the great strain on the engine, the skilled driver will watch the passengers and luggage so as to calculate the always-varying weight of the train; and, in proportion to its weight and speed, he gradually shuts off the steam as he approaches the station, and makes it the object of his ambition to bring his train to a stand exactly opposite the platform without having been obliged to use the brake at all.

Then he will economise the working power of the engine by easing it, or even by shutting off the steam altogether, when descending an incline, so as to allow the train to travel by its own weight, without calling upon the engine for propulsion. Should he perceive the least jolting of the engine he takes alarm lest one of the springs should be out of order, and examines them at the first opportunity. Perhaps a stone has been jammed between the spring and the frame, and in that case he removes it. Should any real damage have been done, he takes the engine off the line and sends for competent artificers to repair it.

Lastly, he will keep the engine scrupulously clean, removing at once each speck of rust or verdigris, and, as a good driver once remarked, he keeps it clean by giving it no time to get dirty. Yet, although he is always doing something about his engine, he is never fussy with it, and the whole management of the engine seems so easy that it looks as if any one could do it, and no particular study were required for the art.

Now we will take driver B.

Beyond knowing how to direct the movements of his engine, he knows absolutely nothing about it. He knows that by pulling or pushing a handle, he turns on the steam, or shuts it off, but he does not know, nor think that he need know, the mechanism by which the steam is turned on, neither does he know how it is generated, or how it traverses the engine, nor how to regulate the amount of pressure. Should the blasts become feeble or irregular he has only one remedy, namely, turning on more steam.

Having been told that the engine ought to be kept bright, and knowing that his fire-irons are cleaned with sand, he applies the same material to his engine, especially at the joints. It is true that a number of people who never drove an engine in their lives tell him that oil and not sand ought to go into the bearings, but he knows better than that. How can oil, he argues, keep a machine bright and clean? It does not keep his poker bright unless he uses plenty of sand afterwards, and it makes his hands and clothes very dirty.

Where is the use of being so particular about coaling as he sees the other driver to be? Why should he wear out the furnace door by continually opening and shutting it? and must not every one know that each time he opens the door he lets a quantity of cold air into the furnace?

So with the water. Why should he be perpetually turning on water in small quantities, and wearing out the machinery? His plan is much better. Just before he starts, he fills the furnace and boiler as full as possible, and lets the engine go as long as it can run. When it goes slower and slower, although he has turned on the steam to the utmost, and at last stops altogether, then he will fill the furnace and boiler afresh.

Some people are foolish enough to tell him that the clouds of black smoke which issue from the funnel are merely the unburned particles of coal which are thrown into the air and wasted instead of helping to produce steam. This he flatly disbelieves. How can a black cloud be coal, he should like to know? Coal is in heavy lumps, and it is absurd to say that smoke can be coal. And, what good is a chimney without smoke? When he sees smoke coming out of his kitchen chimney he knows that the fire is going on all right inside the house, and so he likes to see smoke coming out of the funnel.

As to saving the power of the engine, the very idea seems absurd to him. The engine was made to work, and it must work in the same way at any time, and under any circumstances. When he comes to an incline he is not going to take off the steam. Certainly not, because it would look so mean to see an engine without plenty of steam and noise. So he keeps on the steam so as to drive it forward, and puts down the brake so as to keep it back. Then, he is in his glory. Volumes of steam are poured from the funnel, accompanied by loud puffing snorts, clouds of smoke and showers of sparks issue from the brakes, and to his eye the effect is grandly imposing. This he thinks is the way to show off an engine, and he contemns his companion A, together with the engine, as scarcely worth looking at.

There is another improvement that he must make before he can be satisfied with the engine. He thinks that the springs between the axle and the engine frame are useless and needlessly complicated. To his mind, it is positively absurd to have the weight of the engine resting on a number of steel plates, any one of which might break, and then where would the engine be? Surely, a single good strong piece of solid steel will bear the weight much better than any number of separate thin plates. So he goes to a blacksmith, who cuts away the springs, and replaces them with a strong piece of the hardest steel.

Lastly, he has to clean the engine. He does not do so until rust and verdigris have become too prominent not to be noticed, and then he sets to work at the cleaning operations. He makes as much noise and clatter as he can, "fights with his work," as the saying goes. These are the necessary accompaniments of cleaning, and therefore the more noise and fuss the better must be the cleaning. Besides, it tells well for his activity, and shows that he really does know how to go about his work.

Let a few years elapse, and see what will be the result.

The engine driven by A has, with a few stoppages for necessary repairs, gone on quietly and steadily with its work during the whole time, and will be able to continue at work for at least an equal length of time.

The precisely similar engine driven by B exists no longer. It has been worn out and condemned long ago, and so has another, the engine now at work being the third. The expenses of working have been enormous. There has been loss of time for perpetual stoppages, loss of money paid for frequent repairs, and the coal bill has been some fifty per cent. higher than that of engine A.

The fault lies with the driver, and is due, not to wilful neglect or carelessness, but to sheer ignorance and obstinacy.

Translate the engines of brass and iron into those of flesh and blood, which we call by the name of Horse, and this story is continually enacted on every road in England. The analogues between the two engines are by no means fanciful. The principles of construction are almost precisely similar in the horse and the locomotive engine, and, indeed, it will be found that just in proportion as the structure of the locomotive is improved, so does it approach nearer to that of the horse.

The subject is far too wide to be compressed within the limits of a magazine article, and I shall therefore restrict myself to the structure of the foot and the spine.

Let us begin with the former, and take for our example the left or "near" forefoot of a horse.

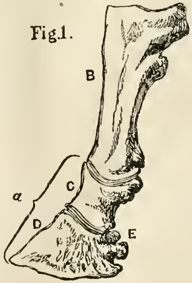
If the reader will look at the skeleton of a horse he will see that the fore leg is the analogue of the human arm. The so-called "knee" is in fact the wrist, with its eight small bones. The "shank" or "cannon" bone is really the "metacarpal" bone of the middle finger, *i.e.* the bone which, in the hand, runs from the wrist to the root of the finger.

Then comes the "pastern," which is, in fact, the finger itself, the last or third joint being called the "coffin" or "pedal" bone, which is surrounded by the marvellously complicated structure which we call the hoof. This is identical with the nail on the human finger.

The bones of the thumb and the other fingers are not developed in the horses of the present epoch, being modified into little bones, known as "splint" bones, and invisible until the skin and soft parts are removed. In the earlier days of the world, horses with five toes inhabited the earth, but in successive ages the outer fingers became absorbed, until, at last, the horse walked on two fingers of the fore limbs, and two toes of the hind legs.

In Fig. 1 of the accompanying cuts, B represents the first joint of the middle finger, popularly called the Long Pastern bone; C is the second joint, or Short Pastern; and D is the Coffin, Pedal, or Distal bone.

Fig.1.



Bones of Pastern.

The reader will notice that these bones do not rest perpendicularly upon each other, but that they form an obtuse angle, so as to give elasticity to the structure. In the locomotives used on several of our railways, the carriage does not rest directly on the springs, but is attached to them by a connecting piece of iron, marked *a′*, which takes an angle similar to that of the pastern, and produces a similar effect. These drawings were made from carriages belonging to the Midland Railway.

Fig.2.

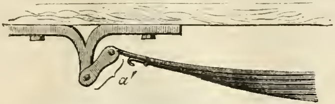
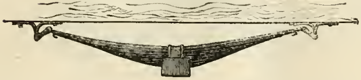
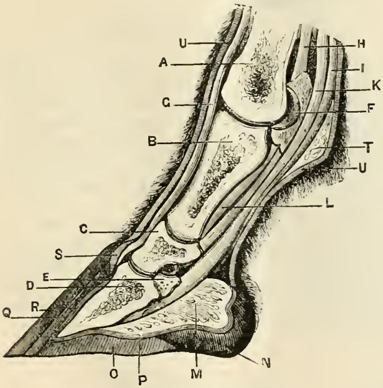


Fig.3.



Now let us look at the mode by which these bones are enabled to act as a support which can be strong enough to carry the great weight of a horse, and yet be flexible enough to secure freedom of action. For this purpose we shall have to make sections of the foot, or rather of the finger, including the skin, tendons, muscles, horn, &c., as well as the bones. The accompanying illustration will serve to convey an idea of the structure, but it is impossible to express it fully without the aid of colour and on a very much enlarged scale. The drawing was made from a specimen in the College of Surgeons.



Section of Pastern.

A, Cannon or Shank bone.
B, Long Pastern bone.
C, Short Pastern bone.
D, Coffin, Pedal, or Distal bone.
E, Navicular bone.
F, Sesamoid bone.
G, Extensor Tendon.
H, Suspensory Ligament.
I } Upper branches of Flexor
K } Tendon.
L, Upper branch of Suspensory Ligament.
M, Soft Frog.
N, Hard Frog.
O, Horny Sole.
P, Sensitive Sole.
Q, Vascular Structures.
R, Crust.
S, Coronary Cushion or Secreting Portion.
T, Fatty Cushion.
U, U, Skin.

Before describing these illustrations, I must return my sincere thanks to Professor W. H. Flower, who most kindly placed at my disposal the treasures contained in the Museum of the Royal College of Surgeons, and was good enough, not only to have special dissections made for the figures, but to revise them after they were drawn.

On looking at the illustration, the reader will see that the centre of the figure is occupied by bone. At A is the lower part of the cannon bone; B is the long pastern bone; C the short pastern; and D the coffin, or last bone of the middle finger. The same letters are employed to designate the same bones in both the illustrations.

If the reader will refer to D, Fig. I, he will see that the bone is of a light and porous nature. At the upper part, where it plays upon the bone above it, C, it is stout and solid, but it becomes more and more porous towards the edge, so that the last inch of it bears a curious resemblance to pumice-stone. This is for the double purpose of insuring lightness and obtaining a large surface for the attachments of the tendons which connect it with the muscular system.

A similar structure of bone may be seen in the skull of the elephant, the jaw-bone of the whale, and many other cases where lightness and bulk have to be combined. The reader is especially requested to bear this lightness in mind. The reader will also be pleased to notice that although the coffin bone in the section looks unlike the same bone when seen in full, it is because the "wing" near the spectator is cut away, and that the other is hidden behind the soft structures.

In the first place, there are no muscles in the foot. The muscular power is in that part of the leg which lies above the so-called "knee," and the bones are worked by tendons or "ligaments" running from the muscles down the shank or "metacarpus," A, and fastened to the bones of the foot. The human fingers are worked in just the same way. Let the reader grasp his fore arm with one hand, and then clench the other. The swelling of the muscles under the grasp will show where the power resides.

Taking the front of the foot first, and beginning from the bone, we find a sort of cord marked G. This is called the "extensor" ligament, and is fastened to the front of the coffin bone so as to straighten the joint. As comparatively little force has to be exerted by it, the tendon is of no very great size.

Now let us look at the back of the foot, beginning at the bone as before. At H is seen a very stout tendon which serves to suspend the long and short pastern bones, and is therefore called the "suspensory." Passing downwards, it comes over a small, loose, rounded bone, shown in section at F, and then divides into two parts. The first, which is marked L, is fastened to the long pastern bone, B, and the other, which lies just below it, to the short pastern bone, C.

Next to this comes an enormously powerful "flexor" tendon, which is exactly the reverse of the preceding, being single below, and dividing above into two branches, marked I K. At E is the section of a very remarkable accessory bone, which is somewhat analogous to the human knee-cap, or "patella." It is called the shuttle or "navicular" bone, from its shape, which somewhat resembles the outlines of a shuttle or a little boat (*navicula*). Small though it be, it is of extreme importance, inasmuch as bad shoeing causes inflammation, and sets up the terrible navicular disease, from which few horses recover.

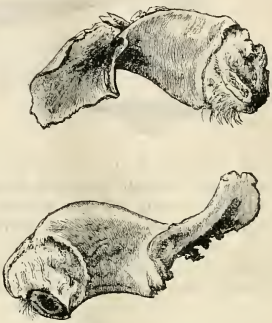
The chief object of this bone, which lies between the "wings" of the coffin bone, is to act as a sort of pulley, and afford a better leverage. Passing over this bone, as is seen in the section, the tendon is attached to the sole of the coffin bone, so as to bend the joint when the muscle to which it belongs is contracted. So much for the motive machinery.

The projection T, which is so conspicuous in the pastern, is due to a fatty cushion, the object of which is very uncertain.

Now we will take the protective covering of this mechanism, and see how on the exterior it is hard enough to bear the weight of the horse even upon rocky or stony ground, while it is so soft within that it can be furnished with arteries, sinews, and nerves. The horny outside of the hoof is called the "crust" (R in the section), and is so formed that as it is worn away below, under ordinary circumstances, the growth and waste exactly counterbalance each other, but there are cases where the hoof has either too much or too little friction.

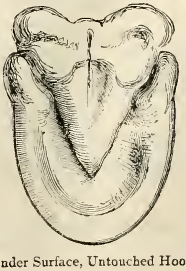
In the former case, *e.g.* when the horse has to drag heavy weights over hard pavement, the growth cannot keep pace with the loss by friction, and the horn of the hoof must be defended by a metal plate called a shoe. In the latter case, which is very rare, fresh horny matter is continually supplied from above, while it is scarcely worn away at all below. Consequently, the hoof becomes as overgrown as a Chinese mandarin's finger-nails, and, as the fore part of the hoof grows faster than the hind part, the hoof is curved into the oddest imaginable forms.

The accompanying illustration represents the hoof of a Falkland Island horse. The soil where the animal had lived is wet and marshy, so as to afford but little friction. Accordingly, the hoof has assumed the extraordinary shape shown in the figure. The specimen is in the Museum of the College of Surgeons. The incisor teeth of rodent animals, the beaks and claws of birds, the talons of the cat tribe, and so forth, often exhibit similar examples of overgrowth causing distortion.



Overgrown Hoof, Horse from Falkland Island.

Now, if the reader can manage to look at the under surface of a horse's foot that never has been touched by the farrier, he will see that it has the appearance given in this illustration. It seems to be divided into two parts, the heel portion, looking something like



Under Surface, Untouched Hoof.

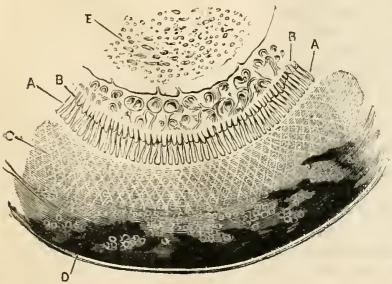
the Broad Arrow of the Government, V, the Y-like barbs of the arrow forming the "bars of the horny frog," while the projecting rounded portions at the ends of the bars are called the "glumes," or heels of the frog. The outline of the edge of the hoof is beautifully rounded, and the "sole" unites it with the frog, the place where the sole and crust join each other being technically known as the White Line, or Commissure.

There is a peculiarity about the sole which needs notice. The fibres of the crust, or wall of the hoof, lie nearly perpendicularly, are supplied with new matter from above, and are worn away by friction below. Those of the sole are not subject to friction. Instead, therefore, of being gradually worn away, the horn is secreted in flat plates, which flake off successively when their work is done.

Contrast this hoof with the same organ as it appears after the farrier has worked his will on it. The frog was made for the purpose of resting on the ground, and by its great elasticity diminishing the shock caused by the tread of so heavy an animal. So the first thing that a farrier does is to cut away the frog. Mr. Fleming mentions that he has seen a gentleman's coachman stop his horses, get off the box, and cut away the frogs from their feet simply because he thought that they were touching the ground—the very object for which they were made.

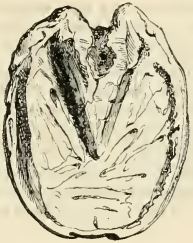
Then the farrier, adhering to his rooted idea that the Creator did not know how to make a horse properly, assumes that the sole is much too thick, and so pares it away with his drawing-knife until it yields, or "springs," as the technical word is, to the pressure of his thumb-nail. Mr. Fleming states that he has seen the sole pared as thin as parchment, so that the blood-vessels could be seen through it.

What kind of structure is protected by the sole may be seen by examining the accompanying transverse section of the front of the hoof. The drawing was made from a specimen which had just been dissected, and which is now in the College of Surgeons.



Front of Hoof.—Transverse Section.

At the edge is the hard external horn of the "crust," marked D. Inside it is the sensitive portion, C. At B is shown one of the most remarkable parts of the hoof. Instead of being a simple horny box, it is formed of thin horny plates, called the horny laminæ, set on their edges side by side, very much like the leaves of a closed fan. The number of these laminæ is about six or seven hundred if counted only upon the crust, but as they return over the interior of the frog their number would be doubled. I mention seven hundred on the authority of several of our best veterinary surgeons, but in all the specimens that I have examined I have found that six hundred is the average.



Horse-Hoof, improved by the Farrier.

Between the bone E and the horn is a layer of vascular and sensitive structure, *i.e.* which is traversed by arteries, veins, and nerves. The blood-vessels are rather large near the bone, but become smaller near the horn, where they are formed into vascular laminæ dipping between the laminæ of the horn, and so firmly attached to them that to pull off the hoof in a fresh state is almost impossible.

When the two are separated and the laminæ allowed to dry, they shrivel up and cling closely to the bone, though in the upper part, just below the crown of the foot, they generally, as in the specimen now before me, retain their shape sufficiently to show what they must have been when fresh.

The beauty of this structure when fresh, both in form and colour, is beyond description, and the illustration, which is little more than a diagram, so as not to confuse the eye with detail, can only represent it as a builder's plan represents a house.

A fair idea of it may be obtained by taking two closed fans, one of scarlet and the other of brown paper. Open them just sufficiently to allow the leaves to interlace, then close them tightly and make a transverse section of them. They will then be seen to give a good idea of this portion of the hoof, the scarlet representing the vascular and the brown the horny laminæ.

This description, however imperfect, will show the reader something of the structures which the untouched hoof protects. The farrier, however, knows absolutely nothing of all these complex mechanisms within the outer hoof. He looks upon the hoof simply as a solid lump of horn without feeling, and so he cuts and carves it to suit the ready-made shoe.

The illustration of a hoof which has passed through the farrier's hands is drawn from a specimen now before me, taken at random from a number of others. The man has cut away the frog because he thinks that the animal will be injured if the frog touches the ground. He has then cut a deep groove at the base of the frog. This is to give a "well-opened heel," as he is pleased to call it.

He has scooped away the sole to "give it spring." He has scored a deep notch in the toe for the purpose of receiving the "clip" of the shoe. This is evidently a conservative relic of the time when nails were not used, and the shoe attached by three pointed clips hammered over the edge, one in front and one on either side. Then, though this cannot be seen in the illustration, he has improved the whole of the outer surface of the hoof. As the Creator has furnished this part of the hoof with a thin, hard, polished plate, forming a sort of varnish which is impervious to wet, the farrier, as a matter of course, rasps it all away up to the crown. And, as the Creator has placed round the crown a fringe of hair, which acts as a thatch to the line of junction, and throws off the rain upon the waterproof varnish, he cuts this away with his scissors. Lastly, the Creator having given to the horny hoof a mottling of soft, and partially translucent, brown, grey-blue, yellow, black, and white, never exactly the same in two hoofs, much less in two horses, the farrier takes a blacking-pot and brush, polishes up the hoofs until they look like patent-leather boots, all four exactly alike, and then contemplates his work with satisfaction. In his own words, he has "turned out a finished job of it."

(*To be continued.*)

A PETITION.

THY latticed window open wide
  Lets in the summer breeze—
The sweets of jasmine and of rose—
  The sigh of leaf-crowned trees.
All summer sounds—all scents of June
  Are welcome all day long—
If all of these may entrance find,
  Dear love, why not my song?

Thy hand is ever open, sweet,
  To succour others' woe—
What gifts thou givest to their need,
  But God and thou may know.
And suppliants for thy charity
  Unanswered never stand—
Thou givest them all that hand can give—
  Why not give me the hand?

In thy pure heart the poor find room,
  And all who suffer—sweet,
Whatever cause has smitten them.
  Ah then, how much more meet
To succour me, whom *thou* hast hurt.
  Thy heart to *these* is true,
And to that heart they find a way—
  Ah! let *me* find one too.

E. NESBIT.